This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Gift of
Harris DeHaven Connick
and
Edythe Russ Connick

Stanford University Libraries

3/61

ALEXANDER POPE'S

VOL. III

THE

WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

HIMSELF AND OTHERS.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A NEW LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

AN ESTIMATE OF HIS

POETICAL CHARACTER AND WRITINGS,

AND OCCASIONAL REMARKS,

BY

WILLIAM ROSCOE, ESQ.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

VOL. VII.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR C. AND J. RIVINGTON; T. CADELL; LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, BROWN, AND GREEN; J. CUTHELL; J. NUNN; J. AND W. T. CLARKE; JEFFERY AND SON; J. AND A. ARCH; R. H. EVANS; JOHN RICHARDSON; J. M. RICHARDSON; J. MAWMAN; R. SCHOLEY; J. BOOKER; J. BOHN; S. BAGSTER, J. BOOTH; BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY; HARDING, LEPARD, AND TRIPHOOK; G. AND W. B. WHITTAKER; R. SAUNDERS; J. DUNCAN; E. EDWARDS; KINGSBURY, PARBURY, AND ALLEN; G. MACKIE; HURST, ROBINSON, AND CO.; GOSSLING AND EGLEY; J. SETCHELL; J. BAIN; AND C. WICKSTEAD; AND DEIGHTON AND SONS, CAMBRIDGE: AND A. BLACK, AND J. FAIRBAIRN, EDINBURGH.

1824.

MVR

PR 3621
R6
1824
v.7

J. M'Creery, Tooks-court,
Chancery-lane, London.

CONTENTS

OF

THE SEVENTH VOLUME.

Page

MEMOIRS of the extraordinary Life, Works, and Discoveries of Martinus Scriblerus 1

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS, ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ, or the Art of Sinking in Poetry 99

AN ESSAY of the learned Martinus Scriblerus, concerning the Origin of Sciences 191

VIRGILIUS RESTAURATUS, seu Martini Scribleri, summi Critici, castigationum in Æneidem, Specimen . 205

A SPECIMEN of Scriblerus's Reports: Stradling *v.* Styles 215

MEMOIRS of P. P. Clerk of this Parish 222

The Narrative of Dr. Robert Norris of the Frenzy of J. D. 236

A FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT of a horrid and barbarous revenge by poison, on the body of EDMUND CURLL, Bookseller 251

A FURTHER ACCOUNT of the most deplorable condition of Mr. EDMUND CURLL, Bookseller . . 260

A STRANGE, BUT TRUE RELATION of the circumcision of E. CURLL 270

A KEY TO THE LOCK, or a Treatise proving, beyond all contradiction, the dangerous tendency of a late poem, entitled the *Rape of the Lock*, to government and religion 277

Page
THOUGHTS on various subjects 301
THE CHARACTER of Katherine, late Duchess of Buckinghamshire and Normanby 323
THE PLAN of an Epic Poem, being written in blank verse, and entitled *Brutus* 329
GUARDIANS 343
PREFACE to the Works of Shakespear . . . 401
PREFACE to Homer's Iliad 427
POSTSCRIPT to the Odyssey 475

MEMOIRS

OF THE

EXTRAORDINARY LIFE, WORKS,

AND

DISCOVERIES

OF

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

Mr. Pope, Dr. Arbuthnot, and Dr. Swift, in conjunction, formed the project of a satire on the abuses of human learning; and to make it the better received, proposed to execute it in the manner of Cervantes (the original author of this species of satire), under a continued narrative of feigned adventures. They had observed that those abuses still kept their ground against all that the ablest and gravest authors could say to discredit them; they concluded therefore, the force of ridicule was wanting to quicken their disgrace; and ridicule was here in its place, when the abuses had been already detected by sober reasoning; and truth in no danger to suffer by the premature use of so powerful an instrument. But the separation of our author and his friends, which soon after happened, with the death of one, and the infirmities of the other, put a final period to their design, when they had only drawn out an imperfect essay towards it, under the title of The First Book of the Memoirs of Scriblerus.

Moral satire never lost more than in the defeat of this project; in the execution of which, each of this illustrious triumvirate would have found exercise for his own peculiar talent; besides constant employment for those they all had in common. Dr. Arbuthnot was skilled in every thing which related to science; Mr. Pope was a master in the fine arts; and Dr. Swift excelled in the knowledge of the world. Wit they had all in equal measure, and in a measure so large, that no age perhaps ever produced three men, to whom nature had more bountifully bestowed it, or in whom art had brought it to higher perfection. *Warburton.*

This life of the solemn and absurd pedant, Dr. Scriblerus, of which Johnson speaks too contemptuously, and says it is taken from the History of Ouffle, is the only true and genuine imitation we have in our language of the serious and pompous manner of Cervantes; for it is not easy to say, why Fielding should call his Joseph Andrews,* excellent as it is, an imitation of his manner.

Don Quixote is in truth the most original and unrivalled work of modern times. The great art of Cervantes consists in having painted his mad hero with such a number of amiable qualities, as

* Joseph Andrews was written to ridicule Richardson's Pamela, and the publication gave Richardson considerable chagrin.

to make it impossible for us totally to despise him. This light and shade in drawing characters shews the master. It is thus Addison has represented his Sir Roger, and Shakespear his Falstaff. How great must be the native force of Cervantes's humour, when it can be relished by readers, even unacquainted with Spanish manners, with the institution of chivalry, and with the many passages of old romances and Italian poems, to which it perpetually alludes.

There are three or four celebrated works that bear a great resemblance, and have a turn of satire similar to that of these Memoirs: the Barbon of Balsac; the Life of Montmaur, by Menage and others; the Chef d'Œuvre d'un Inconnu of Mathanase; and La Charlatanerie des Savans of Menken. *Warton.*

The design of this work, as stated by Pope himself, is to ridicule all the false tastes in learning, under the character of a man of capacity enough, that had dipped into every art and science, but injudiciously in each. It was begun by a club of some of the greatest wits of the age; Lord Oxford, the Bishop of Rochester, Pope, Congreve, Arbuthnot, Swift, and others. Gay often held the pen; and Addison liked it very well, and was not disinclined to come into it. The Deipnosophy consisted of disputes on ridiculous tenets of all sorts; and the adventure of the shield was designed against Dr. Woodward and the Antiquaries. It was Anthony Henley who wrote "The Life of his Music Master, Tom Durfey;" a chapter by way of Episode. It was from a part of these memoirs that Swift took his first hints for Gulliver. There were pigmies in Schreibler's Travels, and the projects of Laputa. The design was carried on much farther than has appeared in print, and was stopped by some of the gentlemen being dispersed or otherwise engaged. *Spence's Anec. p.* 10. *Singer's Ed.*

That a chief part of the memoirs of Scriblerus was the work of Arbuthnot, there is great reason to believe. Warton has ventured to point out the chapters that are by his hand. After his death the papers came into the possession of Pope, who undoubtedly extended, and corrected them; but it was not till several years afterwards that they were committed to the press. They first appeared in the edition of the prose works of Pope in 2 vols. 4to., 1741, and were reprinted in the following year, together with the fourth book of the Dunciad, in 8vo. by Dodsley, with a note on the title page, that they were "*never before printed.*"

INTRODUCTION.

In the reign of Queen Anne, (which, notwithstanding those happy times which succeeded, every Englishman may remember,) thou mayest possibly, gentle reader, have seen a certain venerable person who frequented the outside of the palace of St. James's, and who, by the gravity of his deportment and habit, was generally taken for a decayed gentleman of Spain. His stature was tall, his visage long, his complexion olive, his brows were black and even, his eyes hollow yet piercing, his nose inclined to aquiline, his beard neglected and mixed with grey: all this contributed to spread a solemn melancholy over his countenance. Pythagoras was not more silent, Pyrrho more motionless, nor Zeno more austere. His wig was black and smooth as the plumes of a raven, and hung as straight as the hair of a river god rising from the water. His cloak so completely covered his whole person, that whether or no he had any other clothes (much less any linen) under it, I shall not say; but his sword appeared a full yard behind him, and his manner of wearing it was so stiff, that it seemed grown to his thigh. His whole figure was so utterly unlike any thing of this world, that it was not natural for any man to ask him a question without blessing himself first. Those who never

saw a Jesuit, took him for one, and others believed him some High Priest of the Jews.

But under this macerated form was concealed a mind replete with science, burning with a zeal of benefiting his fellow-creatures, and filled with an honest conscious pride, mixed with a scorn of doing or suffering the least thing beneath the dignity of a Philosopher. Accordingly he had a soul that would not let him accept of any offers of charity, at the same time that his body seemed but too much to require it. His lodging was in a small chamber up four pair of stairs, where he regularly paid for what he had when he eat or drank; and he was often observed wholly to abstain from both. He declined speaking to any one, except the Queen, or her first Minister, to whom he attempted to make some applications; but his real business or intentions were utterly unknown to all men. Thus much is certain, that he was obnoxious to the Queen's Ministry; who, either out of jealousy or envy, had him spirited away, and carried abroad as a dangerous person, without any regard to the known laws of the kingdom.

One day, as this gentleman was walking about dinner-time alone in the Mall, it happened that a manuscript dropt from under his cloak, which my servant picked up, and brought to me. It was written in the Latin tongue, and contained many most profound secrets, in an unusual turn of reasoning and style. The first leaf was inscribed with these words, *Codicillus, seu Liber Memorialis,*

Martini Scribleri. The book was of so wonderful a nature, that it is incredible what a desire I conceived that moment to be acquainted with the author, who I clearly perceived was some great philosopher in disguise. I several times endeavoured to speak to him, which he as often industriously avoided. At length I found an opportunity (as he stood under the Piazza by the Dancing-room in St. James's) to acquaint him in the Latin tongue, that his manuscript was fallen into my hands; and saying this, I presented it to him, with great encomiums on the learned author. Hereupon he took me aside, surveyed me over with a fixed attention, and opening the clasps of the parchment cover, spoke (to my great surprize) in English, as follows:

"Courteous stranger, whoever thou art, I embrace thee as my best friend; for either the stars and my art are deceitful, or the destined time is come which is to manifest Martinus Scriblerus to the world, and thou the person chosen by fate for this task. What thou seest in me is a body exhausted by the labours of the mind. I have found in Dame Nature not indeed an unkind, but a very coy mistress: watchful nights, anxious days, slender meals, and endless labours, must be the lot of all who pursue her through her labyrinths and meanders. My first vital air I drew in this island (a soil fruitful of philosophers,) but my complexion is become adust, and my body arid, by visiting lands (as the poet has it) *alio sub sole calentes.* I

have, through my whole life, passed under several disguises and unknown names, to screen myself from the envy and malice which mankind express against those who are possessed of the *Arcanum Magnum*. But at present I am forced to take sanctuary in the British Court, to avoid the revenge of a cruel Spaniard, who has pursued me almost through the whole terraqueous globe. Being about four years ago in the city of Madrid in quest of natural knowledge, I was informed of a lady who was marked with a pomegranate upon the inside of her right thigh, which blossomed, and, as it were, seemed to ripen in the due season. Forthwith was I possessed with an insatiable curiosity to view this wonderful phenomenon. I felt the ardour of my passion increase as the season advanced, till, in the month of July, I could no longer contain. I bribed her Duenna, was admitted to the bath, saw her undressed, and the wonder displayed. This was soon after discovered by the husband, who finding some letters I had written to the Duenna, containing expressions of a doubtful meaning, suspected me of a crime most alien from the purity of my thoughts. Incontinently I left Madrid by the advice of friends, have been pursued, dogged, and way-laid through several nations, and even now scarce think myself secure within the sacred walls of this Palace. It has been my good fortune to have seen all the grand phenomena of nature, excepting an earthquake, which I waited for in Naples three years in vain; and now by

means of some British ship (whose colours no Spaniard dare approach*) I impatiently expect a safe passage to Jamaica, for that benefit. To thee, my friend, whom fate has marked for my historiographer, I leave these my commentaries, and others of my works. No more—be faithful and impartial."

He soon after performed his promise, and left me the commentaries, giving me also further lights by many conferences; when he was unfortunately snatched away (as I before related) by the jealousy of the queen's ministry.

Though I was thus to my eternal grief deprived of his conversation, he for some years continued his correspondence, and communicated to me many of his projects for the benefit of mankind. He sent me some of his writings, and recommended to my care the recovery of others, straggling about the world, and assumed by other men. The last time I heard from him was on occasion of his strictures on the Dunciad: since when, several years being elapsed, I have reason to believe this excellent person is either dead, or carried by his vehement thirst of knowledge into some remote, or perhaps undiscovered region of the world. In either case, I think it a debt no longer to be delayed, to reveal what I know of this prodigy of science, and to give the history of his life, and of his extensive merits

* This marks the time when the introduction was written.

to mankind; in which I dare promise the reader, that whenever he begins to think any one chapter dull, the style will be immediately changed in the next.

MEMOIRS

OF

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

BOOK I. CHAP. I.

OF THE PARENTAGE AND FAMILY OF SCRIBLERUS, HOW HE WAS BEGOT, WHAT CARE WAS TAKEN OF HIM BEFORE HE WAS BORN, AND WHAT PRODIGIES ATTENDED HIS BIRTH.

In the city of Munster, in Germany, lived a grave and learned gentleman, by profession an antiquary; who, among all his invaluable curiosities, esteemed none more highly, than a skin of the true Pergamenian parchment, which hung at the upper end of his hall. On this was curiously traced the ancient pedigree of the *Scribleri*, with all their alliances and collateral relations, (among which were reckoned Albertus Magnus, Paracelsus Bombastus, and the famous Scaligers, in old time Princes of Verona,) and deduced even from the times of the elder Pliny to Cornelius Scriblerus: for such was the name of this venerable personage; whose glory it was, that, by the singular virtue of the women,

not one had a head of a different cast from his family.

His wife was a lady of singular beauty, whom not for that reason only he espoused, but because she was undoubted daughter either of the great Scriverius, or of Gaspar Barthius. It happened on a time, the said Gaspar made a visit to Scriverius at Haarlem, taking with him a comely lady of his acquaintance, who was skilful in the Greek tongue, of whom the learned Scriverius became so enamoured, as to inebriate his friend, and be familiar with his mistress. I am not ignorant of what Columesius* affirms, that the learned Barthius was not so overtaken, but he perceived it; and, in revenge, suffered this unfortunate gentlewoman to be drowned in the Rhine at her return. But Mrs. Scriblerus (the issue of that amour) was a living proof of the falsehood of this report. Dr. Cornelius was farther induced to his marriage, from the certain information that the aforesaid lady, the mother of his wife, was related to Cardan on the father's side, and to Aldrovandus on the mother's. Besides which, her ancestors had been professors of physic, astrology, or chemistry, in German Universities, from generation to generation.

With this fair gentlewoman had our Doctor lived in a comfortable union for about ten years: but this our sober and orderly pair, without any natural infirmity, and with a constant and frequent

* Columesius relates this from Isaac Vossius, in his Opuscul. p. 102. *Pope.*

compliance to the chief duty of conjugal life, were yet unhappy, in that heaven had not blessed them with any issue. This was the utmost grief to the good man; especially considering what exact precautions and methods he had used to procure that blessing; for he never had cohabitation with his spouse, but he pondered on the rules of the ancients, for the generation of children of wit. He ordered his diet according to the prescription of Galen, confining himself and his wife for almost the whole first year to goat's milk and honey.* It unfortunately befel her, when she was about four months gone with child, to long for somewhat, which that author inveighs against as prejudicial to the understanding of the infant. This her husband thought fit to deny her, affirming it was better to be childless, than to become the parent of a fool. His wife miscarried; but, as the abortion proved only a female fœtus, he comforted himself, that had it arrived to perfection, it would not have answered his account; his heart being wholly fixed upon the learned sex. However, he disdained not to treasure up the embryo in a vial, among the curiosities of his family.

Having discovered that Galen's prescription could not determine the sex, he forthwith betook himself to Aristotle. Accordingly he withheld the nuptial embrace when the wind was in any point of the south; this author† asserting, that the

* Galen, Lib. de Cibis boni et mali succi, cap. 3. *Pope.*

† Arist. xiv. Sect. Prob. 5. *Pope.*

grossness and moisture of the southerly winds occasion the procreation of females, and not of males. But he redoubled his diligence when the wind was at west, a wind on which that great philosopher bestowed the encomiums of Fattener of the earth, Breath of the Elysian fields, and other glorious elogies. For our learned man was clearly of opinion, that the semina out of which animals are produced, are animalcula ready formed, and received in with the air.*

Under these regulations, his wife, to his unexpressible joy, grew pregnant a second time; and (what was no small addition to his happiness) he just then came to the possession of a considerable estate by the death of her uncle, a wealthy Jew, who resided at London. This made it necessary for him to take a journey to England; nor would the care of his posterity let him suffer his wife to remain behind him. During the voyage, he was perpetually taken up on the one hand, how to employ his great riches; and, on the other, how to educate his child. He had already determined to set apart several annual sums for the recovery of *manuscripts*, the effossion of *coins*, the procuring of *mummies*; and, for all those curious discoveries by which he hoped to become (as himself was wont to say) a second *Peireskius*.† He had already

* Religion of Nature, Sect. v. parag. 15. *Pope.*

The seriousness with which this strange opinion, on so mysterious a point, is advanced, very well deserved this stroke of ridicule. *Warburton.*

† His life was elaborately written by Peter Gassendus. "He

chalked out all possible schemes for the improvement of a male child, yet was so far prepared for the worst that could happen, that before the nine months were expired, he had composed two Treatises of Education; the one he called, *A Daughter's Mirror:* and the other, *A Son's Monitor.*

This is all we can find relating to Martinus, while he was in his mother's womb, excepting that he was entertained there with a concert of music once in twenty-four hours, according to the custom of the magi; and, that on a particular day,*

was," says Bayle, "attorney-general to the commonwealth of literature; he encouraged authors, furnished them with knowledge and materials, and spent his revenue in buying or getting copies of the most scarce and useful monuments; but had much pedantry and affectation about him. Balzac highly praises him." *Warton.*

* Ramsay's Cyrus. *Pope.*

It was with judgment, that the authors rather choose to ridicule the modern relater of this ridiculous practice, than the ancients, from whence he took it. As it is a sure instance of folly, when amongst the many excellent things which may be learned from antiquity, we find a modern writer only picking out their absurdities. *Warburton.*

Ramsay took this circumstance from the seventeenth book of Strabo: "Other men begin not the education of their children till after they are born; but the magi seemed to do it before. While their wives were with child, they took care to keep them always in tranquillity and perpetual cheerfulness, by sweet and innocent amusements, to the end, that from the mother's womb the fruit might receive no impressions but what were pleasing, peaceful, and agreeable to order." Travels of Cyrus, vol. i. p. 80. *Warton.*

he was observed to leap and kick exceedingly, which was on the 1st of April, the birth-day of the great *Basilius Valentinus.*

The truth of this, and every preceding fact, may be depended upon, being taken literally from the Memoirs. But I must be so ingenuous as to own, that the accounts are not so certain of the exact time and place of his birth. As to the first, he had the common frailty of old men, to conceal his age: as to the second, I only remember to have heard him say, that he first saw the light in St. Giles's parish. But in the investigation of this point, fortune hath favoured our diligence. For one day as I was passing by the *Seven Dials,* I overheard a dispute concerning the place of nativity of a great Astrologer, which each man alleged to have been in his own street. The circumstances of the time, and the description of the person, made me imagine it might be that universal genius whose life I am writing. I returned home, and having maturely considered their several arguments, which I found to be of equal weight, I quieted my curiosity with this natural conclusion, that he was born in some point common to all the seven streets; which must be that on which the column is now erected. And it is with infinite pleasure that I since find my conjecture confirmed, by the following passage in the codicil to Mr. Neale's Will:

I appoint my executors to engrave the following

inscription on the column in the centre of the seven streets which I erected.

LOC. NAT. INCLVT. PHILOS. MAR. SCR.

But Mr. Neale's order was never performed, because the executors durst not administer.

Nor was the birth of this great man unattended with prodigies: he himself has often told me, that on the night before he was born, Mrs. Scriblerus dreamed she was brought to bed of a huge *inkhorn*, out of which issued several large streams of ink, as it had been a fountain. This dream was by her husband thought to signify, that the child should prove a very voluminous writer. Likewise a *crab-tree** that had been hitherto barren, appeared on a sudden laden with a vast quantity of crabs: this sign also the old gentleman imagined to be a prognostic of the acuteness of his wit. A great swarm of *wasps*† played round his cradle without hurting him, but were very troublesome to all in the room besides: this seemed a certain presage of the effects of his satire. A dunghill was seen within the space of one night to be covered all over with *mushrooms:* this some interpreted to promise the infant great fertility of fancy, but no long duration to his works; but the father was of another opinion.

But what was of all most wonderful, was a thing

* Virgil's Laurel. Donat. *Pope.*

† Plato, Lucan, &c. *Pope.*

that seemed a monstrous *fowl*, which just then dropp'd through the skylight, near his wife's apartment. It had a large body, two little disproportioned wings, a prodigious tail, but no head. As its colour was white, he took it at first sight for a swan, and was concluding his son would be a poet: but on a nearer view, he perceived it to be speckled with black, in the form of letters; and that it was indeed a paper kite which had broke its leash by the impetuosity of the wind. His back was armed with the art military, his belly was filled with physic, his wings were the wings of Quarles and Withers, the several nodes of his voluminous tail were diversified with several branches of science; where the Doctor beheld with great joy a knot of logic, a knot of metaphysic, a knot of casuistry, a knot of polemical divinity, and a knot of common law, with a *lanthorn* of *Jacob Behmen*.*

There went a report in the family, that, as soon as he was born, he uttered the voice of nine several animals; he cried like a calf, bleated like a sheep, chattered like a magpie, grunted like a hog, neighed like a foal, croaked like a raven, mewed like a cat, gabbled like a goose, and brayed like an ass. And the next morning he was found playing in his bed with two owls, which came

* The enthusiastic founder of the German and English methodists, Muggletonians, Hernhuters, and the illuminated devotees on the continent. He was called the German Theosophist. He was a tailor at Gorlitz. *Warton.*

down the chimney. His father greatly rejoiced at all these signs, which betokened the variety of his eloquence, and the extent of his learning; but he was more particularly pleased with the last, as it nearly resembled what happened at the birth of Homer.*

* Vid. Eustath. in Odyss. l. xii. ex Alex. Paphia, et Leo. Allat. de patr. Hom. p. 45. *Pope.*

CHAP. II.

THE SPEECH OF CORNELIUS OVER HIS SON, AT THE HOUR OF HIS BIRTH.

No sooner was the cry of the infant heard, but the old gentleman rushed into the room, and snatching it in his arms examined every limb with attention. He was infinitely pleased to find, that the child had the wart of Cicero, the wry neck of Alexander, knots upon his legs like Marius, and one of them shorter than the other like Agesilaus. The good Cornelius also hoped he would come to stammer like Demosthenes, in order to be as eloquent; and in time arrive at many other defects of famous men. He held* the child so long, that the midwife, grown out of all patience, snatched it from his arms, in order to swaddle it. "Swaddle him!" (quoth he,) "far be it from me to submit to such a pernicious custom! Is not my son a man? and is not man the lord of the universe? Is it thus you use this monarch at his first arrival in his dominions, to manacle and shackle him hand and foot? Is this what you call to be free-born? If you have no regard to his natural liberty, at least have some to his natural faculties. Behold with what agility he spreadeth his toes, and moveth them with as great variety as his fingers! a power,

* Most happily copied by Sterne, that true disciple of Swift, in the speech that Tristram Shandy makes over his son at his birth. *Warton.*

which in the small circle of a year may be totally abolished, by the enormous confinement of shoes and stockings. His ears (which other animals turn with great advantage towards the sonorous object) may, by the ministry of some accursed nurse, for ever lie flat and immoveable. Not so the ancients, they could move them at pleasure, and accordingly are often described *arrectis auribus.*" "What a devil!" (quoth the midwife,) "would you have your son move his ears like a drill?" "Yes, fool," (said he,) "why should he not have the perfection of a drill, or of any other animal?" Mrs. Scriblerus, who lay all this while fretting at her husband's discourse, at last broke out to this purpose: "My dear, I have had many disputes with you upon this subject before I was a month gone: we have but one child, and cannot afford to throw him away upon experiments. I'll have my boy bred up like other gentlemen, at home, and always under my own eye." All the gossips with one voice, cried, "Ay, ay;" but Cornelius broke out in this manner: "What, bred at home! Have I taken all this pains for a creature that is to lead the inglorious life of a cabbage, to suck the nutritious juices from the spot where he was first planted? No; to perambulate this terraqueous globe is too small a range; were it permitted, he should at least make the tour of the whole system of the sun. Let other mortals pore upon maps, and swallow the legends of lying travellers; the son of Cornelius shall make his own legs his compasses; with those he shall measure

continents, islands, capes, bays, straits, and isthmuses. He shall himself take the altitude of the highest mountains, from the peak of Derby to the peak of Teneriff; when he has visited the top of Taurus, Imaus, Caucasus, and the famous Ararat, where Noah's ark first moored, he may take a slight view of the snowy Riphæans; nor would I have him neglect Athos and Olympus, renowned for poetical fictions. Those that vomit fire will deserve a more particular attention: I will therefore have him observe with great care Vesuvius, Etna, the burning mountain of Java, but chiefly Hecla, the greatest rarity in the northern regions. Then he may likewise contemplate the wonders of the Memphitic cave. When he has dived into the bowels of the earth, and surveyed the works of nature under ground, and instructed himself fully in the nature of volcanoes, earthquakes, thunders, tempests, and hurricanes, I hope he will bless the world with a more exact survey of the deserts of Arabia and Tartary, than as yet we are able to obtain. Then will I have him cross the seven gulphs, measure the currents in the fifteen famous straits, and search for those fountains of fresh water that are at the bottom of the ocean."—At these last words, Mrs. Scriblerus fell into a trembling: the description of this terrible scene made too violent an impression upon a woman in her condition, and threw her into a strong hysteric fit; which might have proved dangerous, if Cornelius had not been pushed out of the room by the united force of the women.

CHAP. III.*

SHEWING WHAT BEFEL THE DOCTOR'S SON AND HIS SHIELD, ON THE DAY OF THE CHRISTENING.

THE day of the christening being come, and the house filled with gossips, the levity of whose conversation suited but ill with the gravity of Dr. Cornelius, he cast about how to pass this day more agreeably to his character; that is to say, not without some *profitable conference*, nor wholly without observance of some *ancient custom*.

He remembered to have read in Theocritus,† that the cradle of Hercules was a shield; and being possessed of an antique *buckler* which he held as a most inestimable relic, he determined to have the infant laid therein, and in that manner brought into the study, and to be shewn to certain learned men of his acquaintance.

* This chapter is a satire on Dr. Woodward, who valued himself on the possession of an ancient shield, on which he wrote a curious dissertation. The Doctor was a naturalist, and great collector of fossils and other rarities, which I believe were the foundation of Sir Hans Sloane's collection, and which now makes so conspicuous a figure in the British Museum. *Bannister.*

† In that beautiful idyllium of Theocritus on the infant Hercules strangling the serpents, sent by Juno to destroy him; a subject that has employed the masterly pencil of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in a noble picture purchased by the Empress of Russia; and in which Sir Joshua combined all the striking circumstances mentioned by Pindar as well as Theocritus, that attended this story. *Warton.*

The regard he had for this shield, had caused him formerly to compile a dissertation concerning it,* proving from the several properties, and particularly the colour of the rust, the exact chronology thereof.

With this treatise, and a moderate supper, he proposed to entertain his guests; though he had also another design, to have their assistance in the calculation of his son's *nativity*.

He therefore took the buckler out of a case, (in which he always kept it, lest it might contract any modern rust,) and entrusted it to his housemaid, with orders, that when the company was come she should lay the child carefully in it, covered with a mantle of blue satin.

The guests were no sooner seated, but they entered into a warm debate about the *Triclinium* and the manner of *Decubitus* of the ancients, which Cornelius broke off in this manner:

"This day, my friends, I propose to exhibit my son before you; a child not wholly unworthy of inspection, as he is descended from a race of virtuosi. Let the physiognomists examine his features; let the chirographists behold his palm; but above all let us consult for the calculation of his nativity. To this end, as the child is not vulgar, I will not present him unto you in a vulgar manner. He shall be cradled in my ancient shield, so famous through the Universities of Europe. You

* See the dissertation on Dr. Woodward's shield. *Warburton.*

all know how I have purchased that invaluable piece of antiquity at the great (though indeed inadequate) expense of all the plate of our family; how happily I carried it off, and how triumphantly I transported it hither, to the inexpressible grief of all Germany. Happy in every circumstance, but that it broke the heart of the great Melchior Insipidus!"

Here he stopped his speech, upon sight of the maid, who entered the room with the child; he took it in his arms and proceeded:

"" Behold then my child, but first behold the shield! Behold this rust,—or rather let me call it this precious erugo,—behold this beautiful varnish of time,—this venerable verdure of so many ages——"

In speaking these words, he slowly lifted up the mantle which covered it, inch by inch; but at every inch he uncovered, his cheeks grew paler, his hand trembled, his nerves failed, till, on the sight of the whole, the tremor became universal: the shield and the infant both dropp'd to the ground, and he had only strength enough to cry out, "O God! my shield, my shield!"

The truth was, the maid (extremely concerned for the reputation of her own cleanliness, and her young master's honour) had scoured it as clean as her andirons.*

Cornelius sunk back on a chair, the guests stood

* "Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,
Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scour'd."

astonished, the infant squalled, the maid ran in, snatched it up again in her arms, flew into her mistress's room, and told what had happened. Down stairs in an instant hurried all the gossips, where they found the doctor in a trance. Hungary water, hartshorn, and the confused noise of shrill voices, at length awakened him; when opening his eyes, he saw the shield in the hands of the housemaid: "O woman! woman!" he cried, (and snatched it violently from her,) "was it to thy ignorance that this relic owes its ruin? Where, where is the beautiful crust that covered thee so long? where those traces of time, and *fingers* as it were of antiquity? Where all those beautiful obscurities, the cause of much delightful disputation, where doubt and curiosity went hand in hand, and eternally exercised the speculations of the learned? All this the rude touch of an ignorant woman hath done away! The *curious prominence* at the belly of that figure, which some taking for the *cuspis* of a sword, denominated a Roman soldier; others accounting the *insignia virilia*, pronounced to be one of the *dii termini*; behold she hath cleaned it in like shameful sort, and shewn to be the head of a nail. O my shield! my shield! well may I say with Horace, *non bene relicta parmula.*"

The gossips, not at all inquiring into the cause of his sorrow, only asked if the child had no hurt, and cried, "Come, come, all is well; what has the woman done but her duty? a tight cleanly wench I warrant her; what a stir a man makes about a

bason, that an hour ago, before this labour was bestowed upon it, a country barber would not have hung at his shop door." "A *bason!* (cried another) no such matter, 'tis nothing but a paltry old *sconce*, with the nozzle broke off." The learned gentlemen, who till now had stood speechless, hereupon looking narrowly upon the shield, declared their assent to this latter opinion; and desired Cornelius to be comforted, assuring him it was a *sconce* and no other. But this, instead of comforting, threw the doctor into such a violent fit of passion, that he was carried off groaning and speechless to bed; where, being quite spent, he fell into a kind of slumber.

CHAP. IV.

OF THE SUCTION AND NUTRITION OF THE GREAT SCRIBLERUS IN HIS INFANCY, AND OF THE FIRST RUDIMENTS OF HIS LEARNING.

As soon as Cornelius awaked, he raised himself on his elbow, and casting his eye on Mrs. Scriblerus, spoke as follows: "Wisely was it said by Homer, that in the cellar of Jupiter are two barrels, the one of good, the other of evil, which he never bestows on mortals separately, but constantly mingles them together. Thus at the same time hath heaven blessed me with the birth of a son, and afflicted me with the scouring of my shield. Yet let us not repine at his dispensations, who gives, and who takes away; but rather join in prayer, that the rust of antiquity, which he hath been pleased to take from my shield, may be added to my son; and that so much of it, as it is my purpose he shall contract in his education, may never be destroyed by any modern polishing."

He could no longer bear the sight of the shield, but ordered it should be removed for ever from his eyes. It was not long after purchased by Dr. Woodward, who, by the assistance of Mr. Kemp, incrusted it with a new rust, and is the same whereof a cut hath been engraved, and exhibited to the great contentation of the learned.

Cornelius now began to regulate the suction of

his child. Seldom did there pass a day without disputes between him and the mother, or the nurse, concerning the nature of aliment. The poor woman never dined but he denied her some dish or other, which he judged prejudicial to her milk. One day she had a longing desire to a piece of beef, and as she stretched her hand towards it, the old gentleman drew it away, and spoke to this effect: "Had'st thou read the ancients, O nurse, thou would'st prefer the welfare of the infant which thou nourishest, to the indulging of an irregular and voracious appetite. Beef, it is true, may confer a robustness on the limbs of my son, but will hebetate and clog his intellectuals." While he spoke this, the nurse looked upon him with much anger, and now and then cast a wishful eye upon the beef.—"Passion (continued the doctor, still holding the dish) throws the mind into too violent a fermentation; it is a kind of fever of the soul, or, as Horace expresses it, a *Short Madness.* Consider, woman, that this day's suction of my son may cause him to imbibe many ungovernable passions, and in a manner spoil him for the temper of a philosopher. Romulus, by sucking a wolf, became of a fierce and savage disposition; and were I to breed some Ottoman Emperor, or founder of a military commonwealth, perhaps I might indulge thee in this carnivorous appetite."—"What," interrupted the nurse, "beef spoil the understanding? that's fine indeed—how then could our parson preach as he does upon beef, and pudding too,

if you go to that? Don't tell me of your ancients! Had not you almost killed the poor babe with a dish of demonial black broth?"—"Lacedemonian black broth, thou would'st say, (replied Cornelius,) but I cannot allow the surfeit to have been occasioned by that diet, since it was recommended by the divine Lycurgus. No, nurse, thou must certainly have eaten some meats of ill digestion the day before, and that was the real cause of his disorder. Consider, woman, the different temperaments of different nations.* What makes the English phlegmatic and melancholy, but beef? what renders the Welsh so hot and cholerick, but cheese and leeks? The French derive their levity from their soups, frogs, and mushrooms. I would not let my son dine like an Italian, lest like an Italian he should be jealous and revengeful. The warm and solid diet of Spain may be more beneficial, as it might indue him with a profound gravity, but at the same time he might suck in with their food the intolerable vice of pride. Therefore, nurse, in short, I hold it requisite to deny you at present, not only beef, but likewise whatsoever any of those nations eat." During this speech, the nurse remained pouting and marking her plate with the knife, nor would she touch a bit during the whole dinner. This the old gentleman observing, ordered that the child, to avoid the risk of imbibing

* A fine and solid ridicule on those who assign the characters of different nations to their food and diet alone. Sir W. Temple has done this in more than one of his essays. *Warton.*

ill-humours, should be kept from her breast all that day, and be fed with butter, mixed with honey, according to a prescription he had met with somewhere in Eustathius upon Homer. This indeed gave the child a great looseness, but he was not concerned at it, in the opinion that whatever harm it might do his body, would be amply recompensed by the improvements of his understanding. But from thenceforth he insisted every day upon a particular diet to be observed by the nurse; under which having been long uneasy, she at last parted from the family, on his ordering her for dinner the *paps* of a *sow* with pig; taking it as the highest indignity, and a direct insult upon her sex and calling.

Four years of young Martin's life passed away in squabbles of this nature. Mrs. Scriblerus considered it was now time to instruct him in the fundamentals of religion, and to that end took no small pains in teaching him his *Catechism*. But Cornelius looked upon this as a tedious way of instruction, and therefore employed his head to find out more pleasing methods, the better to induce him to be fond of learning. He would frequently carry him to the *puppet-show** of the creation of the world, where the child with exceeding delight gained a notion of the history of the Bible. His first rudiments in profane history were acquired by seeing of *raree-shows*, where

* The common puppet-shews, on religious subjects, were certainly originally taken from, and were remains of, the old mysteries. *Warton.*

nuously confesses he durst not confer with this child in Greek at eight years old,* and at fourteen he composed a tragedy in the same language, as the younger Pliny† had done before him.

He learned the oriental languages of Erpenius, who resided some time with his father for that purpose. He had so early relish for the eastern way of writing, that even at this time he composed (in imitation of it) the *Thousand and One Arabian Tales*, and also the *Persian Tales*, which have been since translated into several languages, and lately into our own with particular elegance, by Mr. Ambrose Philips. In this work of his childhood, he was not a little assisted by the historical traditions of his *nurse*.

* So Montaigne says of his Latin—"George Bucanan et Mark Antoine Muret, mes précepteurs domestiques, m'ont dit souvent que j'avois ce langage en mon enfance si prest et si à mains qu'ils craignoient à m'accoster.—Somme, nous nous latinisames tant, qu'il en regorgea jusqu'à nos villages tout autour, où il y a encores, et où pris pied par l'usage, plusieurs appellations Latines d'artisans et d'outils." *Warburton.*

† Plin. Epist. lib. vii.

CHAP. V.*

A DISSERTATION UPON PLAYTHINGS.

HERE follow the instructions of Cornelius Scriblerus concerning the plays and playthings to be used by his son Martin.

"*Play* was invented by the *Lydians* as a remedy against *hunger*. Sophocles says of Palamedes, that he invented *dice* to serve sometimes instead of a dinner. It is therefore wisely contrived by nature, that children, as they have the keenest *appetites*, are most addicted to *plays*. From the same cause, and from the unprejudiced and incorrupt simplicity of their minds, it proceeds, that the plays of the ancient children are preserved

* Whatever may be determined of other parts of these Memoirs, yet this chapter, the sixth, seventh, eighth, tenth, and twelfth chapters, appear to be the production of Arbuthnot, as they contain allusions to many remote and uncommon parts of learning and science, with which we cannot imagine Pope to have been much acquainted, and which lay out of the reach and course of his reading. The rich vein of humour which, like a vein of mercury, runs through these Memoirs, is much heightened and encreased by the great variety of learning which they contain; it is a fact in literary history worth observing, and which deserves to be more attended to than I think it usually is, that the chief of those who have excelled in exquisite works of wit and humour, have at the same time been men of extensive learning. We may instance in Lucian, Cervantes, Quevedo, Rabelais, Arbuthnot, Fielding, and Butler above all; for no work in our language contains more learning than Hudibras. *Warton.*

nuously confesses he durst not confer with this child in Greek at eight years old,* and at fourteen he composed a tragedy in the same language, as the younger Pliny† had done before him.

He learned the oriental languages of Erpenius, who resided some time with his father for that purpose. He had so early relish for the eastern way of writing, that even at this time he composed (in imitation of it) the *Thousand and One Arabian Tales*, and also the *Persian Tales*, which have been since translated into several languages, and lately into our own with particular elegance, by Mr. Ambrose Philips. In this work of his childhood, he was not a little assisted by the historical traditions of his *nurse*.

* So Montaigne says of his Latin—"George Bucanan et Mark Antoine Muret, mes précepteurs domestiques, m'ont dit souvent que j'avois ce langage en mon enfance si prest et si à mains qu'ils craignoient à m'accoster.—Somme, nous nous latinisames tant, qu'il en regorgea jusqu'à nos villages tout autour, où il y a encores, et où pris pied par l'usage, plusieurs appellations Latines d'artisans et d'outils." *Warburton.*

† Plin. Epist. lib. vii.

CHAP. V.*

A DISSERTATION UPON PLAYTHINGS.

HERE follow the instructions of Cornelius Scriblerus concerning the plays and playthings to be used by his son Martin.

"*Play* was invented by the *Lydians* as a remedy against *hunger*. Sophocles says of Palamedes, that he invented *dice* to serve sometimes instead of a dinner. It is therefore wisely contrived by nature, that children, as they have the keenest *appetites*, are most addicted to *plays*. From the same cause, and from the unprejudiced and incorrupt simplicity of their minds, it proceeds, that the plays of the ancient children are preserved

* Whatever may be determined of other parts of these Memoirs, yet this chapter, the sixth, seventh, eighth, tenth, and twelfth chapters, appear to be the production of Arbuthnot, as they contain allusions to many remote and uncommon parts of learning and science, with which we cannot imagine Pope to have been much acquainted, and which lay out of the reach and course of his reading. The rich vein of humour which, like a vein of mercury, runs through these Memoirs, is much heightened and encreased by the great variety of learning which they contain; it is a fact in literary history worth observing, and which deserves to be more attended to than I think it usually is, that the chief of those who have excelled in exquisite works of wit and humour, have at the same time been men of extensive learning. We may instance in Lucian, Cervantes, Quevedo, Rabelais, Arbuthnot, Fielding, and Butler above all; for no work in our language contains more learning than Hudibras. *Warton.*

more entire than any other of their customs.* In this matter I would recommend to all who have any concern in my son's education, that they deviate not in the least from the primitive and simple antiquity.

" To speak first of the *whistle,* as it is the first of all playthings. I will have it exactly to correspond with the ancient *fistula,* and accordingly to be composed *septem paribus disjuncta cicutis.*

" I heartily wish a diligent search may be made after the true *Crepitaculum,* or *rattle* of the ancients, for that (as *Archytas Tarentinus* was of opinion) kept the children from breaking earthenware. The *China* cups in these days are not at all the safer for the modern *rattles;* which is an evident proof how far their *Crepitacula* exceeded ours.

" I would not have Martin as yet to scourge a *top,* till I am better informed whether the *Trochus* which was recommended by *Cato* be really our present *top,* or rather the *hoop* which the boys drive with a stick. Neither *cross* and *pile,* nor *ducks* and *drakes,* are quite so ancient as *handy-dandy,* though Macrobius and St. Augustine take notice of the first, and Minutius Felix describes

* Dr. Arbuthnot used to say, that notwithstanding all the boasts of the safe conveyance of tradition, it was no where preserved pure and uncorrupt but amongst School-boys; whose games and plays are delivered down invariably the same, from one generation to another. *Warburton.*

the latter; but *handy-dandy* is mentioned by Aristotle, Plato, and Aristophanes.

"The play which the Italians call *cinque*, and the French *mourre*, is extremely ancient; it was played at by *Hymen* and *Cupid* at the marriage of *Psyché*, and termed by the Latins, *digitis micare*.

"Julius Pollux describes the *Omilla*, or *chuck-farthing*; though some will have our modern *chuck-farthing* to be nearer the *Aphetinda* of the ancients. He also mentions the *Basilinda*, or *king I am*; and *Myinda*, or *hoopers-hide*.

"But the *Chytrindra* described by the same author is certainly not our *hot-cockles*; for that was by pinching and not by striking; though there are good authors who affirm the *Rathapygismus* to be yet nearer the modern *hot-cockles*. My son Martin may use either of them indifferently, they being equally antique.

"*Building of houses*, and *riding upon sticks*, have been used by children in all ages: *Ædificare casas, equitare in arundine longâ*. Yet I much doubt whether the riding upon sticks did not come into use after the age of the *Centaurs*.

"There is one play which shews the gravity of ancient education, called the *Acinetinda*, in which children contended who could longest *stand still*. This we have suffered to perish entirely; and, if I might be allowed to guess, it was certainly first lost among the *French*.

"I will permit my son to play at *Apodidascinda*, which can be no other than our *Puss in a corner*.

" Julius Pollux, in his ninth book, speaks of the *Melolonthe* or the *Kite;* but I question whether the kite of antiquity was the same with ours; and, though the Ορτυγοκοπία, or *quail-fighting*, is what is most taken notice of, they had doubtless *cock-matches* also, as is evident from certain ancient gems and relievos.

" In a word, let my son Martin disport himself at any game truly antique, except one, which was invented by a people among the Thracians, who hung up one of their companions in a rope, and gave him a knife to cut himself down; which, if he failed in, he was suffered to hang till he was dead; and this was only reckoned a sort of joke. I am utterly against this, as barbarous and cruel.

" I cannot conclude, without taking notice of the beauty of the *Greek* names, whose etymologies acquaint us with the nature of the sports; and how infinitely, both in sense and sound, they excel our barbarous names of plays."

Notwithstanding the foregoing injunctions of Dr. Cornelius, he yet condescended to allow the child the use of some few modern playthings; such as might prove of any benefit to his mind, by instilling an early notion of the sciences. * For

* This passage is equalled in humour by the Oxford Guide, p. 11.

" The schools of this University are also more numerous than is commonly supposed; among which we must reckon three spacious and superb edifices, situated to the southward of the High-street, one hundred feet long, by thirty in breadth, vulgarly called Tennis Courts; where exercise is regularly performed both morn-

example, he found that marbles taught him *percussion* and the *laws of motion; nut-crackers* the use of the *lever; swinging* on the ends of a board, the *balance; bottle-screws* the *vice; whirligigs* the *axis* in *peritrochio; bird-cages* the *pulley;* and *tops* the *centrifugal* motion.

Others of his sports were carried further to improve his tender soul even in virtue and morality. We shall only instance one of the most useful and instructive, *bob-cherry,* which teaches at once two noble virtues, patience and constancy; the first in adhering to the pursuit of one end, the latter in bearing a disappointment.

Besides all these, he taught him as a diversion, an odd and secret manner of *stealing,* according to the custom of the Lacedemonians; wherein he succeeded so well, that he practised it to the day of his death.

ing and afternoon. Add to these, certain schools, familiarly denominated billiard tables, where the laws of motion are exemplified, and which may be considered as a necessary supplement to our courses of experimental philosophy. Nor must we omit the many nine-pin and skittle-alleys, open and dry, for the instruction of scholars in geometrical knowledge, and particularly for proving the centripetal principle.

"Other schools and places of academical discipline, not generally known as such, may be mentioned. The Peripatetics execute the courses proper to their system upon the parade; navigation is learnt on the Isis, gunnery on the adjacent hills, horsemanship on Port-Meadow, Bullington-Green, the Henley, Wycombe, Woodstock, Abingdon, and Banbury roads. The axis in peritrochio is admirably illustrated by a scheme in a phaeton; the doctrine of the screw is practically explained most evenings in the private rooms, together with the motion of fluids."

Warton.

CHAP. VI.

OF THE GYMNASTICS, IN WHAT EXERCISES MARTINUS WAS EDUCATED; SOMETHING CONCERNING MUSIC, AND WHAT SORT OF A MAN HIS UNCLE WAS.

Nor was Cornelius less careful in adhering to the rules of the purest antiquity, in relation to the *exercises* of his son. He was stripped, powdered, and anointed, but not constantly bathed, which occasioned many heavy complaints of the laundress about dirtying his linen. When he played at quoits, he was allowed his breeches and stockings; because the *Discoboli* (as Cornelius well knew) were naked to the middle only. The mother often contended for modern sports, and common customs; but this was his constant reply: "Let a daughter be the care of her mother, but the education of a son should be the delight of his father."

It was about this time, he heard, to his exceeding content, that the *Harpastus* of the ancients was yet in use in *Cornwall*, and known there by the name of *Hurling*. He was sensible the common *foot-ball* was a very imperfect imitation of that exercise; and thought it necessary to send Martin into the West, to be initiated in that truly ancient and manly part of the *gymnasticks*. The poor boy was so unfortunate as to return with a broken leg. This Cornelius looked upon but as a slight ailment, and promised his mother he would instantly

cure it: he slit a green reed, and cast the knife upward, then tying the two parts of the reed to the disjointed place, pronounced these words,* *Daries, daries, astataries, dissunapiter; huat, hanat, huat, ista, pista, fista, domi abo, damnaustra.* But finding, to his no small astonishment, that this had no effect, in five days he condescended to have it set by a modern surgeon.

Mrs. Scriblerus, to prevent him from exposing her son to the like dangerous exercises for the future, proposed to send for a dancing-master, and to have him taught the minuet and rigadoon. "Dancing (quoth Cornelius) I much approve, for *Socrates* said the best dancers were the best warriors; but not those species of dancing which you mention: they are certainly corruptions of the comic and satiric dance, which were utterly disliked by the sounder ancients. Martin shall learn the tragic dance only, and I will send all over Europe, till I find an Antiquary able to instruct him in the *Saltatio Pyrrhica.* Scaliger,† from whom my son is lineally descended, boasts to have performed this warlike dance in the presence of the Emperor, to the great admiration of all Germany. What would he say, could he look down

* Plin. Hist. Nat. lib. xvii. in fine. *Carmen contra luxata membra, cujus verba inserere non equidem serio ausim, quanquam a Catone prodita.* Vide *Caton. de Re Rust,* c. 160. *Pope.*

† Scalig. Poetic. l. i. c. 9. *Hanc saltationem Pyrrhicam, nos sæpe et diu, jussu Bonifacii patrui, coram Divo Maximiliano, non sine stupore totius Germaniæ, repræsentavimus. Quo tempore vox illa Imperatoris, Hic puer aut thoracem pro pelle aut pro cunis habuit. Pope.*

and see one of his posterity so ignorant, as not to know the least step of that noble kind of *Saltation?*"

The poor lady was at last enured to bear all these things with a laudable patience, till one day her husband was seized with a new thought. He had met with a saying, that "*Spleen*, *Garter*, and *Girdle*, are the three impediments to the *Cursus*." Therefore Pliny (lib. xi. cap. 37.) says, that such as excel in that exercise have their *Spleen* cauterized. "My son (quoth Cornelius) runs but heavily; therefore I will have this operation performed upon him immediately. Moreover, it will cure that immoderate laughter to which I perceive he is addicted: for laughter (as the same author hath it, ibid.) is caused by the bigness of the Spleen." This design was no sooner hinted to Mrs. Scriblerus, but she burst into tears, wrung her hands, and instantly sent for his brother Albertus, begging him for the love of God to make haste to her husband.

Albertus was a discreet man, sober in his opinions, clear of pedantry, and knowing enough both in books and in the world, to preserve a due regard for whatever was useful or excellent, whether ancient or modern. If he had not always the authority, he had at least the art, to divert Cornelius from many extravagances. It was well he came speedily, or Martin could not have boasted the entire quota of his Viscera. "What does it signify (quoth Albertus) whether my nephew excels in the *Cursus* or not? Speed is often a symptom of

cowardice, witness hares and deer."——"Do not forget Achilles," quoth Cornelius; "I know that running has been condemned by the proud Spartans, as useless in war; and yet Demosthenes could say, Ἀνὴρ ὁ φεύγων καὶ πάλιν μαχήσεται; a thought which the English Hudibras has well rendered:

For he that runs may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain."

"That's true (quoth Albertus); but pray consider on the other side that animals spleened* grow extremely salacious; an experiment well known in dogs." Cornelius was struck with this, and replied gravely; "If it be so, I will defer the operation, for I will not encrease the powers of my son's body at the expense of those of his mind. I am indeed disappointed in most of my projects, and fear I must sit down at last contented with such methods of education as modern barbarity affords. Happy had it been for us all, had we lived in the age of Augustus! Then my son might have heard the philosophers dispute in the porticos of the Palæstra, and at the same time formed his body and his understanding." "It is true (replied Albertus), we have no *Exedra* for the philosophers, adjoining to our tennis-courts; but there are alehouses where he will hear very notable argumentations:† though

* Blackmore's Essay on the Spleen. *Pope.*

† It is almost impossible to read, without a smile, what Brown, in his Dissertation, p. 27, has, with much seriousness and gravity, advanced on the importance of dancing among the ancients; accompanied with something like a wish, that modern Divines would make it a part of religious ceremonies. *Warton.*

we come not up to the ancients in the *Tragic-dance*, we excel them in the κυβιστικὴ, or the art of *Tumbling*. The ancients would have beat us at *Quoits*, but not so much at the *Jaculum* or *Pitching the bar*. The *Pugilatus** is in as great perfection in England as in old Rome, and the *Cornish-hug* in the *Luctus*† is equal to the *Volutatoria* of the ancients." "You could not (answered Cornelius) have produced a more unlucky instance of modern folly and barbarity, than what you say of the *Jaculum*. The Cretans‡ wisely forbade their servants gymnastics, as well as arms; and yet your modern footmen exercise themselves daily in the *Jaculum* at the corner of *Hyde-Park*, whilst their enervated lords are lolling in their chariots (a species of vectitation seldom used among the ancients, except by old men)." "You say well (quoth Albertus), and we have several other kinds of vectitation unknown to the ancients; particularly flying chariots, where the people may have the benefit of this exercise at the small expense of a farthing. But suppose (which I readily grant) that the ancients excelled us almost in every thing, yet why this singularity? your son must take up with such masters as the present age affords; we have dancing-masters, writing-masters, and music-masters."

The bare mention of *Music* threw Cornelius into a passion. "How can you dignify (quoth he)

* Fisty-Cuffs. *Pope.*

† Wrestling. *Pope.*

‡ Aristot. Politic. lib. ii. cap. 3. *Pope.*

this modern fiddling with the name of music? Will any of your best hautboys encounter a wolf now-a-days with no other arms but their instruments, as did that ancient piper Pythocaris? Have ever wild boars, elephants, deer, dolphins, whales, or turbots shewed the least emotion at the most elaborate strains of your modern scrapers; all which have been, as it were tamed and humanized by ancient musicians? Does not Ælian* tell us how the Lybian mares were excited to horsing by music? (which ought in truth to be a caution to modest women against frequenting operas; and consider, brother, you are brought to this dilemma, either to give up the virtue of the ladies, or the power of your music.) Whence proceeds the degeneracy of our morals? Is it not from the loss of ancient music, by which (says Aristotle) they taught all the virtues? Else might we turn Newgate into a college of Dorian musicians, who should teach moral virtues to those people. Whence comes it that our present diseases are so stubborn? whence is it that I daily deplore my sciatical pains? Alas! because we have lost their true cure by the melody of the pipe.† All this was well known to

* Ælian. Hist. Animal. lib. xi. cap. 18. and lib. xii. cap. 44. *Pope.*

† Nothing can exceed the exquisite humour of this fine ridicule on the supposed effects of ancient music; which nobody has carried to a greater extreme than Isaac Vossius de Poemat. Cantû et Viribus Rhythmi, p. 47. who tells us, "That to build cities, surround them with walls, to assemble or dismiss the people, to celebrate the praises of gods and men, to govern fleets and armies, to

the ancients, as Theophrastus * assures us (whence Cælius † calls it *loca dolentia decantare*): only indeed some small remains of this skill are preserved in the cure of the Tarantula. Did not Pythagoras ‡ stop a company of drunken bullies from storming a civil house, by changing the strain of the pipe to the sober Spondæus? and yet your modern musicians want art to defend their windows from common nickers. It is well known, that when the Lacedemonian mob were up, they § commonly sent for a Lesbian musician to appease them, and they immediately grew calm, as soon as they heard Terpander sing. Yet I don't believe that the Pope's whole band of music, though the best of the age, could keep his Holiness's image from being burnt on a fifth of November." "Nor would

accompany all the functions and ceremonies of peace and war, and to temper the human passions, were the original offices of music. In short, ancient Greece was wholly governed by the lyre." Dr. Brown insists that this ridicule of Scriblerus is founded on an entire misrepresentation or misapprehension of the true nature of ancient music, which implied not only melody, but verse or song; and was the established vehicle of all the leading principles of their religion, morals, and polity. It was to such an artist that Agamemnon consigned the care of Clytemnestra in his absence, whose banishment furnished Thomson with the finest part of his tragedy; and it is thus we must interpret what Polybius says of the effect of music, in the well-known passage of his fourth book concerning the Arcadians. The reader will be much entertained by turning to the tenth section of Burney's excellent History of Ancient Music. *Warton.*

* Athenæus, lib. xiv. *Pope.*

† Lib. de Sanitate tuenda, cap. 2. *Pope.*

‡ Quintilian, lib. i. cap. 10. *Pope.*

§ Suidas in Timotheo. *Pope.*

Terpander himself (replied Albertus) at Billingsgate, nor Timotheus at Hockley in the Hole, have any manner of effect, nor both of them together bring Horneck * to common civility." "That's a gross mistake," said Cornelius very warmly, "and to prove it so, I have here a small Lyra of my own, framed, strung, and tuned after the ancient manner. I can play some fragments of Lesbian tunes, and I wish I were to try them upon the most passionate creatures alive."—"You never had a better opportunity," says Albertus, "for yonder are two apple-women scolding, and just ready to uncoif one another." With that Cornelius, undressed as he was, jumps out into his balcony, his Lyra in his hand, in his slippers, with his breeches hanging down to his ankles, a stocking upon his head, and waistcoat of murrey-coloured satin upon his body. He touched his Lyra with a very unusual sort of an harpegiatura, nor were his hopes frustrated. The odd equipage, the uncouth instrument, the strangeness of the man and of the music, drew the ears and the eyes of the whole mob that were got about the two female champions, and at last of the combatants themselves. They all approached the balcony, in as close attention as Orpheus's first audience of cattle, or that of an Italian opera, when some favourite air is just awakened. This sudden effect of his music encouraged him mightily, and it was observed

* Horneck, a scurrilous scribbler, who wrote a weekly paper, called *The High German Doctor.* *Warburton.*

he never touched his lyre in such a truly chromatic and enharmonic manner as upon that occasion. The mob laughed, sung, jumped, danced, and used many odd gestures, all which he judged to be caused by the various strains and modulations. "Mark," quoth he, "in this the power of the Ionian; in that, you see the effect of the Æolian." But in a little time they began to grow riotous, and threw tones: Cornelius then withdrew, but with the greatest air of triumph in the world. "Brother," said he, "do you observe I have mixed unawares too much of the *Phrygian;* I might change it to the *Lydian,* and soften their riotous tempers. But it is enough; learn from this sample to speak with veneration of ancient music. If this lyre in my unskilful hands can perform such wonders, what must it not have done in those of a Timotheus or a Terpander?"* Having said this, he retired with the utmost exultation in himself, and contempt of his brother; and, it is said, behaved that night with such unusual haughtiness to his family, that they all had reason to wish for some ancient Tibicen to calm his temper.

* There is a description of equal humour and pleasantry in Joel Collier, where the musician is represented, as endeavouring to set a broken leg, *by playing different tunes on his bassoon!*

Bowles.

CHAP. VII.

RHETORIC, LOGIC, METAPHYSICS.

CORNELIUS having (as hath been said) many ways been disappointed in his attempts of improving the bodily forces of his son, thought it now high time to apply to the culture of his internal faculties. He judged it proper in the first place to instruct him in *rhetoric*. But herein we shall not need to give the reader any account of his wonderful progress, since it is already known to the learned world by his treatise on this subject: I mean the admirable discourse Περὶ Βάθους, which he wrote at this time, but concealed from his father, knowing his extreme partiality for the ancients. It lay by him concealed, and perhaps forgot among the great multiplicity of other writings, till, about the year 1727, he sent it us to be printed, with many additional examples, drawn from the excellent live poets of this present age. We proceed therefore to *logic* and *metaphysics*.

The wise Cornelius was convinced, that these being *polemical* arts, could no more be learned alone, than fencing or cudgel-playing. He thought it therefore necessary to look out for some youth of pregnant parts, to be a sort of humble companion to his son in those studies. His good fortune directed him to one of the most singular endowments, whose name was Conradus Crambe, who by

the father's side was related to the *Crouches* of Cambridge, and his mother was cousin to Mr. *Swan*, gamester and punster* of the city of London. So that from both parents he drew a natural disposition to sport himself with *words*, which as they are said to be the counters of wise men, and ready money of fools, Crambe had great store of cash of the latter sort. Happy Martin in such a parent, and such a companion! What might not he achieve in arts and sciences?

Here I must premise a general observation of great benefit to mankind: that there are many people who have the use only of one operation of the intellect, though, like short-sighted men, they can hardly discover it themselves: they can form *single apprehensions*,† but have neither of the other

* From an original letter of the celebrated Lord Chesterfield to Dodington, it appears how much puns were in fashion at the time, among the gayest circles:—

——— "As for the gay part of the town, you would find it much more flourishing than when you left it. Balls, assemblies, and masquerades, have taken place of dull formal visiting-days, and the women are become much more the *agreeable trifles* they were *designed*.

"I cannot omit telling you, that *puns* are extremely in vogue, and the license very great; the variation of three or four letters in a word of six breaks no squares, insomuch that an *indifferent punster* may make a good figure in the best company," &c.

This was written 1717. *Bowles.*

† When Dr. Mead once urged to our author the authority of Patrick the dictionary-maker, against the latinity of the expression, *amor publicus*, which he had used in an inscription, he replied, "that he would allow a dictionary-maker to understand a single word, but not two words put together." *Warburton.*

two faculties, the *judicium* or *discursus*. Now as it is wisely ordered, that people deprived of one sense, have the others in more perfection, such people will form single ideas with a great deal of vivacity; and happy were it indeed if they would confine themselves to such, without forming *judicia*, much less *argumentations*.

Cornelius quickly discovered, that these two last operations of the intellect were very weak in Martin, and almost totally extinguished in Crambe; however, he used to say, that rules of logic are spectacles to a purblind understanding, and therefore he resolved to proceed with his two pupils.

Martin's understanding was so totally immersed in *sensible objects*, that he demanded examples from material things of the abstracted ideas of logic: as for Crambe, he contented himself with the words, and when he could but form some conceit upon them, was fully satisfied. Thus Crambe would tell his instructor, that all men were not *singular*; that individuality could hardly be predicated of any man, for it was commonly said that a man *is* not the same he *was*, that madmen are *beside themselves*, and drunken men *come to themselves*; which shews, that few men have that most valuable logical endowment, individuality.* Cornelius told

* "But if it be possible for the same man to have distinct incommunicable consciousness at different times, it is without doubt the same man would at different times make different persons. Which we see is the sense of mankind in not punishing the mad man for the sober man's actions, nor the sober man for what the

Martin that a shoulder of mutton was an individual, which Crambe denied, for he had seen it cut into commons. That's true (quoth the tutor); but you never saw it cut into shoulders of mutton. If it could (quoth Crambe) it would be the most lovely individual of the university. When he was told a *substance* was that which was *subject to accidents*; then soldiers (quoth Crambe) are the most substantial people in the world. Neither would he allow it to be a good definition of *accident*, that it could be *present* or *absent without the destruction of the subject*; since there are a great many accidents that destroy the subject, as burning does a house, and death a man. But as to that, Cornelius informed him, that there was a *natural death*, and a *logical death*; that though a man after his natural death was not capable of the least parish-office, yet he might still keep his stall among the logical predicaments.

Cornelius was forced to give Martin sensible images; thus calling up the coachman, he asked him what he had seen in the bear-garden? The man answered, he saw two men fight a prize; one was a fair man, a serjeant in the guards; the other black, a butcher; the serjeant had red breeches, the butcher blue; they fought upon a stage about four o'clock, and the serjeant wounded the butcher

mad man did, thereby making them two persons; which is somewhat explained by our way of speaking in English, when they say such an one *is not himself*, or *is beside himself*." *Locke's Essay on Human Understanding*, b. ii. c. 27. *Warburton.*

in the leg. "Mark," quoth Cornelius, "how the fellow runs through the predicaments. Men, *substantia*; two, *quantitas*; fair and black, *qualitas*; serjeant and butcher, *relatio*; wounded the other, *actio et passio*; fighting, *situs*; stage, *ubi*; two o'clock, *quando*; blue and red breeches, *habitus*." At the same time he warned Martin, that what he now *learned* as a logician, he must *forget* as a natural philosopher; that, though he now taught them that accidents inhered in the subject, they would find in time there was no such thing; and, that colour, taste, smell, heat, and cold, were not in the things, but only phantasms of our brains. He was forced to let them into this secret, for Martin could not conceive how a habit of dancing inhered in a dancing-master, when he did not dance; nay, he would demand the characteristics of relations. Crambe used to help him out by telling him, a cuckold, a losing gamester, a man that had not dined, a young heir that was kept short by his father, might be all known by their countenance; that, in this last case, the paternity and filiation leave very sensible impressions in the *relatum* and *correlatum*. The greatest difficulty was when they came to the tenth predicament. Crambe affirmed, that his *habitus* was more a substance than he was; for his clothes could better subsist without him, than he without his clothes.

Martin supposed an *universal man* to be like a knight of the shire, or a burgess of a corporation, that represented a great many individuals. His

father asked him, if he could not frame the idea of an universal Lord Mayor? Martin told him, that, never having seen but one Lord Mayor, the idea of that Lord Mayor always returned to his mind; that he had great difficulty to abstract a Lord Mayor from his fur gown and gold chain; nay, that the horse he saw the Lord Mayor ride upon, not a little disturbed his imagination. On the other hand, Crambe, to shew himself of a more penetrating genius, swore that he could frame a conception of a Lord Mayor, not only without his horse, gown, and gold chain, but even without stature, feature, colour, hands, head, feet, or any body; which he supposed was the abstract of a Lord Mayor.* Cornelius told him, that he was a lying rascal; that an *universale* was not the object of imagination, and that there was no such thing in reality, or *a parte rei.* But, I can prove, (quoth Crambe) that there are *clysters a parte rei*, but *clysters* are *universales; ergo.* Thus I prove my minor. *Quod aptum est inesse multis,* is an *universale* by definition; but, every clyster before it is administered has that quality; therefore every clyster is an *universale.*

He also found fault with the advertisements,

* This is not a fair representation of what is said in the *Essay on Human Understanding,* concerning *general and abstract ideas.* But serious writers have done that philosopher the same injustice with these wanton wits, who employed this ridicule in compliment to the sentiments of Lord Bolingbroke, who, in his Metaphysics, or *first Philosophy,* borrows the reasoning of those serious writers against *general* and *abstract ideas.* *Warburton.*

that they were not strict logical *definitions*. In an advertisement of a dog stolen or strayed, he said it ought to begin thus, *An irrational animal* of the *genus caninum, &c.* Cornelius told them, that though those advertisements were not framed according to the exact rules of logical definitions, being only *descriptions* of things *numero differentibus*, yet they contained a faint image of the *prædicabilia*, and were highly subservient to the common purposes of life; often discovering things that were lost, both animate and inanimate. *An Italian greyhound, of a mouse colour, a white speck in the neck, lame of one leg, belongs to such a lady.* Greyhound, *genus;* mouse-coloured, &c. *differentia;* lame of one leg, *accidens;* belongs to such a lady, *proprium.*

Though I am afraid I have trangressed upon my reader's patience already, I cannot help taking notice of one thing, more extraordinary than any yet mentioned; which was Crambe's *Treatise of Syllogisms.* He supposed, that a philosopher's brain was like a great forest, where ideas ranged like animals of several kinds; that those ideas copulated, and engendered conclusions; that when those of different species copulate, they bring forth monsters or absurdities; that the *major* is the male, the *minor* the female, which copulate by the middle term, and engender the conclusion. Hence they are called the *præmissa*, or predecessors of the conclusion; and, it is properly said by the logicians, *quod pariant scientiam, opinionem:* they

beget science, opinion, &c. Universal propositions are persons of quality; and therefore in logic they are said to be of the first *figure*. Singular propositions are private persons, and therefore placed in the third or last figure, or rank. From those principles all the rules of Syllogisms naturally follow.

I. That there are only three terms, neither more nor less; for to a child there can be only one father and one mother.

II. From universal premises there follows an universal conclusion, as if one should say, that persons of quality always beget persons of quality.

III. From the singular premises follows only a singular conclusion; that is, if the parents be only private people, the issue must be so likewise.

IV. From particular propositions nothing can be concluded, because the *individua vaga* are (like whore-masters and common strumpets) barren.

V. There cannot be more in the conclusion than was in the premises, that is, children can only inherit from their parents.

VI. The conclusion follows the weaker part, that is, children inherit the diseases of their parents.

VII. From two negatives nothing can be concluded, for from divorce or separation there can come no issue.

VIII. The medium cannot enter the conclusion, that being logical incest.

IX. An hypothetical proposition is only a contract, or a promise of marriage; from such therefore there can spring no real issue.

X. When the premises or parents are necessarily joined (or in lawful wedlock) they beget lawful issue; but contingently joined, they beget bastards.

So much for the affirmative propositions; the negative must be deferred to another occasion.

Crambe used to value himself upon this system, from whence he said one might see the propriety of the expression, *such a one has a barren imagination;* and how common it is for such people to *adopt* conclusions that are not the issue of their premises! Therefore as an absurdity is a *monster,* a falsity is a *bastard;* and a true conclusion that followeth not from the premises, may properly be said to be *adopted.* But then what is an Enthymem? quoth Cornelius. Why, an Enthymem (replied Crambe) is when the major is indeed married to the minor, but the marriage *kept secret.*

METAPHYSICS were a large field in which to exercise the weapons *logic* had put into their hands. Here Martin and Crambe used to engage like any

prize-fighters, before their father and his other learned companions of the Symposiacs. And as prize-fighters will agree to lay aside a buckler, or some such defensive weapon, so would Crambe promise not to use *simpliciter et secundum quid*, provided Martin would part with *materialiter et formaliter*. But it was found, that without the help of the defensive armour of those distinctions, the arguments cut so deep, that they fetched blood at every stroke. Their *Theses* were picked out of Suarez, Thomas Aquinas, and other learned writers on those subjects. I shall give the reader a taste of some of them.

I. If the innate desire of the knowledge of metaphysics was the cause of the fall of Adam; and the *Arbor Porphyriana*, the tree of knowledge of good and evil? *affirmed.*
II. If transcendental goodness could be truly predicated of the Devil? *affirmed.*
III. Whether one, or many be first? or if one doth not suppose the notion of many? *Suarez.*
IV. If the desire of news in mankind be *appetitus innatus*, not *elicitus? affirmed.*
V. Whether there is in human understandings potential falsities? *affirmed.*
VI. Whether God loves a *possible angel* better than an *actually-existent fly? denied.*
VII. If angels pass from one extreme to another without going through the middle? *Aquinas.*

VIII. If angels know things more clearly in a morning? *Aquinas.**

IX. Whether every Angel hears what one angel says to another? *denied. Aquinas.*

X. If temptation be *proprium quarto modo* of the Devil? *denied. Aquinas.*

XI. Whether one devil can illuminate another? *Aquinas.*

XII. If there would have been any females born in the state of innocence? *Aquinas.*

XIII. If the creation was finished in six days, because six is the most perfect number; or if six be the most perfect number, because the creation was finished in six days? *Aquinas.*

There were several others, of which in the course of the life of this learned person we may have occasion to treat; and one particularly that remains undecided to this day; it was taken from the learned Suarez.

XIV. *An præter* esse reale *actualis essentia sit aliud*

* A hundred other questions, far more ridiculous than this, may be extracted out of Thomas Aquinas. It does not seem to be much known that he also was a Poet, and author of a celebrated Latin Hymn, beginning thus:

" Pange Lingua gloriosi
Corporis mysterium,
Sanguinisque pretiosi
Quem in mundi pretium,
Fructus ventris generosi
Rex effudit Gentium."

In this Trochaïc measure most of the Hymns used in the Romish Church are written, the feet being to be measured by accent, not quantity, like the following:

" Where each old poetic mountain,
Inspiration breathed around!" *Warton.*

esse necessarium *quo res actualiter existat?* In English thus: Whether besides the real being of actual being, there be any other being necessary to cause a thing to be?

This brings into my mind a project to banish metaphysics out of Spain, which it was supposed might be effectuated by this method: That nobody should use any compound or decompound of the substantial verbs, but as they are read in the common conjugations: for every body will allow, that if you debar a metaphysician, from *ens, essentia, entitas, substantia,* &c. there is an end of him.

Crambe regretted extremely, that *substantial forms,* a race of harmless beings, which had lasted for many years, and afforded a comfortable subsistence to many poor philosophers, should now be hunted down like so many wolves, without the possibility of a retreat. He considered that it had gone much harder with them than with *essences,* which had retired from the *schools* into the *apothecaries' shops,* where some of them had been advanced into the degree of *quintessences.* He thought there should be a retreat for poor *substantial forms,* amongst the gentlemen-ushers at court; and that there were indeed *substantial forms,* such as *forms of prayer,* and *forms of government,* without which the things themselves could never long subsist. He also used to wonder that there was not a reward for such as could find out a *fourth figure* in *logic,* as well as for those who should discover the *longitude.*

CHAP. VIII.*

ANATOMY.

Cornelius, it is certain, had a most superstitious veneration for the ancients; and if they contradicted each other, his reason was so pliant and ductile, that he was always of the opinion of the last he read. But he reckoned it a point of honour never to be vanquished in a dispute; from which quality he acquired the title of the *Invincible Doctor*. While the professor of anatomy was demonstrating to his son the several kinds of *intestines*, Cornelius affirmed that there were only two, the *colon* and the *aichos*, according to Hippocrates, who it was impossible could ever be mistaken. It was in vain to assure him this error proceeded from want of accuracy in dividing the whole canal of the guts: "Say what you please (he replied) this is both mine and Hippocrates's opinion." "You may with equal reason (answered the professor) affirm, that a man's liver hath five lobes, and deny the circulation of the blood." "Ocular demonstration (said Cornelius) seems to be on your side, yet I shall not give it up. Show me any viscus of the human body, and I will bring you a

* There can be no doubt that this whole chapter is by Dr. Arbuthnot, whose science was equal to his humour, and much heightened by it. *Warton.*

monster that differs from the common rule in the structure of it. If Nature shews such variety in the same age, why may she not have extended further in several ages? Produce me a man now of the age of an antediluvian; of the strength of Samson, or the size of the giants. If in the whole, why not in the parts of the body, may it not be possible the present generation of men may differ from the ancients? The moderns have perhaps lengthened the channel of the guts by gluttony, and diminished the liver by hard drinking. Though it shall be demonstrated that modern blood circulates, yet I will believe with Hippocrates, that the blood of the ancients had a flux and a reflux from the heart, like a tide. Consider how luxury hath introduced new diseases, and with them not improbably altered the whole course of the fluids. Consider how the current of mighty rivers, nay, the very channels of the ocean are changed from what they were in ancient days; and can we be so vain to imagine, that the microcosm of the human body alone is exempted from the fate of all things? I question not but plausible conjectures may be made even as to the time when the blood first began to circulate." Such disputes as these frequently perplexed the professor to that degree that he would now and then in a passion leave him in the middle of a lecture, as he did at this time.

There unfortunately happened soon after, an unusual accident, which retarded the prosecution of the studies of Martin. Having purchased the

body of a malefactor, he hired a room for its dissection near the Pest-fields in St. Giles's, at a little distance from Tyburn-road. Crambe (to whose care this body was committed) carried it thither about twelve o'clock at night in a hackney-coach, few housekeepers being very willing to let their lodgings to such kind of operators. As he was softly stalking up stairs in the dark, with the dead man in his arms, his burthen had like to have slipped from him, which he (to save from falling) grasped so hard about the belly, that it forced the wind through the *anus*, with a noise exactly like the *crepitus* of a living man. Crambe, who did not comprehend how this part of the animal economy could remain in a dead man, was so terrified that he threw down the body, ran up to his master, and had scarce breath to tell him what had happened. Martin, with all his philosophy, could not prevail upon him to return to his post. "You may say what you please (quoth Crambe) no man alive ever broke wind more naturally; nay, he seemed to be mightily relieved by it." The rolling of the corpse down stairs made such a noise that it awaked the whole house. The maid shrieked, the landlady cried out Thieves! but the landlord, in his shirt as he was, taking a candle in one hand, and a drawn sword in the other, ventured out of the room. The maid, with only a single petticoat, ran up stairs, but spurning at the dead body, fell upon it in a swoon. Now the landlord stood still and listened, then he looked behind him, and ven-

tured down in this manner one stair after another, till he came where lay his maid, as dead, upon another corpse unknown. The wife ran into the street, and cried out Murder! the watch ran in, while Martin and Crambe, hearing all this uproar, were coming down stairs. The watch imagining they were making their escape, seized them immediately, and carried them to a neighbouring justice, where, upon searching them, several kind of knives and dreadful weapons were found upon them. The justice first examined Crambe—"What is your name?" says the justice. "I have acquired (quoth Crambe) no great name as yet; they call me Crambe or Crambo, no matter which, as to myself; though it may be some dispute to posterity."—"What is yours and your master's profession?" "It is our business to imbrue our hands in blood; we cut off the heads, and pull out the hearts of those that never injured us; we rip up big-bellied women, and tear children limb from limb." Martin endeavoured to interrupt him; but the justice, being strangely astonished with the frankness of Crambe's confession, ordered him to proceed; upon which he made the following speech:

"May it please your worship, as touching the body of this man, I can answer each head that my accusers allege against me, to a hair. They have hitherto talked like numskulls without brains; but if your worship will not only give ear, but regard me with a favourable eye, I will not be brow-beaten by the supercilious looks of my adversaries, who

now stand cheek by jowl by your worship. I will prove to their faces, that their foul mouths have not opened their lips without a falsity; though they have showed their teeth as if they would bite off my nose. Now, Sir, that I may fairly slip my neck out of the collar, I beg this matter may not be slightly skinned over. Though I have no man here to back me, I will unbosom myself, since truth is on my side, and shall give them their bellies full, though they think they have me upon the hip. Whereas they say I came into their lodgings, with arms, and murdered this man without their privity, I declare I had not the least finger in it; and since I am to stand upon my own legs, nothing of this matter shall be left till I set it upon a right foot. In the vein I am in, I cannot for my heart's blood and guts bear this usage: I shall not spare my lungs to defend my good name: I was ever reckoned a good liver; and I think I have the bowels of compassion. I ask but justice, and from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot, I shall ever acknowledge myself your worship's humble servant."

The justice stared, the landlord and landlady lifted up their eyes, and Martin fretted, while Crambe talked in this rambling incoherent manner; till at length Martin begged to be heard. It was with great difficulty that the justice was convinced, till they sent for the finisher of human laws, of whom the corpse had been purchased; who look-

ing near the left ear, knew his own work, and gave oath accordingly.

No sooner was Martin got home, but he fell into a passion at Crambe. "What demon," he cried, "hath possessed thee, that thou wilt never forsake that impertinent custom of punning? Neither my counsel nor my example have thus misled thee; thou governest thyself by most erroneous maxims." "Far from it (answers Crambe), my life is as orderly as my dictionary, for by my dictionary I order my life. I have made a kalendar of radical words for all the seasons, months, and days of the year: Every day I am under the dominion of a certain word; but this day in particular I cannot be misled, for I am governed by one that rules all sexes, ages, conditions, nay all animals rational and irrational. Who is not governed by the word *led?* Our noblemen and drunkards are pimp-led, physicians and pulses fee-led, their patients and oranges pilled, a new-married man and an ass are bride-led, an old-married man and a pack-horse sad-led, cats and dice are rat-led, swine and nobility are sty-led, a coquette and a tinder-box are spark-led, a lover and a blunderer are grove-led. And that I may not be tedious"—"Which thou art (replied Martin, stamping with his foot), which thou art, I say, beyond all human toleration. Such an unnatural, unaccountable, uncoherent, unintelligible, unprofitable"—"There it is now! (interrupted Crambe) this is your day for *uns.*" Martin could bear no

longer—however, composing his countenance, "Come hither," he cried, "there are five pounds seventeen shillings and nine-pence: thou hast been with me eight months, three weeks, two days, and four hours." Poor Crambe upon the receipt of his salary fell into tears, flung the money upon the ground, and burst forth in these words: "O Cicero, Cicero!* if to pun be a crime, 'tis a crime I have learned from thee: O Bias, Bias! if to pun be a crime, by thy example was I biassed."—Whereupon Martin (considering that one of the greatest of orators, and even a sage of Greece had punned) hesitated, relented, and re-instated Crambe in his service.

* Who irritated Augustus by his pun on the word *Tollendus*, applied to that usurper. Cicero it is well known had too much levity in his witty sarcasms. *Warton.*

CHAP. IX.

HOW MARTINUS BECAME A GREAT CRITIC.

It was a most peculiar talent in Martinus, to convert every trifle into a serious thing, either in the way of life, or in learning. This can no way be better exemplified, than in the effect which the puns of Crambe had on the mind and studies of Martinus. He conceived, that somewhat of a like talent to this of Crambe, of *assembling parallel sounds,* either *syllables,* or *words,* might conduce to the emendation and correction of *ancient authors** if applied to their works, with the same *diligence,* and the same *liberty.* He resolved to try

* Jortin has more than once animadverted on our author's sarcasms on critics and grammarians; and, in the Life of Erasmus, says, "I remember to have met with a passage in a certain writer, which is not at all favourable to the grammarians. 'My friendship I bestow upon philosophers;—as to sophists, little grammarians, and such sort of scoundrels and Cacodæmons, I neither have, nor ever will have, any regard for them.' The man abhors grammarians and grammar, I suppose. But who is the author of this bit of Greek, thus literally translated? An extraordinary person, I assure you; a projector, a visionnaire, a linguist by inspiration, a crack, a conjurer; in short, Apollonius Tyanensis. He is the man; and the grammarians account it no disgrace to be vilified by a mountebank." *Warton.*

The Horace and Milton of Bentley are just subjects of satire, particularly the latter, of which it is difficult to say whether the presumption or ill taste of the commentator is the most conspicuous. We can hardly believe, as Dr. Johnson insinuates, that he secretly laughed at his own performance. *Bannister.*

first upon Virgil, Horace, and Terence; concluding, that, if the *most correct* authors could be so served with any reputation to the critic, the amendment and alteration of *all the rest* would easily follow; whereby a new, a vast, nay, boundless field of glory would be opened to the true and *absolute critic.*

This specimen on Virgil he has given us, in the Addenda to his Notes on the Dunciad. His Terence and Horace are in every body's hands, under the names of Richard B—ley, and Francis H—re.* And we have convincing proofs that the late edition of Milton, published in the name of the former of these, was in truth the work of no other than our Scriblerus.

* Sir Isaac Newton, it is said, spoke with much contempt (but surely without just grounds) of those two accomplished scholars and critics, for squabbling, as he expressed it, about *an old play-book.* Whiston mentions this in his Memoirs of Dr. Clarke, p. 113. *Warton.*

CHAP. X.

OF MARTINUS'S UNCOMMON PRACTICE OF PHYSIC, AND HOW HE APPLIED HIMSELF TO THE DISEASES OF THE MIND.

BUT it is high time to return to the history of the progress of Martinus in the studies of physic, and to enumerate some at least of the many discoveries and experiments he made therein.

One of the first was his method of investigating latent distempers, by the sagacious quality of *setting-dogs* and *pointers*. The success, and the adventures that befel him, when he walked with these animals, to smell them out in the parks and public places about London, are what we would willingly relate; but that his own account, together with a *list of those gentlemen and ladies* at whom they made a *full set*, will be published in time convenient. There will also be added the representation, which, on occasion of one distemper which was become almost epidemical, he thought himself obliged to lay before both Houses of Parliament, intitled, *A Proposal for a general Flux*, to exterminate at one blow the p—x out of this kingdom.

But being wearied of all practice on *fœtid bodies*, from a certain niceness of constitution (especially when he attended Dr. Woodward through a twelvemonth's course of vomition) he determined

to leave it off entirely, and to apply himself only to diseases of the *mind.* He attempted to find out specifics for all the *passions;* and as other physicians throw their patients into sweats, vomits, purgations, &c., he cast them into love, hatred, hope, fear, joy, grief, &c. And indeed the great irregularity of the passions in the English nation, was the chief motive that induced him to apply his whole studies, while he continued among us, to the diseases of the mind.

To this purpose he directed, in the first place, his late acquired skill in *anatomy.* He considered *virtues* and *vices* as certain habits which proceed from the natural formation and structure of particular parts of the body. A bird flies because it has wings; a duck swims because it is web-footed; and there can be no question but the aduncity of the pounces and beaks of the hawks, as well as the length of the fangs, the sharpness of the teeth, and the strength of the crural and masseter muscles* in lions and tigers, are the cause of the great and habitual immorality of those animals.

1st, He observed, that the soul and body mutually operate upon each other, and therefore if you deprive the mind of the outward instruments whereby she usually expresseth that passion, you will in time abate the passion itself, in like manner as castration abates lust.

2dly, That the soul in mankind expresseth every passion by the motion of some particular *muscles.*

* Μασσητῆρες μῦες.

3dly, That all muscles grow stronger and thicker by being *much used;* therefore the habitual passions may be discerned in particular persons by the *strength* and *bigness* of the muscles used in the expression of that passion.

4thly, That a muscle may be strengthened or weakened by weakening or strengthening the force of its antagonist. These things premised, he took notice,

That *complaisance, humility, assent, approbation,* and *civility,* were expressed by nodding the head and bowing the body forward: on the contrary, *dissent, dislike, refusal, pride,* and *arrogance,* were marked by tossing the head, and bending the body backwards: which two passions of *assent* and *dissent* the Latins rightly expressed by the words *adnuere* and *abnuere.* Now he observed, that complaisant and civil people had the flexors of the head very strong; but in the proud and insolent there was a great over-balance of strength in the extensors of the neck and the muscles of the back, from whence they perform with great facility the motion of *tossing,* but with great difficulty that of *bowing,* and therefore have justly acquired the title of *stiff necked.* In order to reduce such persons to a just balance, he judged that the pair of muscles, called *recti interni,* the mastoidal, with other flexors of the head, neck, and body, must be strengthened; their antagonists, the *splenii complexi,* and the extensors of the spine weakened. For which purpose Nature herself seems to have

directed mankind to correct muscular immorality by tying such fellows *neck and heels.*

Contrary to this, is the pernicious custom of mothers, who abolish the natural signature of modesty in their daughters, by teaching them *tossing* and *bridling*, rather than the bashful posture of *stooping* and *hanging down the head.* Martinus charged all husbands to take notice of the *posture of the head* of such as they courted to matrimony, as that upon which their future happiness did much depend.

Flatterers, who have the flexor muscles so strong, that they are always bowing and cringing, he supposed might in some measure be corrected by being tied down upon a tree by the back, like the children of the Indians; which doctrine was strongly confirmed by his observing the strength of the *levatores scapulæ.* This muscle is called the muscle of *patience,* because in that affection of mind people shrug and raise up the shoulder to the tip of the ear. This muscle also he observed to be exceedingly strong and large in *hen-pecked husbands,* in *Italians,* and in *English ministers.*

In pursuance of his theory, he supposed the *constrictors* of the *eye-lids* must be strengthened in the supercilious; the *abductors,* in drunkards and contemplative men, who have the same steady and grave motion of the eye. That the *buccinators* or blowers up of the *cheeks,* and the *dilators* of the *nose,* were too strong in cholerick people; and therefore Nature here again directed us to a re-

medy, which was to correct such extraordinary dilatation by *pulling by the nose.*

The rolling amorous eye, in the passion of love, might be corrected by frequently looking through glasses. Impertinent fellows that jump upon tables, and cut capers, might be cured by relaxing medicines applied to the *calves* of their *legs,* which in such people are too strong.

But there were two cases which he reckoned extremely difficult. First, *affectation,* in which there were so many muscles of the bum, thighs, belly, neck, back, and the whole body, all in a false tone, that it required an impracticable multiplicity of applications.

The second case was immoderate *laughter.** When any of that risible species were brought to the doctor, and when he considered what an infinity of muscles these laughing rascals threw into a convulsive motion at the same time: whether we regard the spasms of the diaphragm and all the muscles of respiration, the horrible *rictus* of the mouth, the distortion of the lower jaw, the crisping of the nose, twinkling of the eyes, or spherical convexity of the cheeks, with the tremulous succussion of the whole human body: when he considered, I say, all this, he used to cry out, *Casus plane deplorabilis!* and give such patients over.

* Lord Chesterfield has been justly ridiculed for his formal and affected censure of laughter, as a part of behaviour unsuited to a person of quality. Congreve gives the same sentiment to Lord Froth. *Warton.*

CHAP. XI.

THE CASE OF A YOUNG NOBLEMAN AT COURT, WITH THE DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION FOR THE SAME.

An eminent instance of Martin's sagacity in discovering the distempers of the mind, appeared in the case of a young nobleman at court, who was observed to grow extremely affected in his speech, and whimsical in all his behaviour. He began to ask odd questions, talk in verse to himself, shut himself up from his friends, and be accessible to none but flatterers, poets, and pick-pockets; till his relations and old acquaintance judged him to be so far gone, as to be a fit patient for the doctor.

As soon as he had heard and examined all the symptoms, he pronounced his distemper to be *love*. His friends assured him, that they had with great care observed all his motions, and were perfectly satisfied there was no woman in the case. Scriblerus was as positive that he was desperately in love with some person or other. "How can that be?" said his aunt, who came to ask the advice, "when he converses almost with none but himself?" "Say you so?" he replied; "why then he is in love with himself, one of the most common cases in the world. I am astonished people do not enough attend to this disease, which has the same causes and symptoms, and admits of the same

cure with the other; especially since here the case of the patient is the more helpless and deplorable of the two, as this unfortunate passion is more blind than the other. There are people, who discover from their very youth a most amorous inclination to themselves; which is unhappily nursed by such mothers, as, with their good will, would never suffer their children to be *crossed in love.* Ease, luxury, and idleness, blow up this flame as well as the other: constant opportunities of conversation with the person beloved (the greatest of incentives) are here impossible to be prevented. Bawds and pimps in the other love, will be perpetually doing kind offices, speaking a good word for the party, and carry about billet-doux. Therefore I ask you, Madam, if this gentleman has not been much frequented by flatterers, and a sort of people who bring him dedications and verses?" "O Lord! Sir," quoth the aunt, "the house is haunted with them."—"There it is," replied Scriblerus, "those are the bawds and pimps that go between a man and himself. Are there no civil ladies that tell him he dresses well, has a gentlemanly air, and the like?" "Why truly, Sir, my nephew is not aukward."—"Look you, Madam, this is a misfortune to him: in former days these sort of lovers were happy in one respect, that they never had any rivals, but of late they have all the ladies so—Be pleased to answer a few questions more. Whom does he generally talk of?" "Himself," quoth the aunt.—"Whose wit and breeding does he most commend?" "His own," quoth the

aunt.—"Whom does he write letters to?" "Himself."—"Whom does he dream of?" "All the dreams I ever heard were of himself."—"Whom is he ogling yonder?" "Himself, in his looking-glass."—"Why does he throw back his head in that languishing posture?" "Only to be blessed with a smile of himself as he passes by."—"Does he ever steal a kiss from himself, by biting his lips?" "Oh continually, till they are perfect vermilion."—"Have you observed him to use familiarities with anybody?" "With none but himself: he often embraces himself with folded arms, he claps his hand upon his hip, nay sometimes thrusts it into his breast."

"Madam," said the Doctor, "all these are strong symptoms; but there remain a few more. Has this amorous gentleman presented himself with any love-toys; such as gold snuff-boxes, repeating watches, or tweezer-cases? those are things that in time will soften the most obdurate heart." "Not only so," said the aunt, "but he bought the other day a very fine brilliant diamond ring for his own wearing."—"Nay, if he has accepted of this ring, the intrigue is very forward indeed, and it is high time for friends to interpose. Pray, Madam, a word or two more. Is he jealous that his acquaintance do not behave themselves with respect enough? will he bear jokes and innocent freedoms?" "By no means; a familiar appellation makes him angry; if you shake him a little roughly by the hand, he is in a rage; but if you chuck him under the chin, he will return you a box on the ear."——"Then

the case is plain: he has the true Pathognomick sign of Love, *jealousy:* for nobody will suffer his mistress to be treated at that rate. Madam, upon the whole, this case is extremely dangerous. There are some people who are far gone in this passion of self-love; but then they keep a *very secret intrigue* with themselves, and hide it from all the world besides. But this patient has not the least care of the reputation of his beloved, he is downright scandalous in his behaviour with himself; he is enchanted, bewitched, and almost past cure. However, let the following methods be tried upon him:

"First, let him *** *Hiatus.* *** Secondly, let him wear a bob-wig. Thirdly, shun the company of flatterers, nay of ceremonious people, and of all Frenchmen in general. It would not be amiss if he travelled over England in a stage-coach, and made the tour of Holland in a track-scoute. Let him return the snuff-boxes, tweezer cases, and particularly the diamond ring, which he has received from himself. Let some knowing friend represent to him the many vile qualities of this mistress of his: let him be shewn, that her extravagance, pride, and prodigality, will infallibly bring him to a morsel of bread. Let it be proved, that he has been false to himself; and if treachery is not a sufficient cause to discard a mistress, what is? In short, let him be made to see that no mortal besides himself either loves or can suffer this creature. Let all looking-glasses, polished toys,

and even clean plates be removed from him, for fear of bringing back the admired object. Let him be taught to put off all those tender airs, affected smiles, languishing looks, wanton tosses of the head, coy motions of the body, that mincing gait, soft tone of voice, and all that enchanting woman-like behaviour, that has made him the charm of his own eyes, and the object of his own adoration. Let him surprize the beauty he adores at a disadvantage, survey himself naked, divested of artificial charms, and he will find himself a forked stradling animal, with bandy legs, a short neck, a dun hide, and a pot-belly. It would be yet better, if he took a strong purge once a week, in order to contemplate himself in that condition: at which time it will be convenient to make use of the letters, dedications, &c. abovesaid. Something like this has been observed by Lucretius* and others to be a powerful remedy in the case of women. If all this will not do, I must e'en leave the poor man to his destiny. Let him *marry himself*, and when he is condemned eternally to himself, perhaps he may run to the next pond to get rid of himself, the fate of most violent self-lovers."

* Lucretius, towards the end of the fourth book. *Warton.*

CHAP. XII.

HOW MARTINUS ENDEAVOURED TO FIND OUT THE SEAT OF THE SOUL, AND OF HIS CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE FREE-THINKERS.

In this design of Martin to investigate the diseases of the mind, he thought nothing so necessary as an inquiry after the *seat* of the *soul;* in which at first he laboured under great uncertainties. Sometimes he was of opinion that it lodged in the brain, sometimes in the stomach, and sometimes in the heart. Afterwards he thought it absurd to confine that sovereign lady to one apartment, which made him infer that she shifted it according to the several functions of life:* the brain was her study,

* Inquiries into the seat of the soul are finely ridiculed in the first canto of Prior's Alma; an original work, and perhaps the very best of all his compositions, which abounds equally in wit, pleasantry, humour, and good sense, and is a perfect pattern of facility of versification. When Prior asked Pope, how he liked his Solomon; he answered, "Your Alma is a master-piece." The other replied, "What do you tell me of my Alma—a loose and hasty scribble, to relieve the hours of my imprisonment." This judgment of Pope occasioned two satirical lines in a poem, written afterwards, called The Impertinent:

"Indeed poor Solomon in rhyme,
Was much too grave to be sublime."

For it was his Solomon on which Prior chiefly valued himself. In some manuscripts of Prior, which I once read by the favour of the late Duchess Dowager of Portland, he says he took the idea of his Alma from a Spanish writer, who describes the progress of the soul from the toes to the head. *Warton.*

the heart her state-room, and the stomach her kitchen. But as he saw several offices of life went on at the same time, he was forced to give up this hypothesis also. He now conjectured it was more for the dignity of the soul to perform several operations by her little ministers, the *animal spirits*, from whence it was natural to conclude, that she resides in different parts according to different inclinations, sexes, ages, and professions. Thus in epicures he seated her in the mouth of the stomach, philosophers have her in the brain, soldiers in their heart, women in their tongues, fiddlers in their fingers, and rope-dancers in their toes. At length he grew fond of the *glandula pinealis*, dissecting many subjects to find out the different figure of this gland, from whence he might discover the cause of the different tempers of mankind. He supposed that in factious and restless-spirited people he should find it sharp and pointed, allowing no room for the soul to repose herself; that in quiet tempers it was flat, smooth, and soft, affording to the soul as it were an easy cushion. He was confirmed in this by observing that calves and philosophers, tigers and statesmen, foxes and sharpers, peacocks and fops, cock-sparrows and coquettes, monkeys and players, courtiers and spaniels, moles and misers, exactly resemble one another in the conformation of the *pineal gland*. He did not doubt likewise to find the same resemblance in highwaymen and conquerors: in order to satisfy himself in which, it was, that he purchased the

body of one of the first species (as hath been before related) at Tyburn, hoping in time to have the happiness of one of the latter too, under his anatomical knife.

We must not omit taking notice here, that these inquiries into the *seat* of the *soul* gave occasion to his first correspondence with the society of *Freethinkers,* who were then in their infancy in England, and so much taken with the promising endowments of Martin, that they ordered their secretary to write him the following letter:

TO THE LEARNED INQUISITOR INTO NATURE, MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS: THE SOCIETY OF FREETHINKERS GREETING.

Grecian Coffee-house, May 7.

It is with unspeakable joy we have heard of your inquisitive genius, and we think it great pity that it should not be better employed, than in looking after that theological non-entity commonly called the *soul:* since after all your inquiries, it will appear you have lost your labour in seeking the residence of such a chimera, that never had being but in the brains of some dreaming philosophers. Is it not *demonstration* to a person of your sense, that, since *you cannot find it,* there is *no such thing?* In order to set so hopeful a genius right in this matter, we have sent you an answer to the ill-grounded sophisms of those crack-

brained fellows, and likewise an easy *mechanical explication* of *perception* or *thinking*.

*One of their chief arguments is, that *self-consciousness* cannot inhere in any system of matter, because all matter is made up of several distinct beings, which never can make up one individual thinking being.

This is easily answered by a familiar instance. In every *jack* there is a *meat-roasting* quality, which neither resides in the fly, nor in the weight, nor in any particular wheel of the jack, but is the result of the whole composition: so in an animal, the self-consciousness is not a real quality inherent in one being (any more than meat-roasting in a jack) but the result of several modes or qualities in the same subject. As the fly, the wheels, the chain, the weight, the cords, &c. make one jack, so the several parts of the body make one animal. As perception, or consciousness, is said to be inherent in this animal, so is meat-roasting said to be inherent in the jack. As sensation, reasoning, volition, memory, &c. are the several modes of thinking; so roasting of beef, roasting of mutton, roasting of pullets, geese, turkeys, &c. are the several modes of meat-roasting. And as the general quality of meat-roasting, with its several modifications as to beef, mutton, pullets, &c. does not inhere in any one part of the jack; so neither does conscious-

* This whole chapter is an inimitable ridicule on Collins's arguments against Clarke, to prove the soul to be only a quality. *Warton.*

ness, with its several modes of sensation, intellection, volition, &c. inhere in any one, but is the result from the mechanical composition of the whole animal.

Just so, the quality or disposition of a fiddle to play tunes, with the several modifications of this *tune-playing* quality in playing of preludes, sarabands, jigs, and gavotts, are as much real qualities in the instrument, as the thought or the imagination is in the mind of the person that composes them.

The parts (say they) of an animal body are perpetually changed, and the fluids which seem to be the subject of consciousness, are in a perpetual circulation: so that the same individual particles do not remain in the brain; from whence it will follow, that the idea of individual consciousness must be constantly translated from one particle of matter to another, whereby the particle A, for example, must not only be conscious, but conscious that it is the same being with the particle B that went before.

We answer, this is only a fallacy of the imagination, and is to be understood in no other sense than that maxim of the English law, that the *king never dies.* This power of thinking, self-moving, and governing the whole machine, is communicated from every particle to its immediate successor; who, as soon as he is gone, immediately takes upon him the government, which still preserves the unity of the whole system.

They make a great noise about this individuality: how a man is conscious to himself that he is the same individual he was twenty years ago; notwithstanding the flux state of the particles of matter that compose his body. We think this is capable of a very plain answer, and may be easily illustrated by a familiar example.

Sir John Cutler had a pair of black worsted stockings, which his maid darned so often with silk, that they became at last a pair of silk stockings. Now, supposing those stockings of Sir John's endued with some degree of consciousness at every particular darning, they would have been sensible, that they were the same individual pair of stockings, both before and after the darning; and this sensation would have continued in them through all the succession of darnings: and, yet after the last of all, there was not perhaps one thread left of the first pair of stockings, but they were grown to be silk stockings, as was said before.

And whereas it is affirmed, that every animal is conscious of some individual self-moving, self-determining principle; it is answered, that, as in a House of Commons all things are determined by a *majority*, so it is in every animal system. As that which determines the House is said to be the reason of the whole assembly; it is no otherwise with thinking beings, who are determined by the greater force of several particles; which, like so many unthinking members, compose one thinking system.

And whereas it is likewise objected, that punishments cannot be just that are not inflicted upon the same individual, which cannot subsist without the notion of a spiritual substance: we reply, that this is no greater difficulty to conceive, than that a corporation, which is likewise a flux body, may be punished for the faults, and liable to the debts of their predecessors.

We proceed now to explain, by the structure of the brain, the several modes of thinking. It is well known to anatomists, that the brain is a congeries of glands, that separate the finer parts of the blood, called animal spirits; that a gland is nothing but a canal of a great length, variously intorted and wound up together. From the arietation and motion of the spirits in those canals, proceed all the different sorts of thoughts. Simple ideas are produced by the motion of the spirits in one simple canal; when two of these canals disembogue themselves into one, they make what we call a proposition; and, when two of these propositional canals empty themselves into a third, they form a syllogism, or a ratiocination. Memory is performed in a distinct apartment of the brain, made up of vessels similar, and like situated to the ideal, propositional, and syllogistical vessels in the primary parts of the brain. After the same manner it is easy to explain the other modes of thinking; as also why some people think so wrong and perversely, which proceed from the bad configuration of those glands. Some, for example, are born

without the propositional or syllogistical canals; in others, that reason ill, they are of unequal capacities; in dull fellows, of too great a length, whereby the motion of the spirits is retarded; in trifling geniuses, weak and small; in the over-refining spirits, too much intorted and winding; and so of the rest.

We are so much persuaded of the truth of this our hypothesis, that we have employed one of our members, a great virtuoso at Nuremberg, to make a sort of an hydraulic engine, in which a chemical liquor resembling blood, is driven through elastic channels resembling arteries and veins, by the force of an embolus like the heart, and wrought by a pneumatic machine of the nature of the lungs, with ropes and pullies, like the nerves, tendons, and muscles. And we are persuaded that this our artificial man will not only walk, and speak, and perform most of the outward actions of the animal life, but (being wound up once a week) will perhaps reason as well as most of your country parsons.

We wait with the utmost impatience for the honour of having you a member of our society, and beg leave to assure you that we are, &c.

What return Martin made to this obliging letter we must defer to another occasion: let it suffice at present to tell, that Crambe was in a great rage at them, for stealing (as he thought) a hint from his *Theory of Syllogisms*, without doing him the

honour so much as to mention him. He advised his master by no means to enter into their society, unless they would give him sufficient security, to bear him harmless from any thing that might happen after this present life.

CHAP. XIII.

OF THE SECESSION OF MARTINUS, AND SOME HINT OF HIS TRAVELS.

It was in the year 1699, that Martin set out on his *travels*. Thou wilt certainly be very curious to know what they were. It is not yet time to inform thee. But what hints I am at liberty to give, I will.

Thou shalt know then, that in his first voyage he was carried by a prosperous storm, to a discovery of the remains of the ancient *Pygmæan* empire.

That in his second, he was as happily shipwrecked on the Land of the *Giants*, now the most humane people in the world.

That in his third voyage, he discovered a whole kingdom of *philosophers*, who govern by the *mathematics*; with whose admirable schemes and projects he returned to benefit his own dear country; but had the misfortune to find them rejected by the envious ministers of *Queen Anne*, and himself sent treacherously away.

And hence it is, that in his fourth voyage he discovers a vein of melancholy proceeding almost to a disgust of his species; but, above all, a mortal detestation to the whole flagitious race of *ministers*, and a final resolution not to give in any *memorial* to

first discovered the *cause* of *gravity*, and the intestine *motion* of *fluids*.

To him we owe all the observations of the *parallax* of the *pole-star*, and all the new *theories* of the *deluge*.

He it was, that first taught the right use sometimes of the *fuga vacui*, and sometimes of the *materia subtilis*, in resolving the grand phenomena of nature.

He it was, that first found out the *palpability* of *colours*; and by the delicacy of his touch, could distinguish the different vibrations of the heterogeneous rays of light.

His were the projects of *perpetuum mobiles*, *flying engines*, and *pacing saddles*; the method of discovering the *longitude* by *bomb-vessels*, and of increasing the *trade-wind* by vast plantations of *reeds* and *sedges*.

I shall mention only a few of his philosophical and mathematical works.

1. A complete Digest of the Laws of Nature, with a review of those that are obsolete or repealed, and of those that are ready to be renewed and put in force.

2. A Mechanical Explication of the Formation of the Universe, according to the Epicurean Hypothesis.

3. An Investigation of the quantity of real Matter in the Universe, with the proportion of the specific gravity of solid matter to that of fluid.

4. Microscopical Observations on the Figure and Bulk of the constituent parts of all Fluids. A calculation of the proportion in which the fluids of the earth decrease, and of the period in which they will be totally exhausted.

5. A Computation of the Duration of the Sun, and how long it will last before it be burned out.

6. A Method to apply the Force arising from the immense Velocity of *Light* to mechanical purposes.

7. An Answer to the question of a curious Gentleman: how long a *New Star* was lighted up before its appearance to the Inhabitants of our Earth? To which is subjoined a Calculation, how much the Inhabitants of the *Moon* eat for Supper, considering that they pass a Night equal to fifteen of our natural days.

8. A Demonstration of the natural Dominion of the Inhabitants of the Earth over those of the Moon, if ever an intercourse should be opened between them. With a proposal of a *Partition Treaty*, among the earthly Potentates, in case of such discovery.

9. Tide-Tables, for a Comet, that is to approximate towards the Earth.

10. The Number of the Inhabitants of London, determined by the Reports of the Gold-finders, and the Tonnage of their Carriages; with allowance for the extraordinary quantity of the *Ingesta* and *Egesta* of the people of England, and a deduction of what is left under dead walls, and dry-ditches.

It will from hence be evident, how much all his studies were directed to the universal benefit of mankind. Numerous* have been his projects to this end, of which *two* alone will be sufficient to show the amazing grandeur of his genius. The first was a proposal, by a general contribution of all princes, to pierce the first crust or *nucleus* of this our *earth*, quite through, to the next concentrical sphere. The advantage he proposed from it was, to find the *parallax* of the *fixed stars*; but chiefly to refute Sir Isaac Newton's Theory of *Gravity*, and Mr. Halley's of the *Variations*. The second was, to build *Two Poles* to the *Meridian*, with immense light-houses on the top of them; to supply the defect of nature, and to make the longitude as easy to be calculated as the latitude. Both these he could not but think very practicable, by the power of all the potentates of the world.

May we presume after these to mention, how he descended from the sublime to the beneficial parts of knowledge, and particularly his extraordinary practice of *physic*. From the age, complexion, or weight of the person given, he contrived to prescribe at a distance, as well as at a patient's bedside. He taught the way to many modern physi-

* Many idle projects of Maupertuis deserve the same ridicule; and this passage, though written many years before those of the philosopher of Berlin, may pass for an able satire on them, and exactly hit their absurdities; which Voltaire has effectually exposed with infinite wit and ridicule, and for which Maupertuis took ample revenge, by occasioning the rupture betwixt this poet and the King of Prussia. *Warton.*

cians, to cure their patients by *intuition*, and to others to cure *without looking on them at all.* He projected a menstruum to dissolve the stone, made of Dr. Woodward's *Universal Deluge-water.* His was also the device to relieve consumptive or asthmatic persons, by bringing fresh air out of the country to town, by pipes of the nature of the recipients of air-pumps: and to introduce the native air of a man's country into any other in which he should travel, with a seasonable intromission of such steams as were most familiar to him; to the inexpressible comfort of many Scotsmen, Laplanders, and white bears.

In *physiognomy,* his penetration is such, that from the *picture* only of any person, he can write his *life;* and from the features of the parents, draw the portrait of any child that is to be born.

Nor hath he been so enrapt in these studies, as to neglect the polite arts of painting, architecture, music, poetry, &c. It was he that gave the first hint to our modern *painters,* to improve the *likeness* of their portraits by the use of such *colours* as would faithfully and constantly accompany the *life,* not only in its present state, but in all its alterations, decays, age, and death itself.

In *architecture,* he builds not with so much regard to present symmetry or conveniency, as with a thought well worthy a true lover of antiquity, to wit, the noble effect the building will have to posterity, when it shall fall and become a ruin.

As to *music,* I think Heidegger has not the face

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ:

OR, OF THE ART OF

SINKING IN POETRY.

FIRST PRINTED IN THE YEAR MDCCXXVII.

THE following Treatise on the Art of Sinking in Poetry, is probably entirely the work of Pope. It was intended as a portion of the greater work of Martinus Scriblerus, and may be considered as the immediate precursor of the Dunciad. It was first published in the miscellanies of Pope and Swift in 1727, and gave great offence to the numerous authors whose writings are quoted as instances of the *Bathos;* who uniting together produced a volume called the *Popiad*, and a collection of Essays, Letters, &c. forming three volumes, the particulars of which are stated by Pope as a vindication for the severity which he exercised in return. Of the circumstances attending its publication, a more particular account may be found in the Life of Pope prefixed to this Edition, chap. vii.

CONTENTS

OF THE

ART OF SINKING IN POETRY.

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	*Introduction*	103
II.	*That the Bathos, or Profund, is the natural Taste of Man, and in particular of the present Age* . . .	107
III.	*The Necessity of the Bathos, physically considered*	109
IV.	*That there is an Art of the Bathos or Profund*	111
V.	*Of the true Genius for the Profund, and by what it is constituted* . . .	113
VI.	*Of the several Kinds of Geniuses in the Profund, and the Marks and Characters of each*	121
VII.	*Of the Profund, when it consists in the Thought*	125
VIII.	*Of the Profund, consisting in the Circumstances, and of Amplification and Periphrase in general*	129
	Of Imitation, and the Manner of Imitating	135
X.	*Of Tropes and Figures: and first of the variegating, confounding, and reversing Figures*	140

CHAP. PAGE

XI. *The Figures continued: Of the magnifying and diminishing Figures* . . 148

XII. *Of Expression, and the several sorts of Style of the present Age* 157

XIII. *A Project for the Advancement of the Bathos* 169

XIV. *How to make Dedications, Panegyrics, or Satires, and of the Colours of Honourable and Dishonourable* . . . 173

XV. *A Receipt to make an Epic Poem* . 177

XVI. *A Project for the Advancement of the Stage* 184

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ:

CHAP. I.

It hath been long (my dear countrymen) the subject of my concern and surprize, that whereas numberless poets, critics, and orators have compiled and digested the art of ancient poesy, there hath not risen among us one person so public-spirited, as to perform the like for the modern. Although

Martinus] The learned Mr. Upton has made an ingenious remark on the title of this piece: "'Tis pleasant enough to consider how the change of a single letter has often led learned commentators into mistakes; and a Π, being accidentally altered into a Β, in a Greek rhetorician, gave occasion to one of the best pieces of satire that was ever written in the English language, viz. ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ; a treatise concerning the Art of Sinking in Poetry. The blunder I mean is in the second section of Longinus: ΕΙ ΕΣΤΙΝ ΥΨΟΥΣ ΤΙΣ Η ΒΑΘΟΥΣ ΤΕΧΝΗ, instead of ΠΑΘΟΥΣ; a most ridiculous blunder, which has occasioned as ridiculous criticisms." Observations on Shakespeare, p. 256.

M. De Larchet, the translator of Herodotus, gave a French translation also of this Life of Scriblerus. It is easy to imagine that the humour has evaporated in a French translation.

The blunder relating to the word πάθος, reminds one of a most egregious mistake of Rapin the critic, whose knowledge of Greek has been much questioned. Relating a story of Euphranor the painter, he says, "Apion has related it." Having read the story in Eustathius; who says, ἀπίων ἱστόρησε; which meant, that Euphranor, hearing a description of Jupiter read in Homer, "went away and painted it." *Warton.*

it is universally known, that our every-way industrious moderns, both in the weight of their writings, and in the velocity of their judgments, do so infinitely excel the said ancients.

Nevertheless, too true it is, that while a plain and direct road is paved to their ὕψος or sublime, no tract has been yet chalked out, to arrive at our Βάθος or profund. The Latins, as they came between the Greeks and us, made use of the word *altitudo*, which implies equally height and depth. Wherefore, considering with no small grief, how many promising geniuses of this age are wandering (as I may say) in the dark without a guide, I have undertaken this arduous but necessary task, to lead them as it were by the hand, and step by step, the gentle down-hill way to the Bathos; the bottom, the end, the central point, the *non plus ultra*, of true modern poesy!

When I consider (my dear countrymen) the extent, fertility, and populousness of our Lowlands of Parnassus, the flourishing state of our trade, and the plenty of our manufacture, there are two reflections which administer great occasion of surprize: the one, that all dignities and honours should be bestowed upon the exceeding few meagre inhabitants of the top of the mountain; the other, that our own nation should have arrived to that pitch of greatness it now possesses, without any regular system of laws. As to the first, it is with great pleasure I have observed of late the gradual decay of delicacy and refinement among mankind,

who are become too reasonable to require that we should labour with infinite pains to come up to the taste of these mountaineers, when they without any may condescend to ours. But as we now have an unquestionable majority on our side, I doubt not but we shall shortly be able to level these highlanders, and procure a further vent for our own product, which is already so much relished, encouraged, and rewarded, by the nobility and gentry of Great Britain.

Therefore, to supply our former defect, I purpose to collect the scattered rules of our art into regular institutes, from the example and practice of the deep geniuses of our nation; imitating herein my predecessors, the master of Alexander and the secretary of the renowned Zenobia. And in this my undertaking I am the more animated, as I expect more success than has attended even those great critics; since their laws (though they might be good) have ever been slackly executed, and their precepts (however strict) obeyed only by fits, and by a very small number.

At the same time, I intend to do justice upon our neighbours, inhabitants of the upper Parnassus; who, taking advantage of the rising ground, are perpetually throwing down rubbish, dirt, and stones upon us, never suffering us to live in peace. These men, while they enjoy the crystal stream of Helicon, envy us our common water, which (thank our stars) though it is somewhat muddy, flows in much greater abundance. Nor is

this the greatest injustice that we have to complain of; for though it is evident that we never made the least attempt or inroad into their territories, but lived contented in our native fens, they have often not only committed petty larcenies upon our borders, but driven the country, and carried off at once whole cart-loads of our manufacture; to reclaim some of which stolen goods is part of the design of this treatise.

For we shall see, in the course of this work, that our greatest adversaries have sometimes descended towards us; and doubtless might now and then have arrived at the Bathos itself, had it not been for that mistaken opinion they all entertained, that the rules of the ancients were equally necessary to the moderns; than which there cannot be a more grievous error, as will be amply proved in the following discourse.

And indeed, when any of these have gone so far, as by the light of their own genius to attempt *new* models, it is wonderful to observe, how nearly they have approached us in those particular pieces; though in their others they differed *toto cælo* from us.

CHAP. II.

THAT THE BATHOS, OR PROFUND, IS THE NATURAL TASTE OF MAN, AND IN PARTICULAR, OF THE PRESENT AGE.

THE taste of the Bathos is implanted by nature itself in the soul of man; till, perverted by custom or example, he is taught, or rather compelled, to relish the sublime. Accordingly, we see the unprejudiced minds of children delight only in such productions, and in such images, as our true modern writers set before them. I have observed how fast the general taste is returning to this first simplicity and innocence; and if the intent of all poetry be to divert and instruct, certainly that kind which diverts and instructs the *greatest number*, is to be preferred. Let us look round among the admirers of poetry, we shall find those who have a taste of the sublime to be very few; but the profund strikes universally, and is adapted to every capacity. It is a fruitless undertaking to write for men of a nice and foppish gusto, whom, after all, it is almost impossible to please; and it is still more chimerical to write for posterity, of whose taste we cannot make any judgment, and whose applause we can never enjoy. It must be confessed our wiser authors have a present end:

Et prodesse volunt et delectare poetæ.

Their true design is profit or gain; in order to acquire which, it is necessary to procure applause by administering pleasure to the reader. From whence it follows demonstrably, that their productions must be suited to the *present* taste. And I cannot but congratulate our age on this peculiar felicity, that though we have made indeed great progress in all other branches of luxury, we are not yet debauched with any high relish in poetry, but are in this one taste less nice than our ancestors. If an art is to be estimated by its success, I appeal to experience whether there have not been, in proportion to their number, as many starving good poets, as bad ones.

Nevertheless, in making gain the principal end of our art, far be it from me to exclude any great geniuses of *rank* or *fortune* from diverting themselves this way. They ought to be praised no less than those princes, who pass their vacant hours in some ingenious mechanical or manual art. And to such as these, it would be ingratitude not to own, that our art has been often infinitely indebted.

CHAP. III.

THE NECESSITY OF THE BATHOS, PHYSICALLY CONSIDERED.

FURTHERMORE, it were great cruelty and injustice, if all such authors as cannot write in the other way were prohibited from writing at all. Against this I draw an argument from what seems to me an undoubted physical maxim, That Poetry is a natural or morbid secretion from the brain. As I would not suddenly stop a cold in the head, or dry up my neighbour's issue, I would as little hinder him from necessary writing. It may be affirmed with great truth, that there is hardly any human creature past childhood, but at one time or other has had some poetical evacuation, and no question, was much the better for it in his health: so true is the saying, *nascimur poëtæ*. Therefore is the desire of writing properly termed *pruritus*, the "Titillation of the generative faculty of the brain," and the person is said to conceive; now such as conceive must bring forth. I have known a man thoughtful, melancholy, and raving for divers days, who forthwith grew wonderfully easy, lightsome, and cheerful, upon a discharge of the peccant humour, in exceeding purulent metre. Nor can I question, but abundance of untimely deaths are occasioned by want of this laudable vent of

unruly passions; yea, perhaps, in poor wretches, (which is very lamentable) for mere want of pen, ink, and paper! From hence it follows, that a suppression of the very worst poetry is of dangerous consequence to the State. We find by experience, that the same humours which vent themselves in summer in ballads and sonnets, are condensed by the winter's cold into pamphlets and speeches for and against the ministry. Nay, I know not but many times a piece of poetry may be the most innocent composition of a minister himself.

It is therefore manifest that *mediocrity* ought to be allowed, yea, indulged, to the good subjects of England. Nor can I conceive how the world has swallowed the contrary as a maxim, upon the single authority of that Horace?* Why should the golden mean, the quintessence of all virtues, be deemed so offensive in this art? or coolness or mediocrity be so amiable a quality in a man, and so detestable in a poet?

However, far be it from me to compare these writers, with those great spirits, who are born with a *vivacité de pesanteur*, or (as an English author calls it) an "alacrity of sinking;" and who by strength of Nature alone can excel. All I mean is to evince the necessity of rules to these lesser geniuses, as well as the usefulness of them to the greater.

* Mediocribus esse poetis,
Non dii, non homines, &c. Hor. *Pope.*

CHAP. IV.

THAT THERE IS AN ART OF THE BATHOS, OR PROFUND.

We now come to prove that there is an Art of Sinking in Poetry. Is there not an architecture of vaults and cellars, as well as of lofty domes and pyramids? Is there not as much skill and labour in making dikes, as in raising mounts? Is there not an art of diving as well as of flying? And will any sober practitioner affirm, that a diving engine is not of singular use in making him long-winded, assisting his sight, and furnishing him with other ingenious means of keeping under water.

If we search the authors of antiquity, we shall find as few to have been distinguished in the true profund, as in the true sublime. And the very same thing (as it appears from Longinus) had been imagined of that as now of this; namely, that it was entirely the gift of Nature. I grant that to excel in the Bathos, a genius is requisite: yet the rules of art must be allowed so far useful, as to add weight, or, as I may say, hang on lead, to facilitate and enforce our descent, to guide us to the most advantageous declivities, and habituate our imagination to a depth of thinking. Many there are that can fall, but few can arrive at the felicity of falling gracefully; much more for a man who is

amongst the lowest of the creation, at the very bottom of the atmosphere, to descend beneath himself, is not so easy a task unless he calls in art to his assistance. It is with the Bathos as with small beer, which is indeed vapid and insipid, if left at large, and let abroad; but being by our rules confined and well stopped, nothing grows so frothy, pert, and bouncing.

The sublime of nature is the sky, the sun, moon, stars, &c. The profund of nature is gold, pearls, precious stones, and the treasures of the deep, which are inestimable as unknown. But all that lies between these, as corn, flower, fruits, animals, and things for the mere use of man, are of mean price, and so common as not to be greatly esteemed by the curious. It being certain that any thing, of which we know the true use, cannot be invaluable; which affords a solution, why common sense hath either been totally despised, or held in small repute, by the greatest modern critics and authors.

CHAP. V.

OF THE TRUE GENIUS FOR THE PROFUND, AND BY WHAT IT IS CONSTITUTED.

And I will venture to lay it down, as the first maxim and corner-stone of this our art, that whoever would excel therein, must studiously avoid, detest, and turn his head from all the ideas, ways, and workings of that pestilent foe to wit, and destroyer of fine figures, which is known by the name of *Common Sense.** His business must be to contract the true *goût de travers;* and to acquire a most happy, uncommon, unaccountable way of thinking.

He is to consider himself as a grotesque painter, whose works would be spoiled by an imitation of nature, or uniformity of design. He is to mingle bits of the most various, or discordant kinds, landscape, history, portraits, animals, and connect them with a great deal of flourishing, by heads or tails,

* This is too strongly expressed. Directly, and without palliation and disguise, to recommend absurdity is false writing, and unnatural to a great degree; so also is the beginning of Chapter the Tenth. *Warton.*

It would seem, from the above observation, that Dr. Warton had not comprehended the nature of the present work. It is only by carrying the *irony* to an extreme, that the subject becomes supportable; and to recommend *false-writing*, without palliation or disguise, is the only excuse for recommending it at all. These are the rocks and shoals of literature, and the only danger is, that they should not be sufficiently apparent.

as it shall please his imagination, and contribute to his principal end, which is to glare by strong opposition of colours, and surprize by contrariety of images.

Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni. HOR.

His design ought to be like a labyrinth, out of which nobody can get clear but himself. And since the great art of poetry* is to mix truth with fiction, in order to join the *credible* with the *surprizing*, our author shall produce the credible, by painting nature in her lowest simplicity; and the surprizing, by contradicting common opinion. In the very manners he will affect the *marvellous;* he will draw Achilles with the patience of Job; a prince talking like a jack-pudding; a maid of honour selling bargains; a footman speaking like a philosopher; and a fine gentleman like a scholar. Whoever is conversant in modern plays, may make a most noble collection of this kind, and at the same time form a complete body of *modern ethics and morality.*

Nothing seemed more plain to our great authors than that the world had long been weary of *natural things.* How much the contrary are formed to please, is evident from the universal applause daily given to the admirable entertainments of harlequin and magicians on our stage. When an audience behold a coach turned into a wheel-barrow, a conjuror into an old woman, or a man's head where

* "Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet." HORACE.

his heels should be, how they are struck with transport and delight! Which can only be imputed to this cause, that each object is changed into that which hath been suggested to them by their own low ideas before.

He ought therefore to render himself master of this happy and *anti-natural* way of thinking to such a degree, as to be able, on the appearance of any object, to furnish his imagination with ideas infinitely *below* it. And his eyes should be like unto the wrong end of a perspective glass, by which all the objects of nature are lessened.

For example; when a true genius looks upon the sky, he immediately catches the idea of a piece of blue lustring, or a child's mantle.

The skies, whose spreading volumes scarce have room,
Spun thin, and wove in nature's finest loom,
The new-born world in their soft lap embrac'd,
*And all around their starry mantle cast.**

If he looks on a tempest, he shall have an image of a troubled bed, and describe a succeeding calm in this manner:

The ocean, joy'd to see the tempest fled,
New lays his waves, and smooths his ruffled bed.†

* Prince Arthur, pp. 41, 42. *Warburton.*
Steele praises Prince Arthur in the Englishman. *Warton.*
† Prince Arthur, p. 14. *Warburton.*

The triumphs and acclamations of the angels, at the creation of the universe, present to his imagination "the rejoicings of the Lord Mayor's Day;" and he beholds those glorious beings celebrating the Creator, by huzzaing, making illuminations, and flinging squibs, crackers, and sky-rockets:

Glorious illuminations, made on high,
By all the stars and planets of the sky,
In just degrees, and shining order plac'd,
Spectators charm'd, and the blest dwelling grac'd.
Thro' all th' enlighten'd air swift fire-works flew,
Which with repeated shouts glad cherubs threw.
Comets ascended with their sweeping train,
Then fell in starry showers and glittering rain.
In air ten thousand meteors blazing hung,
*Which from th' eternal battlements were flung.**

If a man who is violently fond of *wit*, will sacrifice to that passion his friend or his God, would it not be a shame, if he who is smit with the love of the *Bathos* should not sacrifice to it all other transitory regards? You shall hear a zealous protestant deacon invoke a saint, and modestly beseech her to do more for us than Providence:

* Prince Arthur, p. 50. *Warburton.*

N. B. In order to do justice to these great Poets, our citations are taken from the best, the last, and most correct editions of their works. That which we use of Prince Arthur, is in *duodecimo*, 1714. The fourth edition, revised. *Pope.*

Look down, bless'd saint, with pity then look down,
Shed on this land thy kinder influence,
And guide us through the mists of providence,
*In which we stray.**

Neither will he, if a goodly simile come in his way, scruple to affirm himself an eye-witness of things never yet beheld by man, or never in existence; as thus,

Thus have I seen in Araby the bless'd,
A Phœnix couch'd upon her funeral nest.†

But to convince you that nothing is so great which a marvellous genius, prompted by this laudable zeal, is not able to lessen; hear how the most sublime of all beings is represented in the following images:

FIRST HE IS A PAINTER.

Sometimes the Lord of Nature in the air,
Spreads forth his clouds, his sable canvas, where
His pencil, dipp'd in heavenly colour bright,
Paints his fair rainbow, charming to the sight.‡

NOW HE IS A CHEMIST.

Th' Almighty Chemist does his work prepare,
Pours down his waters on the thirsty plain,
Digests his lightning, and distils his rain.§

* A. Philips on the death of Queen Mary. *Warburton.*
† Anon. *Warton.*
‡ Blackm. opt. edit. duod. 1716. p. 172. *Warburton.*
§ Blackm. Ps. civ. p. 263. *Warburton.*

NOW HE IS A WRESTLER.

Me in his griping arms th' Eternal took,
And with such mighty force my body shook,
That the strong grasp my members sorely bruis'd,
*Broke all my bones, and all my sinews loos'd.**

NOW A RECRUITING OFFICER.

For clouds, the sunbeams levy fresh supplies,
And raise recruits of vapours, which arise
Drawn from the seas, to muster in the skies.†

NOW A PEACEABLE GUARANTEE.

In leagues of peace the neighbours did agree,
And to maintain them, God was guarantee.‡

* Blackm. Ps. civ. p. 75. *Warburton.*

† Blackm. p. 170. *Warburton.*

None of these images are more absurd than where Dryden says, in the 281st stanza of his Annus Mirabilis, that the Almighty, having looked down for some time on the fire of London, at last claps an extinguisher upon it:

" A hollow crystal pyramid he takes
In firmamental waters dipped above;
Of it a broad extinguisher he makes,
And hoods the flames that to their quarry drove."

But another passage in Dryden is carried to a still greater length of profaneness and absurdity in his Hind and Panther; who speaks thus of the Creator:

" The divine blacksmith in th' abyss of light,
Yawning and lolling with a careless beat,
Struck out the mute creation at a heat;
But he work'd hard to hammer out our souls,
He blew the bellows, and stirr'd up the coals;
Long time he thought, and could not on a sudden,
Knead up with unskimm'd milk this reasoning pudding."
Warton.

‡ Blackm. p. 70. *Warburton.*

THEN HE IS AN ATTORNEY.

Job, as a vile offender, God indites,
And terrible decrees against me writes.
God will not be my advocate,
*My cause to manage or debate.**

In the following lines he is a GOLDBEATER,

Who the rich metal beats, and then, with care,
Unfolds the golden leaves, to gild the fields of air. †

THEN A FULLER.

——— the exhaling reeks that secret rise,
Borne on rebounding sunbeams through the skies,
Are thicken'd, wrought, and whiten'd till they grow,
A heavenly fleece.‡

A MERCER, OR PACKER.

Didst thou one end of air's wide curtain hold,
And help the bales of ether to unfold;
Say, which cerulean pile was by thy hand unroll'd?§

A BUTLER.

He measures all the drops with wondrous skill,
Which the black clouds, his floating bottles, fill.‖

* Blackm. p. 61. † P. 181. ‡ P. 18. § P. 174.
‖ P. 131. *Warburton.*

It is remarkable that Swift highly commends Blackmore in more than one place; from whom Dr. Johnson strangely asserts that Pope might have learnt the art of reasoning in verse, exemplified in the Poem on Creation; but Ambrose Philips related that Blackmore, as he proceeded in this poem, communicated it from

AND A BAKER.

God in the wilderness his table spread,
*And in his airy ovens bak'd their bread.**

time to time to a club of wits, his associates, and that every man contributed as he could, either improvement or correction; so that there are perhaps no where in the book thirty lines together that now stand as they were originally written. *Warton.*

* Blackm. Song of Moses, p. 218. *W.*

There is nothing so offensive to taste as the *mixture* of *sublime* and *vulgar* imagery, but there are very few poets who stand clear of it: Virgil has his simile of a top; Homer his jack-ass; Dryden, Cowley, and indeed all our early writers, abound in this *false imagery*. It seems indifferent whether they *pursue a metaphor* drawn from the *sun*, or from a *candle:* witness Dryden's description of the fire of London, &c. Milton has himself been, in some passages, too little attentive to this impropriety; in general, his great mind naturally embraced worthy and lofty illustration, but if a meaner illustration suggested itself, he did not pause to reject it. So in the exquisite Comus:

O thievish night,
Why should'st thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy *dark lantern* thus close up the stars,
That *Nature hung* in Heav'n, and fill'd their lamps
With everlasting *oil?* &c.

Pope is in general very pure in this respect: indeed such is the present taste and good sense, that as T. Warton observes, "almost every writer avoids such palpable absurdities; but in the present age, had Comus been written, we should not perhaps have had the greatest beauties of its wild and romantic imagery." In fact, avoiding faults, is *one thing;* creating beauties, *another.* *Bowles.*

CHAP. VI.

OF THE SEVERAL KINDS OF GENIUSES IN THE PROFUND, AND THE MARKS AND CHARACTERS OF EACH.

I DOUBT not but the reader, by this cloud of examples, begins to be convinced of the truth of our assertion, that the Bathos is an *art;* and that the genius of no mortal whatever, following the mere ideas of Nature, and unassisted with an habitual, nay, laborious peculiarity of thinking, could arrive at images so wonderfully low and unaccountable. The great author, from whose treasury we have drawn all these instances (the father of the Bathos, and indeed the Homer of it), has, like that immortal Greek, confined his labours to the greater poetry, and thereby left room for others to acquire a due share of praise in inferior kinds. Many painters, who could never hit a nose or an eye, have with felicity copied a small-pox, or been admirable at a toad or a red-herring. And seldom are we without geniuses for *still-life,* which they can work up and stiffen with incredible accuracy.

An universal genius rises not in an age: but when he rises, armies rise in him! he pours forth five or six epic poems with greater facility, than five or six pages can be produced by an elaborate and servile copier after Nature or the ancients. It

is affirmed by Quintilian,* that the same genius which made Germanicus so great a general, would with equal application have made him an excellent heroic poet. In like manner, reasoning from the affinity there appears between arts and sciences, I doubt not but an active catcher of butterflies, a careful and fanciful pattern-drawer, an industrious collector of shells, a laborious and tuneful bagpiper, or a diligent breeder of tame rabbits, might severally excel in their respective parts of the Bathos.

I shall range these confined and less copious geniuses under proper classes, and (the better to give their pictures to the reader) under the names of *animals* of some sort or other: whereby he will be enabled, at the first sight of such as shall daily come forth, to know to what kind to refer, and with what authors to compare them.

1. The *Flying Fishes*:† These are writers who now and then rise upon their fins, and fly out of the profund; but their wings are soon dry, and they drop down to the bottom. G. S. A. H. C. G.‡

* In a fine passage of the tenth book: "Germanicum Augustum ab institutis studiis deflexit cura terrarum; parumque diis visum est esse eum maximum poetarum." *Warton.*

† This was the chapter which gave so much offence, and excited such loud clamours against our author by his introduction of these initial letters, which he in vain asserted were placed at random, and meant no particular writers: which was not believed. These initial letters cannot now be authentically filled up. *Warton.*

‡ It was the intention of the author that the reader should fill up these initials according to his own ideas.

2. The *Swallows* are authors that are eternally skimming and fluttering up and down, but all their agility is employed to *catch flies.* L. T. W. P. Lord H.

3. The *Ostriches* are such, whose heaviness rarely permits them to raise themselves from the ground; their wings are of no use to lift them up; and their motion is between flying and walking; but then they run very fast. D. F. L. E. The Hon. E. H.

4. The *Parrots* are they that repeat *another*'s words, in such a hoarse odd voice, as makes them seem their *own.* W. B. W. H. C. C. The Reverend D. D.

5. The *Didappers* are authors that keep themselves long out of sight, under water, and come up now and then where you least expected them. L. W. G. D. Esq. The Hon. Sir W. Young.

6. The *Porpoises* are unwieldy and big; they put all their numbers into a great turmoil and tempest, but whenever they appear in plain light (which is seldom) they are only shapeless and ugly monsters. I. D. C. G. I. O.

7. The *Frogs* are such as can neither walk nor fly, but can *leap* and *bound* to admiration: they live generally in the bottom of a ditch, and make

a great noise whenever they thrust their heads above water. E. W. I. M., Esq. T. D., Gent.

8. The *Eels* are obscure authors, that wrap themselves up in their own mud, but are mighty nimble and pert. L. W. L. T. P. M. General C.

9. The *Tortoises* are slow and chill, and, like pastoral writers, delight much in gardens: they have for the most part a fine embroidered shell, and underneath it a heavy lump. A. P. W. B. L. E. The Right Hon. E. of S.

These are the chief *characteristics* of the *Bathos*, and in each of these kinds we have the comfort to be blessed with sundry and manifold choice spirits in this our island.

CHAP. VII.

OF THE PROFUND, WHEN IT CONSISTS IN THE THOUGHT.

We have already laid down the principles upon which our author is to proceed, and the manner of forming his thought by familiarizing his mind to the lowest objects; to which it may be added, that vulgar conversation will greatly contribute. There is no question but the garret or the printer's boy may often be discerned in the compositions made in such scenes and company; and much of Mr. Curl himself has been insensibly infused into the works of his learned writers.

The physician, by the study and inspection of urine and ordure, approves himself in the science; and in like sort should our author accustom and exercise his imagination upon the dregs of nature.

This will render his thoughts truly and fundamentally low, and carry him many fathoms beyond mediocrity. For, certain it is (though some lukewarm heads imagine they may be safe by temporizing between the extremes) that where there is not a triticalness or mediocrity in the thought, it can never be sunk into the genuine and perfect Bathos, by the most elaborate low expression: it can, at most, be only carefully obscured, or metaphorically debased. But it is the thought alone that strikes, and gives the whole that spirit, which

we admire and stare at. For instance, in that ingenious piece on a lady's drinking the Bath-waters:

She drinks! She drinks! Behold the matchless dame!
To her 'tis water, but to us 'tis flame:
Thus fire is water, water fire by turns,
*And the same stream at once both cools and burns.**

What can be more easy and unaffected than the diction of these verses? It is the turn of thought alone, and the variety of imagination, that charm and surprize us. And when the same lady goes into the bath, the thought (as in justness it ought) goes still deeper:

Venus beheld her, 'midst her crowd of slaves,
And thought herself just risen from the waves.†

How much out of the way of common sense is this reflection of Venus, not knowing herself from the lady?

Of the same nature is that noble mistake of a frighted stag in full chase, who (saith the poet)

Hears his own feet, and thinks they sound like more,
And fears the hind feet will o'ertake the fore.

* Anon. *Warburton.*

Mr. Spence informed me that this passage, and many other ridiculous ones, in this treatise, were quoted from our poet's own early pieces, particularly his epic poem called Alcander.

When Voltaire first brought on the stage his Mariamne, 1722, in which Herod gave her a cup of poison, the Parterre cried out, "La Reine boit," and the play was damned. *Warton.*

† Anon. *Warburton.*

So astonishing as these are, they yield to the following, which is profundity itself:

*None but himself can be his parallel.**

Unless it may seem borrowed from the thought of that master of a show in Smithfield, who writ in large letters, over the picture of his elephant:

This is the greatest elephant in the world, except himself.

However our next instance is certainly an original: speaking of a beautiful infant:

So fair thou art, that if great Cupid be
A child, as poets say, sure thou art he.
Fair Venus would mistake thee for her own,
Did not thy eyes proclaim thee not her son.
There all the lightnings of thy mother's shine,
And with a fatal brightness kill in thine.

First he is Cupid, then he is not Cupid; first Venus would mistake him, then she would not mistake him; next his eyes are his mother's, and lastly they are not his mother's, but his own.

Another author, describing a poet that shines forth amidst a circle of critics:

* Theobald, Double Falsehood. *Warburton.*

It is a little remarkable that this line of Theobald, which is thought to be the master-piece of absurdity, is evidently copied from a line of Seneca, in the Hercules Furens:

"—— Quæris Alcidæ parem?
Nemo est nisi ipse ——" *Warton.*

Thus Phœbus through the Zodiac takes his way,
And amid monsters rises into day.

What a peculiarity is here of invention? The author's pencil, like the wand of Circe, turns all into monsters at a stroke. A great genius takes things in the lump, without stopping at minute considerations. In vain might the ram, the bull, the goat, the lion, the crab, the scorpion, the fishes, all stand in his way, as mere natural animals, much more might it be pleaded that a pair of scales, an old man, and two innocent children, were no monsters. There were only the centaur and the maid that could be esteemed out of nature. But what of that? with a boldness peculiar to these daring geniuses, what he found not monsters, he made so.

CHAP. VIII.

OF THE PROFUND, CONSISTING IN THE CIRCUMSTANCES, AND OF AMPLIFICATION AND PERIPHRASE IN GENERAL.

WHAT in great measure distinguishes other writers from ours, is their chusing and separating such circumstances in a description as ennoble or elevate the subject.

The circumstances which are most natural are *obvious*, therefore not *astonishing* or peculiar. But those that are far-fetched, or unexpected, or hardly compatible, will surprize prodigiously. These therefore we must principally hunt out; but above all, preserve a laudable *prolixity;* presenting the whole and every side at once of the image to view. For choice and distinction are not only a curb to the spirit, and limit the descriptive faculty, but also lessen the book; which is frequently of the worst consequence of all to our author.

When Job says in short, "he washed his feet in butter," (a circumstance some poets would have softened, or passed over) now hear how this butter is spread out by the great genius:

With teats distended with their milky store,
Such numerous lowing herds, before my door,

Their painful burden to unload did meet,
*That we with butter might have wash'd our feet.**

How cautious! and particular! He had (says our author) so many herds, which herds thrived so well, and thriving so well gave so much milk, and that milk produced so much butter, that, if he did not, he might have washed his feet in it.

The ensuing description of hell is no less remarkable in the circumstances:

In flaming heaps the raging ocean rolls,
Whose livid waves involve despairing souls;
The liquid burnings dreadful colours shew,
Some deeply red, *and others* faintly blue.†

Could the most minute Dutch painter have been more exact? How inimitably circumstantial is this also of a war-horse!

His eye-balls burn, he wounds the smoking plain,
And knots *of* scarlet ribbon *deck his mane.*‡

Of certain cudgel-players:

They brandish high in air their threatening staves,
Their hands a woven guard *of* ozier *saves,*
In which they fix their hazel weapon's end.§

Who would not think the poet had passed his whole life at wakes in such laudable diversions?

* Blackm. Job, p. 133. *Warburton.*
† Pr. Arth. p. 89. ‡ Anon. § Pr. Arth. p. 197. *Warburton.*

since he teaches us how to hold, nay how to make a cudgel!

*Periphrase** is another great aid to *prolixity;* being a confused circumlocutory manner of expressing a known idea, which should be so mysteriously couched, as to give the reader the pleasure

* It is to be lamented that our author himself has furnished too many examples of improper periphrase and amplification in his translations of Homer. Of a Tripod set on the fire, he says, (Odyssey, b. viii.):

" The flames climb round it with a fierce embrace,
The fuming waters bubble o'er the blaze."

Of a person wearied:

" —— Lost in lassitude be all the man;
Depriv'd of voice, of motion, and of breath;
The soul scarce waking in the arms of death."

Of shutting a door, (b. i.):

" The bolt, obedient to the silken cord,
To the strong staple's inmost depth restor'd,
Secur'd the valve."

Of a sword, (b. viii.):

" —— Whose blade of brass displays
A ruddy gleam; whose hilt a silver blaze;
Whose ivory sheath inwrought with curious pride,
Adds graceful terror to the wearer's side."

These, and a number of other lines that might be added, are instances of the false-florid and over-laboured ornament, directly contrary to the simplicity and energy of Homer. At the same time it ought to be observed, that he was betrayed into this turgid, forced, and figurative language, by the difficulty of translating Homer into rhyme; for he never falls into this fault in his other works, which are remarkable for purity and brevity of style. " C'est une belle chose, (says Corneille, with his amiable frankness, in one of his prefaces), que de faire vers puissans et majestueux; cette pompe ravit d'ordinaire les esprits, et pour le moins les éblouit: mais il faut que les sujets en fassent naître les occasions."—CLITANDRE, p. 108. *Warton.*

of guessing what it is that the author can possibly mean, and a strange surprize when he finds it.

The poet I last mentioned is incomparable in this figure:

A waving sea of heads was round me spread,
*And still fresh streams the gazing deluge fed.**

Here is a waving sea of heads, which, by a fresh stream of heads, grows to be a gazing deluge of heads. You come at last to find, it means a *great crowd.*

How pretty and how genteel is the following!

Nature's confectioner,
Whose suckets are moist alchemy;
The still of his refining mold
Minting the garden into gold.†

What is this but a bee gathering honey?

Little Syren of the stage,
Empty warbler, breathing lyre,
Wanton gale of fond desire,
Tuneful mischief, vocal spell.‡

Who would think this was only a poor gentlewoman that sung finely?

We may define *amplification* to be making the most of a thought; it is the spinning-wheel of the Bathos, which draws out and spreads it in the

* Job, p. 78. † Cleveland. ‡ A. Philips to Cuzzona. *Warburton.*

finest thread. There are amplifiers who can extend half a dozen thin thoughts over a whole folio; but for which, the tale of many a vast romance, and the substance of many a fair volume, might be reduced into the size of a primer.

In the book of Job are these words: "Hast thou commanded the morning, and caused the day-spring to know his place?" How is this extended by the most celebrated amplifier of our age?

Canst thou set forth the etherial mines *on high,*
Which the refulgent ore *of light supply?*
Is the celestial furnace *to thee known?*
In which I melt *the golden metal down?*
Treasures, from which I deal out light as fast,
*As all my stars and lavish suns can waste.**

The same author hath amplified a passage in the civth Psalm: "He looks on the earth, and it trembles. He touches the hills, and they smoke."

The hills forget they're fix'd, and in their fright,
Cast off their weight, and ease themselves for flight:
The woods, with terror wing'd, out-fly the wind,
And leave the heavy, panting hills behind.†

* Job, p. 108. † Job, p. 267. *Warburton.*

There are rather too many examples, however apposite they may be, taken from Blackmore alone. The Job of Sandys does not seem to be admired and known, in a degree equal to its merits. Harte told me how highly Pope thought of it. The versification is equal to that of Waller. There is great force and energy in Young's Paraphrase on part of the book of Job.

Warton.

You here see the hills not only trembling, but shaking off the woods from their backs, to run the faster. After this, you are presented with a foot-race of mountains and woods, where the woods distance the mountains, that, like corpulent pursy fellows, come puffing and panting a vast way behind them.

CHAP. IX.

OF IMITATION, AND THE MANNER OF IMITATING.

THAT the true authors of the profund are to imitate diligently the examples in their *own way*, is not to be questioned, and that divers have by this means attained to a depth whereunto their own weight could never have carried them, is evident by sundry instances. Who sees not that De Foe was the poetical son of Withers, Tate of Ogilby, E. Ward of John Taylor, and E—n* of Blackmore? Therefore, when we sit down to write,† let us bring some great author to our mind, and ask ourselves this question: How would Sir Richard have said this? Do I express myself as simply as Ambrose Philips, or flow my numbers with the quiet thoughtlessness of Mr. Welsted?

But it may seem somewhat strange to assert, that our proficient should also read the works of those famous poets who have excelled in the *sublime*. Yet is not this a paradox. As Virgil is said to have read Ennius, out of his dunghill to draw gold, so may our author read Shakespear, Milton, and Dryden, for the contrary end, to bury their

* Eusden.

† An admirable parody on the Fourteenth Section of Longinus, when he advises the writer to ask himself, whilst he is composing any work, "How would Homer, Plato, or Demosthenes, have expressed themselves on this subject?" *Warton.*

gold in his own dunghill. A true genius, when he finds any thing lofty or shining in them, will have the skill to bring it down, take off the gloss, or quite discharge the colour by some ingenious circumstance or periphrase, some addition or diminution, or by some of those figures, the use of which we shall shew in our next chapter.

The book of Job is acknowledged to be infinitely sublime, and yet has not the father of the Bathos reduced it in every page? Is there a passage in all Virgil more painted up and laboured than the description of Ætna in the third Æneid?

Horrificis juxta tonat Ætna ruinis,
Interdumque atram prorumpit ad æthera nubem,
Turbine fumantem piceo, et candente favillâ,
*Attolitque globos flammarum, et sidera lambit.**

* These two words, after he had said, "Attollitque globos flammarum," are perhaps the only two in Virgil that may be called bombast and supertragical, ὀυ τραγικα, says Longinus, but παρατράγωδα.

Perhaps we have not in our language a more striking example of true turgid expression, and genuine fustian and bombast, than in the following lines of Nat. Lee's Alexander the Great, who is introduced saying:

"When Glory, like the dazzling eagle, stood
Perch'd on my beaver in the Granic flood;
When Fortune's self my standard trembling bore,
And the pale Fates stood frighted on the shore;
When the Immortals on the billows rode,
And I myself appear'd the leading God!"

Is it to be conceived that Dr. Warburton affirmed, in a long note on the first Epistle of Horace, b. ii. that "these six lines contain not only the most sublime, but the most judicious imagery

Interdum scopulos avulsaque viscera montis
Erigit eructans, liquefactaque saxa sub auras
Cum gemitu glomerat, fundoque exæstuat imo.

(I beg pardon of the gentle English reader, and such of our writers as understand not Latin.) Lo! how is this taken down by our British poet, by the single happy thought of throwing the mountain into a *fit* of the *colic:*

Ætna, and all the burning mountains, find
Their kindled stores with inbred storms of wind
Blown up to rage; and, roaring out, *complain,*
As torn with inward gripes, *and torturing pain:*
Lab'ring, they cast their dreadful vomit *round,*
And with their melted bowels *spread the ground.**

Horace, in search of the sublime, struck his head against the stars;† but Empedocles, to fathom the profund, threw himself into Ætna. And who but

that poetry could conceive or paint?" I thought that a note which contained so outrageous a paradox, and so totally inconsistent with true taste and solid judgment, ought not to be retained in this edition. *Warton.*

* Pr. Arthur, p. 75. *Warburton.*

† Sublimi feriam sidera vertice. *Warburton.*

And so did the writer of the following lines, in a well-known tragedy:

"Should the fierce North, upon his frozen wings,
Bear him aloft above the wondering clouds,
And seat him in the Pleiads' golden chariot,
Thence should my fury drag him down to tortures."
Warton.

would imagine our excellent modern had also been there, from this description?

Imitation is of two sorts: the first is when we force to our own purposes the thoughts of others; the second consists in copying the imperfections or blemishes of celebrated authors. I have seen a play professedly writ in the style of Shakespear; wherein the resemblance lay in one single line:

*And so good morrow t'ye, good master Lieutenant.**

And sundry poems in imitation of Milton, where, with the utmost exactness, and not so much as one exception, nevertheless was constantly *nathless*,† embroider'd was *broider'd*, hermits were *eremites*, disdain'd was *'sdeign'd*, shady *umbrageous*, enterprize *emprize*, pagan *paynim*, pinions *pennons*, sweet *dulcet*, orchards *orchats*, bridge-work *pontifical*; nay, her was *hir*, and their was *thir*, through the whole poem. And in very deed, there is no other way by which the true modern poet could read, to any purpose, the works of such men as Milton and Shakespear.

It may be expected, that like other Critics, I should next speak of the *Passions*. But as the

* A line of his friend Rowe. *Warton.*

† He alluded particularly to Philips's Cyder, of which he often expressed a strong disapprobation, and particularly on account of these antiquated words. He often quoted the following line as not English:

"Administer their tepid genial airs." Cyder, b. ii.

Warton.

main end and principal effect of the Bathos is to produce *tranquillity of mind*, (and sure it is a better design to promote sleep than madness,) we have little to say on this subject. Nor will the short bounds of this discourse allow us to treat at large of the *emollients* and *opiates* of poesy, of the *cool*, and the manner of producing it, or the methods used by our authors in managing the passions. I shall but transiently remark, that nothing contributes so much to the *cool*, as the use of *wit* in expressing passion. The true genius rarely fails of points, conceits, and proper *similes* on such occasions. This we may term the *pathetic epigrammatical*, in which even puns are made use of with good success. Hereby our best authors have avoided throwing themselves or their readers into any indecent transports.

But as it is sometimes needful to excite the *passions* of our antagonist in the polemic way, the true students in the law have constantly taken their methods from low life, where they observed, that to move anger, use is made of scolding and railing; to move love, of bawdry; to beget favour and friendship, of gross flattery; and to produce fear, of calumniating an adversary with crimes obnoxious to the State. As for shame, it is a silly passion, of which as our authors are incapable themselves, so they would not produce it in others.

CHAP. X.

OF TROPES AND FIGURES: AND FIRST OF THE VARIEGATING, CONFOUNDING, AND REVERSING FIGURES.

But we proceed to the *figures*. We cannot too earnestly recommend to our authors the study of the *abuse of speech*. They ought to lay it down as a principle, to say nothing in the usual way, but (if possible) in the direct contrary. Therefore the figures must be so turned, as to manifest that intricate and wonderful cast of head which distinguishes all writers of this kind; or (as I may say) to refer exactly the mould in which they were formed, in all its inequalities, cavities, obliquities, odd crannies, and distortions.

It would be endless, nay impossible, to enumerate all such figures;* but we shall content our-

* Another figure which greatly contributes to the Bathos might here be added, which Longinus, in his third section, calls the Parenthyrsus; a kind of violence and emotion, ill-timed and out of season, and disproportioned to the subject; into which good writers, nay Horace himself, is said to have fallen. When he says, that "even as the most superb and useful monuments of human skill and regal magnificence, the making new ports, the draining of marshes, the altering the course of rivers, the building moles, and other vast and expensive works, alter and decay, so do words and current expressions:

"Debemur morti nos nostraque—
——Mortalia facta peribunt,
Nedum sermonum stet honos et gratia vivax."

"The

selves to range the principal, which most powerfully contribute to the bathos, under three classes:

I. The variegating, confounding, or reversing tropes and figures.

II. The magnifying; and

III. The diminishing.

We cannot avoid giving to these the Greek or Roman names; but in tenderness to our countrymen and fellow-writers, many of whom, however exquisite, are wholly ignorant of those languages, we have also explained them in our mother tongue.

I. Of the first sort, nothing so much conduces to the Bathos, as the

CATACHRESIS.

A master of this will say,
Mow the beard,
Shave the grass,
Pin the plank,
Nail my sleeve.

From whence results the same kind of pleasure to the mind, as to the eye when we behold Harlequin trimming himself with a hatchet, hewing down a tree with a razor, making his tea in a caldron, and

"The objects by which this decay of words is illustrated are too large and important for the occasion." Hor. Art of Poetry, l. 63. See Blondell's Comparison of Horace and Pindar.

Warton.

On this it may be observed, that the dignity and importance of language are not inferior to the most magnificent and durable works of human industry, and can only in a false estimate be diminished by the comparison.

brewing his ale in a tea-pot, to the incredible satisfaction of the British spectator. Another source of the Bathos is

THE METONYMY,

the inversion of causes for effects, of inventors for inventions, &c.

Lac'd in her cosius new appear'd the bride,*
A bubble-boy† and tompion‡ at her side,
And with an air divine her colmar§ plied:
Then oh! she cries, what slaves I round me see?
Here a bright redcoat, there a smart toupee.||

THE SYNECHDOCHE,

which consists in the use of a part for the whole. You may call a young woman sometimes pretty-*face* and pigs-*eyes*, and sometimes snotty-*nose* and draggle-*tail*. Or of accidents for persons; as a lawyer is called split-cause, a taylor prick-louse, &c. Or of things belonging to a man, for the man himself; as a *sword*-man, a *gown*-man, a *T—m-t—d*-man; a white-*staff*, a turn-*key*, &c.

THE APOSIOPESIS.

An excellent figure for the ignorant, as, "What

* Stays. † Tweezer case. ‡ Watch. § Fan.

|| A sort of periwig: all words in use in this present year, 1727. *Pope.*

These five lines, and the two at the bottom of p. 146, are quoted from his own youthful poems; as indeed are most of those marked *anonymous*. See also note on p. 126. *Warton.*

shall I say?" when one has nothing to say: or "I can no more," when one really can no more. Expressions which the gentle reader is so good as never to take in earnest.

THE METAPHOR.*

The first rule is to draw it from the *lowest things*, which is a certain way to sink the highest; as when you speak of the thunder of Heaven, say:

The Lords above *are* angry *and* talk big.†

If you would describe a rich man refunding his treasures, express it thus:

Tho' he (as said) may riches gorge, *the spoil*
Painful in massy vomit *shall* recoil,
Soon shall he perish with a swift decay,
Like his own ordure, *cast with scorn away.*‡

The second, that, whenever you start a metaphor, you must be sure to *run it down*, and pursue it as far as it can go. If you get the scent of a state negociation, follow it in this manner:

The stones and all the elements with thee
Shall ratify *a strict* confederacy;

* It were to be wished that all the critical opinions of Dr. Johnson were as solid and judicious as are his admirable observations in the Life of Cowley, on mixed metaphors, false wit, and what (after Dryden) he calls "Metaphysical Poetry."

After a certain period, in every country and in every language, men grow weary of the natural, and search after the singular. *Warton.*

† Lee, Alex. ‡ Blackm. Job, pp. 91, 93. *Warburton.*

Wild beasts their savage temper shall forget,
And for a firm alliance *with thee* treat;
The finny tyrant of the spacious seas
Shall send a scaly embassy *for peace;*
His plighted faith *the crocodile shall keep,*
*And seeing thee, for joy sincerely weep.**

Or if you represent the Creator denouncing war against the wicked, be sure not to omit one circumstance usual in proclaiming and levying war:

Envoys *and* Agents, *who by my command*
Reside in Palestina's land,
To whom commissions *I have given,*
To manage there the interests *of heaven;*
Ye holy heralds, *who* proclaim
Or war or peace, in mine your master's name:
Ye pioneers *of heaven, prepare a* road,
Make it plain, direct, and broad;
For I in person *will my people* head;
For the divine deliverer
Will on his march *in majesty appear,*
And needs the aid of no confederate power.†

Under the article of the *Confounding*, we rank,

1. THE MIXTURE OF FIGURES,‡

which raises so many images, as to give you no

* Job, p. 22. † Blackm. Isa. c. xl. *Warburton.*

‡ In Concanen's Supplement to the Profund, letter the second, which is a counterpart to this tenth chapter, and treats of figures, are some more shrewd remarks and more pertinent examples than

image at all. But its principal beauty is when it gives an idea just *opposite* to what it seemed meant to describe. Thus an ingenious artist painting the spring, talks of a *snow of blossoms*, and thereby raises an unexpected picture of winter. Of this sort is the following:

The gaping clouds pour lakes of sulphur down,
*Whose livid flashes sickening sunbeams drown.**

What a noble confusion! clouds, lakes, brimstone, flames, sunbeams, gaping, pouring, sickening, drowning! all in two lines.

2. THE JARGON.

Thy head shall rise, though buried in the dust,
And 'midst the clouds his glittering turrets thrust.†

Quære, What are the glittering turrets of a man's head?

Upon the shore, as frequent as the sand,
To meet the prince, the glad Dimetians stand.‡

Quære, Where these Dimetians stood? and of what size they were? Add also to the *Jargon* such as the following:

might be expected from such a writer, and are enough to make us think he had some more able assistant. Concanen was at that time an intimate friend of Warburton; and it has been suggested was assisted by him in writing these remarks; but of this there is no positive proof. *Warton.*

* Pr. Arthur, p. 37. † Job, p. 107. ‡ Pr. Arthur, p. 157. *Warburton.*

Destruction's empire shall no longer last,
*And desolation lie for ever waste.**

Here Niobe, sad mother, makes her moan,
And seems converted to a stone in stone.†

But for variegation, nothing is more useful than

3. THE PARANOMASIA, OR PUN,‡

where a word, like the tongue of a jackdaw, speaks twice as much by being split: as this of Mr. Dennis,§

Bullets that wound, like Parthians, as they fly;

or this excellent one of Mr. Welsted,‖

Behold the Virgin lie
Naked, and only cover'd *by the* sky.

To which thou may'st add,

To see her beauties no man needs to stoop,
She has the whole horizon for her hoop.

* Job, p. 89. † T. Cook, Poems. *Warburton.*

‡ A happy reading of Atterbury vindicates Milton from degrading his style by a very vile pun often quoted:

"And brought into this world, a world of woe."

Atterbury would point it thus:

"And brought into this world (a world of woe)"

in a parenthesis, and putting the repeated word in apposition to the former. *Warton.*

§ Poems, 1693, p. 13. ‖ Welsted, Poems, Acon and Lavin. *Warburton.*

4. THE ANTITHESIS, OR SEE-SAW.*

whereby contraries and oppositions are balanced in such a way, as to cause a reader to remain suspended between them, to his exceeding delight and recreation. Such are these, on a lady who made herself appear out of size, by hiding a young princess under her clothes:

While the kind nymph changing her faultless shape,
Becomes unhandsome, handsomely *to scape.*†

On the maids of honour in mourning:

Sadly they charm, and dismally they please.‡

His eyes so bright
Let in the object and let out the light.||
The Gods look pale to see us look so red.§

The Fairies and their Queen
In mantles blue came tripping o'er the green.¶

All nature felt a reverential shock,
*The sea stood still to see the mountains rock.***

* It were to be wished our author himself had not been so very fond of this figure; of all others, if too often repeated, the most tiresome and disgusting. *Warton.*

† Waller. ‡ Steel on Queen Mary. || Quarles.
§ Lee, Alex. ¶ Phil. Past. ** Blackm. Job, p. 176. *Warburton.*

CHAP. XI.

THE FIGURES CONTINUED: OF THE MAGNIFYING AND DIMINISHING FIGURES.

A GENUINE writer of the profund will take care never to *magnify* any object without *clouding* it at the same time: his thought will appear in a true mist, and very unlike what is in nature. It must always be remembered that darkness is an essential quality of the profund, or, if there chance to be a glimmering, it must be as Milton expresses it,

No light, but rather darkness visible.

The chief figure of this sort is,

1. THE HYPERBOLE, OR IMPOSSIBLE.*

For instance, of a lion:

He roar'd so loud, and look'd so wondrous grim,
His very shadow durst not follow him.†

Of a lady at dinner.

The silver whiteness that adorns thy neck,
Sullies the plate, and makes the napkin black.

* Into which even the great Corneille has sometimes fallen, and that too even in his Cinna; much more when he copies the extravagances of Guillem de Castro, in his Cid. The Spanish writers abound in these absurdities; and indeed there are many such in Rotrou and in Ronsard. *Warton.*

† Vet. Aut. *Warburton.*

Of the same.

Th' obscureness of her birth
Cannot eclipse the lustre of her eyes,
*Which make her all one light.**

Of a bull-baiting.

Up to the stars the sprawling mastives fly,
And add new monsters to the frighted sky.†

Of a scene of misery.

Behold a scene of misery and woe!
Here Argus soon might weep himself quite blind,
Ev'n though he had Briareus' hundred hands
To wipe those hundred eyes.‡

And that modest request of two absent lovers:

Ye Gods annihilate but space and time,
And make two lovers happy.

2. The PERIPHRASIS, which the moderns call the *circumbendibus*, whereof we have given examples in the ninth chapter, and shall again in the twelfth.

To the same class of the *magnifying* may be referred the following, which are so excellently modern, that we have yet no name for them. In describing a country prospect:

* Theob. Double Falsehood. † Blackm. ‡ Anon. *Warburton.*

I'd call them mountains, but can't call them so,
For fear to wrong them with a name too low;
While the fair vales beneath so humbly lie,
*That even humble seems a term too high.**

III. The third class remains, of the *diminishing* figures: and 1. the ANTICLIMAX, where the second line drops quite short of the first, than which nothing creates greater surprize.

On the extent of the British arms:

Under the tropics is our language spoke,
And part of Flanders hath receiv'd our yoke.†

On a warrior:

And thou Dalhousie the great God of war,
Lieutenant-Colonel to the Earl of Mar.‡

On the valour of the English:

Nor art *nor* nature *has the force*
To stop its steady course,
Nor Alps *nor* Pyrenæans *keep it out,*
Nor fortified redoubt.§

At other times this figure operates in a larger extent; and when the gentle reader is in expectation of some great image, he either finds it surprizingly imperfect, or is presented with something

* Anon. † Waller. ‡ Anon. § Denn. on Namur. *Warburton.*

low, or quite ridiculous. A surprize resembling that of a curious person in a cabinet of antique statues, who beholds on the pedestal the names of Homer or Cato; but looking up, finds Homer without a head, and nothing to be seen of Cato but his privy-member. Such are these lines of a Leviathan at sea:

His motion works, and beats the oozy mud,
And with its slime incorporates the flood,
Till all th' encumber'd, thick, fermenting stream
Does like one pot of boiling ointment seem.
Where'er he swims, he leaves along the lake
Such frothy furrows, such a foamy track,
That all the waters of the deep appear
Hoary—*with age, or* grey *with sudden fear.**

But perhaps even these are excelled by the ensuing:

Now the resisted flames and fiery store,
By winds assaulted, in wide forges roar,
And raging seas flow down of melted ore.
Sometimes they hear long iron bars remov'd,
And to *and* fro *huge* heaps of cinders shov'd.†

2. THE VULGAR,

is also a species of the *diminishing:* by this a spear flying into the air is compared to a boy whistling as he goes on an errand:

* Blackm. Job, p. 197. † Pr. Arthur, p. 157. *Warburton.*

The mighty Stuffa *threw a massy spear,*
Which with its errand pleas'd, sung *thro' the air.**

A man raging with grief to a mastiff dog:

I cannot stifle this gigantic woe,
Nor on my raging grief a muzzle *throw.*†

And clouds big with water to a woman in great necessity:

Distended *with the* waters *in them pent,*
The clouds hang deep *in air, but* hang unrent.

3. THE INFANTINE.

This is when a poet grows so very simple, as to think and talk like a child. I shall take my examples from the greatest master in this way: hear how he fondles like a mere stammerer:

Little Charm *of placid mien,*
Miniature *of beauty's queen,*
Hither, British muse of mine,
Hither, all ye Grecian nine,
With the lovely Graces three,
And your pretty nursling *see.*
When the meadows next are seen,
Sweet enamel, white and green,
When again the lambkins *play,*
Pretty sportlings *full of* May,
Then the neck so white and round,
(Little neck *with brilliants bound*)

* Pr. Arthur. † Job, p. 41. *Warburton.*

And thy gentleness *of mind,*
(Gentle *from a* gentle *kind*) &c.
Happy *thrice, and* thrice again,
Happiest *he of* happy men, &c.*

and the rest of those excellent Lullabies of his composition.

How prettily he asks the sheep to teach him to bleat?

Teach me to grieve with bleating moan, my sheep.†

Hear how a babe would reason on his nurse's death:

That ever she could *die! Oh most* unkind!
To die, and leave poor Colinet *behind!*
And yet,—why blame I her?——‡

With no less simplicity does he suppose that shepherdesses tear their hair and beat their breasts at their own deaths:

Ye brighter maids, faint emblems of my fair,
With looks cast down, and with dishevell'd hair,
In bitter anguish beat your breasts, and moan
Her death untimely as it were your own.§

4. THE INANITY, OR NOTHINGNESS.

Of this the same author furnishes us with most beautiful instances:

* Amb. Philips on Miss Cuzzona. *Warburton.*
† Philips's Pastorals. ‡ Ibid. § Ibid. *Warburton.*

Ah silly I, more silly than my sheep,
*(Which on the flowery plain I once did keep.)**

To the grave Senate she could counsel give,
(Which with astonishment they did receive.)†

He whom loud cannon could not terrify,
Falls (from the grandeur of his Majesty.)‡

Happy, merry as a king,
Sipping *dew, you* sip, *and sing.*§

The noise *returning with returning* light,

What did it?

Dispers'd the silence, *and dispell'd the* night.¶

You easily perceive the nothingness of every second verse:

The glories of proud London *to survey,*
The Sun himself shall rise—by break of day.‖

5. THE EXPLETIVE,

admirably exemplified in the epithets of many authors:

Th' umbrageous shadow, and the verdant green,
The running current, and the odorous fragrance,
*Cheer my lone solitude with joyous gladness.***

* Philips's Pastorals. † Phil. on Q. Mary. ‡ Ibid.
§ T. Cook, on a Grasshopper. ¶ Anon. ‖ Autor. Vet. *Warburton.*
** I am afraid he glanced at Thomson. *Warton.*

Or in pretty drawling words like these:

All men his tomb, all men his sons adore,
*And his sons' sons, till there shall be no more.**

The rising sun our grief did see,
The setting sun did see the same,
While wretched we remembered thee,
O Sion, Sion, lovely name.†

6. THE MACROLOGY AND PLEONASM‡

are generally coupled, as a lean rabbit with a fat one; nor is it a wonder, the superfluity of words, and vacuity of sense, being just the same thing. I am pleased to see one of our greatest adversaries employ this figure:

The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
The food of armies and support of wars,
Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight,
Lessen his numbers, and contract his host.

* T. Cook, Poems. † Ibid. *Warburton.*

‡ Even such pure writers as Catullus, Lucretius, and Horace, have sometimes been guilty of Pleonasms; of which there are examples in the Miscell. Observations of Jortin, p. 37, vol. ii. Of this sort of style Quintilian, as usual, speaks elegantly: "Ut corpora non robore sed valetudine inflantur; et recto itinere lapsi, plerumque divertunt. Erit ergo obscurior, quo quisque deterior."

Again, "Ut staturâ breves in digitos eriguntur, et plura infirmi minantur.—Ne oneretur tamen verbis multis; nam sit longa et impedita oratio, ut eam judices similem agmini totidem lixas habenti quot milites; in quo et numerus est duplex, nec duplum virium." The six English lines here quoted are a severe stroke on Addison's Campaign. *Warton.*

Where'er his friends retire, or foes succeed,
*Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd.**

Of all which the perfection is

THE TAUTOLOGY.

Break thro' the billows, and—divide the main.
In smoother numbers, and—in softer verse.†

Divide—*and* part—*the* sever'd *world*—*in* two.‡

With ten thousand others equally musical, and plentifully flowing through most of our celebrated modern poems.

* Camp. *Warburton.*
† Tons. Misc. 12mo. vol. iv. p. 291, 4th edition. *Warburton.*
‡ Ibid, vol. vi. p. 121. *Warburton.*

CHAP. XII.

OF EXPRESSION, AND THE SEVERAL SORTS OF STYLE OF THE PRESENT AGE.

THE *expression* is adequate, when it is proportionably low to the profundity of the thought. It must not be always *grammatical,* lest it appear pedantic and ungentlemanly; nor too clear, for fear it become vulgar; for obscurity bestows a cast of the wonderful, and throws an oracular dignity upon a piece which hath no meaning.

For example, sometimes use the wrong number; *the sword and pestilence at once devours;* instead of *devour.** Sometimes the wrong case; *and who more fit to sooth the God than thee?*† instead of *thou.* And rather than say: *Thetis saw Achilles weep:* she *heard* him weep.

We must be exceeding careful in two things: first, in the *choice* of *low words:* secondly, in the *sober* and *orderly* way of *ranging* them. Many of our poets are naturally blessed with this talent, insomuch that they are in the circumstance of that honest citizen, who had made *prose* all his life without knowing it. Let verses run in this man-

* Ti. Hom. Il. i. *Warburton.*

† Our author himself has more than once fallen into this fault, as hath been observed in the notes of this edition, and of which Dr. Lowth in his Grammar mentions many instances. *Warton.*

ner, just to be a vehicle to the words: I take them from my last cited author, who, though otherwise by no means of our rank, seemed once in his life to have a mind to be simple.

If not, a prize I will myself decree,
*From him, or him, or else perhaps from thee.**

——full of days was he;
Two ages past, he liv'd the third to see.†

The king of forty kings, and honour'd more
By mighty Jove than e'er was king before.‡

That I may know, if thou my pray'r deny,
The most despis'd of all the Gods am I.§

Then let my mother once be rul'd by me,
Though much more wise than I pretend to be.‖

Or these of the same hand:¶

I leave the arts of poetry and verse
To them that practise them with more success:
***Of greater truths I now prepare to tell,*
And so at once, dear friend and muse, farewell.††

Sometimes a single *word* would vulgarize a

* Ti. Hom. Il. i. p. 11. † Idem, p. 17. *Warburton.*

‡ Ti. Hom. Il. i. p. 19. § P. 34. ‖ P. 38. *Warburton.*

¶ Asserting plainly, that the first book of the Iliad, published by Tickell, was really the work of Addison. *Warton.*

** These are the two last feeble lines of Addison's epistle to Sacheverell; and the two preceding ones are as bad. *Warton.*

†† Tons. Misc. 12mo. vol. iv. p. 292, fourth edition. *Warburton.*

poetical idea; as where a ship set on fire owes all the *spirit* of the *bathos* to one choice word that ends the line:

And his scorch'd ribs the hot contagion fried.*

And in that description of a world in ruins:

Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
He unconcern'd would hear the mighty crack.†

So also in these:

Beasts tame and savage to the river's brink,
Come, from the fields and wild abodes—to drink.‡

Frequently two or three words will do it effectually:

He from the clouds does the sweet liquor squeeze,
That cheers the forest and the garden *trees.*§

It is also useful to employ *technical terms*,‖

* Pr. Arthur, p. 151. † Tons. Misc. vol. vi. p. 119. *Warburton.*

‡ Job, 263. § Id. Job, 264. *Warburton.*

‖ No passage in Blackmore himself can exceed the vulgarity of introducing technical terms and sea language, more than the following lines of the 146, 147, and 148, stanzas of Dryden's Annus Mirabilis:

CXLVI.

" So here some pick out bullets from the sides,
Some drive old oakum thro' each seam and rift.
Their left hand does the calking iron guide,
The rattling mallet with the right they lift.

With

which estrange your style from the great and general ideas of nature: and the higher your subject is, the lower should you search into mechanics for your expression. If you describe the garment of an angel, say that his *Linen* was *finely spun*, and *bleached on the happy plains.** Call an army of angels, *angelic cuirassiers*;† and, if you have occasion to mention a number of misfortunes, style them

Fresh troops *of pains, and* regimented *woes.*‡

STYLE is divided by the rhetoricians into the proper and the figured. Of the figured we have already treated, and the proper is what our authors have nothing to do with. Of styles we shall men-

CXLVII.

With boiling pitch another near at hand
From friendly Sweden brought, the seams instops;
Which well laid o'er, the salt sea waves withstand,
And shake them from the rising beak in drops.

CXLVIII.

Some the gall'd ropes with dauby marling blind,
Or sear-cloth mash with strong tarpauling coats,
To try new shrouds one mounts into the wind,
And one below their ease or stiffness notes."

Who would think it possible that these lines, and there are many such to be found in his works, could have been written by the author of Palamon and Arcite, and the Ode on St. Cecilia's Day? *Warton.*

* Prince Arthur, p. 19. † Ibid. p. 339. ‡ Job, p. 86. *Warburton.*

tion only the principal which owe to the moderns either their chief improvement, or entire invention.

1. THE FLORID STYLE,

than which none is more proper to the Bathos, as flowers, which are the *lowest* of vegetables, are most *gaudy*, and do many times grow in great plenty at the bottoms of *ponds* and *ditches*.

A fine writer in this kind presents you with the following posy:

The groves appear all dress'd with wreaths of flowers,
And from their leaves drop aromatic showers,
Whose fragrant heads in mystic twines above
Exchange their sweets, and mix with thousand kisses,
*As if the willing branches strove**
To beautify and shade the grove,——†

which indeed most branches do. But this is still excelled by our Laureat:

Branches in branches twin'd compose the grove,
And shoot and spread, and blossom into love.
The trembling palms their mutual vows repeat,
And bending poplars bending poplars meet.

* It is surprizing to find so false and florid a conceit as is contained in the following lines, in a writer generally so chaste and correct as Addison:

"While here the vine on hills of ruins climbs,
Industrious to conceal great Bourbon's crimes." Campaign.

Warton.

† Behn's Poems, p. 2. *Warburton.*

The distant plantains seem to press more nigh,
*And to the sighing alders, alders sigh.**

Hear also our Homer:

His robe *of* state *is form'd of light refin'd,*
An endless train *of lustre* spreads behind.
His throne's of bright compacted glory *made,*
With pearl *celestial, and with gems* inlaid:
Whence floods *of joy, and* seas *of splendor flow,*
On all th' angelic gazing throng below.†

2. THE PERT STYLE.

This does in a peculiar manner become the low in wit, as a pert air does the low in stature. Mr. *Thomas Brown*, the author of the *London Spy*, and all the *Spies* and *Trips* in general, are herein to be diligently studied: in verse, Mr. *Cibber's Prologues.*

But the beauty and energy of it is never so conspicuous, as when it is employed in *modernizing* and *adapting* to the *taste of the times* the works of the *ancients.* This we rightly phrase *doing* them into English, and *making* them English; two expressions of great propriety, the one denoting our *neglect* of the *manner how*, the other the *force* and *compulsion* with which it is brought about. It is by virtue of this style that Tacitus talks like a Coffee-house politician, Josephus like the British Gazetteer, Tully is as short and smart as Seneca

* Guardian, 12mo. 127. † Blackm. Ps. civ. *Warburton.*

or Mr. Asgill,* Marcus Aurelius is excellent at snipsnap, and honest Thomas à Kempis as prim and polite as any preacher at court.

3. THE ALAMODE STYLE,

which is fine by being *new*, and has this happiness attending it, that it is as durable and extensive as the poem itself. Take some examples of it, in the description of the sun in a mourning coach upon the death of Queen Mary:

See Phœbus *now, as once for* Phaëton,
Has mask'd his face, and put deep mourning on;
Dark clouds his sable chariot *do surround,*
And the dull steeds stalk o'er *the* melancholy round.†

Of Prince Arthur's soldiers drinking:

While rich Burgundian *wine, and bright* Champaign
Chase from their minds the terrors of the main.‡

Whence we also learn, that *Burgundy* and *Cham-*

* In such familiar phrases as these: "One good turn is the shoeing horn of another.—He does me good in spite of my teeth. —After a matter of eight years." And in Æsop, "The moon was in a heavy twitter." Collier's Antoninus was in the same smart taste. Thomas à Kempis was translated by Dr. Stanhope, whose primness is here noted. There is hardly any species of bad writing but what is exposed in some part or other of this little treatise, in which the justest rules are delivered under the mask of ridicule, *fortius et melius* than in professed and serious critical discourses. *Warton.*

† Amb. Philips. ‡ Pr. Arthur, p. 16. *Warburton.*

paign make a man on shore despise a storm at sea.

Of the Almighty encamping his regiments:

He sunk a vast capacious deep,
Where he his liquid regiments *does keep,*
Thither the waves file off, *and make their way,*
To form the mighty body *of the sea;*
Where they encamp, *and in their* station stand,
Entrench'd *in* works *of* rock, *and* lines *of sand.**

Of two armies on the point of engaging:

Yon armies are the cards *which both must play;*
At least come off a saver *if you may:*
Throw boldly *at the* sum *the Gods have* set;
These on your side will all their fortunes bet.†

All perfectly agreeable to the present customs and best fashions of our metropolis.

But the principal branch of the *alamode* is the PRURIENT, a style greatly advanced and honoured of late, by the practice of persons of the *first quality;* and by the encouragement of the *ladies,* not unsuccessfully introduced even into the drawing-room. Indeed its incredible progress and conquests may be compared to those of the great *Sesostris,* and are every where known by the *same marks,* the images of the genital parts of men or

* Blackm. Ps. civ. p. 261. *Warburton.*
† Lee, Sophon. *Warburton.*

women. It consists wholly of metaphors drawn from two most fruitful sources or springs, the very Bathos of the human body, that is to say * * * * and * * * * *Hiatus magnus lachrymabilis* And *selling of bargains*, and *double entendre*, and Κίββέρισμος and Ὀλδφιέλδισμος, all derived from the said sources.

4. THE FINICAL STYLE,*

which consists of the most curious, affected, mincing metaphors, and partakes of the *alamode*.

As this, of a brook dried by the sun:

Won *by the summer*'s importuning *ray*,
Th' eloping *stream did from her channel stray*,
And with enticing *sunbeams* stole away.†

Of an easy death:

When watchful death shall on his harvest look,
And see thee, ripe with age, invite *the hook*;
He'll gently *cut thy* bending *stalk*, *and thee*
Lay kindly *in the* grave, *his* granary.‡

Of trees in a storm:

Oaks, whose extended arms the winds defy;
The tempest sees *their strength*, and sighs, and passes by.§

* In which Felton's superficial Dissertation on the Classics is written, who is very fearful to be thought a scholar, and makes an apology for quoting a common piece of Latin. *Warton.*

† Blackm. Job, p. 26. ‡ Ibid. p. 23. § Denn. *Warburton.*

Of water simmering over the fire:

The sparkling flames raise water to a smile,
Yet the pleas'd *liquor* pines, *and lessens all the while.**

5. LASTLY, I shall place the CUMBROUS,† which moves heavily under a load of metaphors, and draws after it a long train of words; and the BUSKIN, or *stately*, frequently and with great felicity mixed with the former. For as the first is the proper engine to depress what is high, so is the second to raise what is base and low to a ridiculous visibility. When both these can be done at once, then is the Bathos in perfection; as when a man is set with his head downward and his breech upright, his degradation is complete: one end of him is as *high* as ever, only that end is the *wrong one*. Will not every true lover of the profund be delighted to behold the most vulgar and low actions of life exalted in the following manner?

Who knocks at the door?

For whom thus rudely pleads my loud-tongued gate,
That he may enter?——

* Anon. Tons. Misc. part vi. p. 224. *Warburton.*

† This is the fault of two eminent writers, who at the same time abound in transcendent beauties, and whom for that reason it is less invidious to mention, Thomson and Johnson; and I fear even Milton has furnished an example:

"I hear the sound of words; their sense, the air
Dissolves, unjointed, ere it reach my ear."

Samson Agonistes, v. 176.
Warton.

See who is there?

Advance the fringed curtains of thy eyes,
And tell me who comes yonder.——*

Shut the door.

The wooden guardian of our privacy
Quick on its axle turn.——†

Bring my clothes.

Bring me what Nature, tailor to the bear,
To man *himself denied. She gave me cold,*
But would not give me clothes.——

Light the fire.

Bring forth some remnant of Promethean *theft,*
Quick to expand th' inclement air, congeal'd
By Boreas' *rude breath.*——

Snuff the candle.

Yon luminary amputation needs,
Thus shall you save its half-extinguish'd life.

Open the letter.

Wax! render up thy trust.——‡

Uncork the bottle, and chip the bread.

Apply thine engine to the spungy door,

* Temp. *Warburton.*

† Aristophanes in the Frogs, ver. 465, has a strange expression, γεῦσαι τῆς θύρας, taste the door; knock gently at it. *Warton.*

‡ Theo. Double Falsehood. *Warburton.*

Set Bacchus *from his glassy prison free,*
And strip white Ceres *of her nut-brown coat.**

* It ought not to be concealed for the singularity of the fact, that several of the above examples given of the *profund*, which are marked *Anon.* Mr. Pope took from the *Tragedy and Epic Poem*, which he wrote when a child, and committed to the flames when he came to years of discretion. *Warburton.*

CHAP. XIII.

A PROJECT FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE BATHOS.

THUS have I, my dear countrymen, with incredible pains and diligence discovered the hidden sources of the *Bathos*, or, as I may say, broke open the abysses of this *great deep*. And having now established good and wholesome laws, what remains but that all true moderns with their utmost might do proceed to put the same in execution? In order whereto, I think I shall in the second place highly deserve of my country, by proposing such a *scheme*, as may facilitate this great end.

As our number is confessedly far superior to that of the enemy, there seems nothing wanting but unanimity among ourselves. It is therefore humbly offered, that all and every individual of the Bathos do enter into a firm association, and incorporate into one regular body, whereof every member, even the meanest, will some way contribute to the support of the whole; in like manner, as the weakest reeds, when joined in one bundle, become infrangible. To which end our art ought to be put upon the same foot with other arts of this age. The vast improvement of modern manufactures ariseth from their being divided into several branches, and parcelled out to several trades. For instance, in clock-making one artist

makes the balance, another the spring, another the crown-wheels, a fourth the case, and the principal workman puts all together. To this economy we owe the perfection of our modern watches, and doubtless we also might that of our modern poetry and rhetoric, were the several parts branched out in the like manner.

Nothing is more evident than that divers persons, no other way remarkable, have each a strong disposition to the formation of some particular trope or figure. Aristotle saith, that the *hyperbole* is an ornament fit for young men of quality; accordingly we find in those gentlemen a wonderful propensity towards it, which is marvellously improved by travelling. Soldiers also and seamen are very happy in the same figure. The *periphrasis*, or *circumlocution*, is the peculiar talent of country farmers; the *proverb* and *apologue*, of old men at their clubs; the *ellipsis*, or speech by half words, of ministers and politicians; the *aposiopesis*, of courtiers; the *litotes*, or diminution, of ladies, whisperers, and backbiters; and the *anadiplosis*, of common cryers and hawkers, who, by redoubling the same words, persuade people to buy their oysters, green hastings, or new ballads. *Epithets* may be found in great plenty at Billingsgate, *sarcasm* and *irony* learned upon the water, and the *epiphonema* or *exclamation* frequently from the Bear-garden, and as frequently from the *Hear him* of the House of Commons.

Now each man applying his whole time and ge-

nius upon his particular figure, would doubtless attain to perfection; and when each became incorporated and sworn into the society (as hath been proposed) a poet or orator would have no more to do but to send to the particular traders in each kind, to the *metaphorist* for his *allegories*, to the *simile-maker* for his *comparisons*, to the *ironist* for his *sarcasms*, to the *apothegmatist* for his *sentences*, &c. whereby a dedication or speech would be composed in a moment, the superior artist having nothing to do but to put together all the materials.

I therefore propose that there be contrived with all convenient despatch at the public expense, a *rhetorical chest of drawers*, consisting of three stories, the highest for the *deliberative*, the middle for the *demonstrative*, and the lowest for the *judicial*. These shall be divided into *loci*, or *places*, being repositories for matter and argument in the several kinds of oration or writing; and every drawer shall again be subdivided into cells, resembling those of cabinets for rarities. The apartment for *peace* or *war*, and that of the *liberty of the press*, may in a very few days be filled with several arguments perfectly new; and the *vituperative partition* will as easily be replenished with a most choice collection, entirely of the growth and manufacture of the present age. Every composer will soon be taught the use of this cabinet, and how to manage all the registers of it, which will be drawn out much in the manner of those in an organ.

The keys of it must be kept in honest hands, by some *reverend prelate,* or *valiant officer,* of unquestionable loyalty and affection to every present establishment in Church and State; which will sufficiently guard against any mischief which might otherwise be apprehended from it.

And being lodged in such hands, it may be at discretion *let out* by the *day,* to several great orators in both houses; from whence it is to be hoped much *profit* and *gain* will also accrue to our society.

CHAP XIV.*

HOW TO MAKE DEDICATIONS, PANEGYRICS, OR SATIRES, AND OF THE COLOURS OF HONOURABLE AND DISHONOURABLE.

Now of what necessity the foregoing project may prove, will appear from this single consideration, that nothing is of equal consequence to the success of our works as *speed* and *despatch*. Great pity it is, that solid brains are not like other solid bodies, constantly endowed with a velocity in sinking, proportioned to their heaviness: for it is with the flowers of the Bathos as with those of nature, which if the careful gardener brings not hastily to market in the morning, must unprofitably perish and wither before night. And of all our productions none is so short-lived as the *dedication* and *panegyric*, which are often but the *praise of a day*, and become by the next, utterly useless, improper, indecent, and false. This is the more to be lamented, inasmuch as these two are the sorts whereon in a

* It will be difficult to find more knowledge of life, more wit, more satire, more good sense, in any passage of equal length, than is comprised in this fourteenth chapter. Perhaps Dryden's Dedication of the State of Innocence to the Duchess of York is a piece of the grossest and most abject adulation that ever disgraced true genius, except indeed the nauseous and fulsome dedication of such a man as Corneille of his Horace to Cardinal Richlieu, after this proud churchman had treated him so injuriously in the affair of the Cid. *Warton.*

manner depend that *profit* which must still be remembered to be the main end of our *writers* and *speakers*.

We shall therefore employ this chapter in shewing the quickest method of composing them; after which we shall teach a *short way to epic poetry*. And these being confessedly the works of most importance and difficulty, it is presumed we may leave the rest to each author's own learning or practice.

First of *panegyric*: every man is *honourable*, who is so by law, custom, or title. The *public* are better judges of what is honourable than private men. The virtues of great men, like those of plants, are inherent in them whether they are exerted or not; and the more strongly inherent, the less they are exerted; as a man is the more rich, the less he spends. All great ministers, without either private or economical virtue, are *virtuous* by their *posts*, liberal and generous upon the *public money*, provident upon *public supplies*, just by paying *public interest*, courageous and magnanimous by the *fleets* and *armies*, magnificent upon the *public expenses*, and prudent by *public success*. They have by their office, a right to a share of the *public stock* of virtues; besides they are by *prescription immemorial* invested in all the celebrated virtues of their *predecessors* in the same stations, especially those of their own ancestors.

As to what are commonly called the *colours* of *honourable* and *dishonourable*, they are various in

different countries; in this, they are *blue*, *green*, and *red*.*

But forasmuch as the duty we owe to the public doth often require that we should put some things in a strong light, and throw a shade over others, I shall explain the method of turning a vicious man into a hero.

The first and chief rule is, the *golden rule* of *transformation*, which consists in converting vices into their bordering virtues. A man who is a spendthrift, and will not pay a just debt, may have his injustice *transformed* into liberality; cowardice may be metamorphosed into prudence; intemperance into good nature and good fellowship; corruption into patriotism; and lewdness into tenderness and facility.

The second is the *rule of contraries*. It is certain, the less a man is endowed with any virtue, the more need he has to have it plentifully bestowed, especially those good qualities of which the world generally believes he hath none at all: for who will thank a man for giving him that which he *has?*

The reverse of these precepts will serve for *satire*, wherein we are ever to remark, that whoso loseth his place, or becomes out of favor with the government, hath forfeited his share in *public praise* and *honour*. Therefore the truly public-spirited writer ought in duty to strip him whom the government hath stripped; which is the real *poetical*

* The three orders of knighthood.

justice of this age. For a full collection of topics and epithets to be used in the praise and dispraise of ministerial and unministerial persons, I refer to our *rhetorical cabinet;* concluding with an earnest exhortation to all my brethren, to observe the precepts here laid down, the neglect of which hath cost some of them their *ears* in a *pillory.*

CHAP. XV.

A RECEIPT TO MAKE AN EPIC POEM.*

AN epic poem, the critics agree, is the greatest work human nature is capable of. They have

* A severe animadversion is here intended on Bossu; who, after he has been so many years quoted, commended, and followed, by a long train of respectable disciples, must, I am afraid, alas! be at last deserted and given up as a visionary and fantastical critic; especially for imagining, among other vain and groundless conceits and refinements, that Homer and Virgil first fixed on some one moral truth or axiom, and then added a fable or story, with suitable names and characters, proper to illustrate the truth so fixed upon. Before Bossu, Mambrun had advanced the same doctrine, and treated it in a philosophical Aristotelian manner, in a laboured Dissertation, which he exemplified by a woful Latin Epic Poem, intituled Constantinus. He was one of those many critics who may remind us of the fate of Boccalini, when he was appointed by Paul V. governor of a small town, because he had written well on political subjects and on the art of government; but was obliged to be recalled after three months' administration for incapacity in the business. The lamentable Epic Poems that Boileau has strung together, the Jonas, the David, the Moses, the Alaric, the Clovis, are exactly of the sort and size of Sir Richard's Job, Arthur, and Alfred; from whom our Scriblerus takes so many instances of the absurd. To these Voltaire has added a work that ought to be exempted from this catalogue, the St. Louis of the Jesuit Le Moine, who seems to have possessed a more vigorous and fertile fancy than any of his countrymen; who, whatever talents they may lay claim to, are not eminent for imagination and creative powers. His Poem is in eighteen books, on the Recovery of our Saviour's Crown of Thorns from the Saracens; the subject therefore closely resembles that of Tasso, certainly one of the most interesting subjects that has ever been treated. He has, like Tasso also, introduced machinery of angels, demons, and magicians. The speech and behaviour of one of the

already laid down many mechanical rules for compositions of this sort, but at the same time they cut off almost all undertakers from the possibility of ever performing them; for the first qualification they unanimously require in a poet, is a *genius*. I shall here endeavour, for the benefit of my countrymen, to make it manifest, that epic poems may be made *without a genius*, nay, without learning or much reading. This must necessarily be of great use to all those who confess they never *read*, and of whom the world is convinced they never *learn*. Moliere observes of making a dinner, that any

latter, Mireme, in the fifth book, page 145, who calls up from Hell the shades of many departed tyrants, is conceived with wonderful wildness of fancy, heightened by the scene of this transaction, near the pyramids of Egypt; especially when the ghost of Saladin declares, with an awful and tremendous voice, that the sultan must slay his daughter as an expiatory sacrifice. In short, this poem abounds in the terrible graces, and is in a tone and manner very superior to that generally used by the writers of France, and approaching to the sublimity of Dante or Milton; the noble fictions of whose Paradise Lost, the cautious and severe Boileau has, it is imagined, endeavoured to ridicule in the third canto of his Art of Poetry, v. 193.

" Et quel objet enfin à présenter aux yeux,
Que le diable toujours hurlant contre les cieux,
Qui de votre héros veut rabaisser la gloire,
Et souvent avec Dieu balance la victoire."

What Boileau says of the Epopee is the worst, and what Marmontel says, is the best part in their respective arts of Poetry. It ought to be added, that although Le Moine frequently uses a turgid and hyperbolical style; yet that he has prefixed a discourse on heroic poetry, in which are many sensible and acute remarks. Le Moine is praised by Fontenelle, vol. ii. of his works. Voltaire very frankly owns, " Les Français n'ont pas la tête Epique."

Warton.

man can do it with *money*, and, if a professed cook cannot do it without, he has his art for nothing; the same may be said of making a poem, it is easily brought about by him that has a *genius*, but the skill lies in doing it without one. In pursuance of this end, I shall present the reader with a plain and certain *recipe*, by which any author in the Bathos may be qualified for this grand performance.

FOR THE FABLE.

Take out of any old poem, history-book, romance, or legend (for instance, *Geoffry of Monmouth*, or *Don Belianis of Greece*) those parts of the story which afford most scope for *long descriptions*. Put these pieces together, and throw all the adventures you fancy into *one tale*. Then take a hero, whom you may chuse for the sound of his name, and put him into the midst of these adventures. There let him *work* for twelve books; at the end of which you may take him out ready prepared to *conquer* or to *marry*; it being necessary that the conclusion of an epic poem be *fortunate*.

TO MAKE AN EPISODE.

Take any remaining adventure of your former collection, in which you could no way involve your hero; or any unfortunate accident that was too good to be thrown away; and it will be of use, applied to any other person, who may be lost

and *evaporate* in the course of the work, without the least damage to the composition.

FOR THE MORAL AND ALLEGORY.

These you may extract out of the fable afterwards, at your leisure. Be sure you *strain* them sufficiently.

FOR THE MANNERS.*

For those of the hero, take all the best qualities you can find in the most celebrated heroes of antiquity; if they will not be reduced to a *consistency*, lay them *all on a heap* upon him. But be sure they are qualities which your *patron* would be thought to have; and to prevent any mistake which the world may be subject to, select from the alphabet those capital letters that compose his name, and set them at the head of a dedication before your poem. However, do not absolutely observe the exact quantity of these virtues, it not being determined whether or no it be necessary for the hero of a poem to be an *honest man*. For

* A stroke of ridicule on Bossu. Two very different opinions are held on this subject; and two very opposite interpretations are given of the χρηστα ηθη of Aristotle, and *notandi mores* of Horace. Dacier, Bossu, Shaftesbury, Harris, maintain that the words mean, that the manners should be only poetically good; but Heinsius, Hare, Batteaux, Marmontel, and Twining, insist that they should be morally good. The succeeding paragraph about the use of machines cannot but remind one of the different opinions held on this subject by Petronius, by Bossu, by Hobbes, by Temple, by Hurd, by Voltaire, by Lord Kaimes, by Blair, and Boileau. *Warton.*

the *under characters,* gather them from Homer and Virgil, and change the names as occasion serves.

FOR THE MACHINES.

Take of *deities,** male and female, as many as you can use: separate them into two equal parts, and keep Jupiter in the middle: let Juno put him in a ferment, and Venus mollify him. Remember on all occasions to make use of volatile Mercury. If you have need of *devils,* draw them out of Milton's Paradise, and extract your *spirits* from Tasso. The use of these machines is evident; since no Epic Poem can possibly subsist without them, the wisest way is to reserve them for your greatest necessities: when you cannot extricate your hero by any human means, or yourself by your own wit, seek relief from heaven, and the gods will do your business very readily. This is according to the direct prescription of Horace in his Art of Poetry:

Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit—

* In Dryden's long dedication to Lord Dorset of his translation of Juvenal, he gives an account of his design of writing an Epic Poem on the actions either of Arthur or the Black Prince, and of the machinery he intended to have used on that occasion, which seems to have been happily and judiciously imagined, founded on an idea of the contest between the Guardian Angels of kingdoms. But Arthur was reserved for another fate, and furnishes the most absurd examples in the Bathos. *Warton.*

That is to say, *A poet should never call upon the gods for their assistance, but when he is in great perplexity.*

FOR THE DESCRIPTIONS.

For a *Tempest.* Take Eurus, Zephyr, Auster, and Boreas, and cast them together in one verse: add to these of rain, lightning, and thunder, (the loudest you can) *quantum sufficit:* mix your clouds and billows well together till they foam, and thicken your description here and there with a quicksand. Brew your tempest well in your head, before you set it a blowing.

For a *Battle.* Pick a large quantity of images and descriptions from Homer's Iliads, with a spice or two of Virgil, and if there remain any overplus, you may lay them by for a *Skirmish.* Season it well with *Similes,* and it will make an excellent Battle.

For a *Burning Town.* If such a description be necessary (because it is certain there is one in Virgil) old Troy is ready burnt to your hands. But if you fear that would be thought borrowed, a chapter or two of the Theory of the *Conflagration,** well circumstanced and done into verse, will be a good *Succedaneum.*

* An undeserved sarcasm on a work full of strong imagery, Burnet's Theory. *Warton.*

As for *similes* and *metaphors,* they may be found all over the creation; the most ignorant may *gather* them, but the difficulty is in *applying* them. For this advise with your *bookseller.**

* The Discourse of Voltaire on the Epic Poets of all nations, added to his Henriade, contains many false crude opinions, particularly some objections to Paradise Lost. In the Geneva edition of this Poem we are informed of a curious anecdote. When it was printed at London in 1726, in quarto, by subscription, Mr. Dadiky, a Greek, and native of Smyrna, who at that time resided in London, saw by chance the first leaf as it was printing, where was the following line:

"Qui força les François à devenir heureux;"

he immediately paid a visit to the author, and said to him, "I am of the country of Homer; he did not begin his poems by a stroke of wit or by an enigma." The author immediately corrected the line: but I beg leave to add, that he did not correct many others of the same modern kind. Voltaire has dropped a remark in the last edition of his Essay on Epic Poetry, which is not indeed very favourable to the taste of his countrymen, but is perfectly true and just, and which he seems to have forgotten in some of his late assertions:

"It must be owned that it is more difficult for a Frenchman to succeed in Epic Poetry than for any other person; but neither the constraint of rhyme, nor the dryness of our language, is the cause of this difficulty. Shall I venture to name the cause? It is because, of all polished nations, ours is the least poetic. The works in verse, which are most in vogue in France, are pieces for the theatre. These pieces must be written in a style that approaches to that of conversation. Despréaux has treated only didactic subjects, which require simplicity. It is well known that exactness and elegance constitute the chief merit of his verses, and those of Racine; and when Despréaux attempted a sublime ode, he was no longer Despréaux. These examples have accustomed the French to too uniform a march." *Warton.*

CHAP. XVI.

A PROJECT FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE STAGE.*

It may be thought that we should not wholly omit the *Drama*, which makes so great and so lucrative a part of poetry. But this province is so well taken care of, by the present *managers* of the theatre, that it is perfectly needless to suggest to them any other methods than they have already practised for the advancement of the Bathos.

Here therefore, in the name of all our brethren, let me return our sincere and humble thanks to the most august Mr. Barton Booth, the most serene Mr. Robert Wilks, and the most undaunted Mr. Colley Cibber; of whom let it be known, *when the people of this age shall be ancestors,* and to all

* The character of a Player is in this chapter treated rather too contemptuously. Johnson fell into the same cant, and treated his old friend Garrick unkindly and unjustly, at a time when he was received into the familiarity of some of the best families in this country. Baron, Chamellè, La Covreur, Du Menil, Le Kain, were equally respected in France. But the whole chapter is, in other respects, replete with incomparable and original humour, particularly the third, fifth, ninth, tenth, and eleventh articles of this project. I have not been able to discover that Booth, who was a man of excellent character, or Wilks, ever gave any such particular offence to our author as to deserve the sarcasms here thrown upon them. *Warton.*

the succession of our successors, that to this present day they continue to *out-do* even their *own out-doings:* and when the inevitable hand of sweeping time shall have brushed off all the works of *to-day*, may this testimony of a *cotemporary critic* to their fame, be extended as far as *to-morrow*.

Yet, if to so wise an administration it be possible any thing can be added, it is that more ample and comprehensive scheme which Mr. Dennis and Mr. Gildon (the two greatest critics and reformers then living) made public in the year 1720, in a project signed with their names, and dated the 2d of February. I cannot better conclude than by presenting the reader with the substance of it.

1. It is proposed, that the two *Theatres* be incorporated into one company; that the *Royal Academy of Music* be added to them as an *orchestra;* and that Mr. Figg with his prize-fighters, and Violante with the rope-dancers, be admitted in partnership.

2. That a spacious building be erected at the public expense, capable of containing at least *ten thousand* spectators, which is become absolutely necessary by the great addition of children and nurses to the audience, since the new entertainments. That there be a stage as large as the Athenian, which was near ninety thousand geometrical paces square, and separate divisions for the two Houses of Parliament, my Lords the Judges,

the honourable the Directors of the Academy, and the Court of Aldermen, who shall have their places frank.

3. If *Westminster-hall* be not allotted to this service (which by reason of its proximity to the two chambers of parliament above-mentioned, seems not altogether improper;) it is left to the wisdom of the nation whether *Somerset-house* may not be demolished, and a theatre built upon that site, which lies convenient to receive spectators from the county of *Surrey*, who may be wafted thither by water-carriage, esteemed by all projectors the cheapest whatsoever. To this may be added, that the river *Thames* may in the readiest manner convey those eminent personages from courts beyond the seas, who may be drawn either by curiosity to behold some of our most celebrated pieces, or by affection to see their countrymen, the harlequins and eunuchs; of which convenient notice may be given, for two or three months before, in the public prints.

4. That the *Theatre* abovesaid be environed with a fair quadrangle of buildings, fitted for the accommodation of decayed *critics* and *poets;* out of whom *six* of the most aged (their age to be computed from the year wherein their first work was published) shall be elected to manage the affairs of the society, provided nevertheless that the Laureat for the time being may be always one.

The head or president over all (to prevent disputes, but too frequent among the learned) shall be the most ancient *poet* and *critic* to be found in the whole island.

5. The *male players* are to be lodged in the garrets of the said quadrangle, and to attend the persons of the poets, dwelling under them, by brushing their apparel, drawing on their shoes, and the like. The *actresses* are to make their beds, and wash their linen.

6. A large room shall be set apart for a *library*, to consist of all the modern dramatic poems, and all the criticisms extant. In the midst of this room shall be a round table for the *Council of Six* to sit and deliberate on the merits of *plays*. The *majority* shall determine the dispute; and if it should happen that *three* and *three* should be of each side, the president shall have a *casting voice*, unless where the contention may run so high as to require decision by *single combat*.

7. It may be convenient to place the *Council of Six* in some conspicuous situation in the Theatre, where, after the manner usually practised by composers in music, they may give *signs* (before settled and agreed upon) of dislike or approbation. In consequence of these signs the whole audience shall be required to *clap* or *hiss*, that the town may

learn certainly when and how far they ought to be pleased.

8. It is submitted whether it would not be proper to distinguish the *Council of Six* by some particular habit or gown of an honourable shape and colour, to which may be added a square cap and a white wand.

9. That to prevent unmarried actresses making away with their infants, a competent provision be allowed for the nurture of them, who shall for that reason be deemed the *children of the society;* and that they may be educated according to the genius of their parents, the said actresses shall declare upon oath (as far as their memory will allow) the true names and qualities of their several fathers. A private gentleman's son shall at the public expense be brought up a page to attend the *Council of Six:* a more ample provision shall be made for the son of a *poet;* and a greater still for the son of a *critic.*

10. If it be discovered that any actress is got with child, during the interludes of any play wherein she hath a part, it shall be reckoned a neglect of her business, and she shall *forfeit* accordingly. If any actor for the future shall commit murder, except upon the stage, he shall be left to the laws of the land; the like is to be understood of *robbery*

and *theft*. In all other cases, particularly in those for *debt*, it is proposed that this, like the other courts of *Whitehall* and *St. James's*, may be held a *place of privilege*. And whereas it has been found, that an obligation to satisfy paltry creditors has been a discouragement to men of letters, if any person of quality or others shall send for any *poet* or *critic* of this society to any remote quarter of the town, the said poet or critic shall freely pass and repass without being liable to an *arrest*.

11. The forementioned scheme in its several regulations may be supported by profits arising from every third-night throughout the year. And as it would be hard to suppose that so many persons could live without any food (though from the former course of their lives, *a very little* will be deemed sufficient) the masters of calculation will, we believe, agree, that out of those profits, the said persons might be subsisted in a sober and decent manner. We will venture to affirm further, that not only the proper magazines of thunder and lightning, but *paint*, *diet-drinks*, *spitting-pots*, and all other *necessaries* of *life*, may in like manner fairly be provided for.

12. If some of the articles may at first view seem liable to objections, particularly those that give so vast a power to the *Council of Six* (which

is indeed larger than any entrusted to the great officers of state) this may be obviated by swearing those *six* persons of his majesty's privy council, and obliging them to pass every thing of moment *previously* at that most honourable board.

AN ESSAY

OF THE LEARNED

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS,

CONCERNING

THE ORIGIN OF SCIENCES.*

WRITTEN TO THE MOST LEARNED DR. ———, F. R. S.
FROM THE DESERTS OF NUBIA.

AMONG all the inquiries which have been pursued by the curious and inquisitive, there is none more worthy the search of a learned head, than the source from whence we derive those arts and sciences, which raise us so far above the vulgar, the countries in which they rose, and the channels by which they have been conveyed. As those who first brought them amongst us attained them by travelling into the remotest parts of the earth, I may boast of some advantages by the same means,

* This treatise on the origin of the sciences, from the monkeys in Æthiopia, was written by Mr. Pope, Dean Parnell, and Dr. Arbuthnot. Spence's Anec. p. 201. *Singer's Ed.*

The design of it was to ridicule such as build general assertions upon two or three loose quotations from the ancients. Ib. p. 168.

since I write this from the deserts of Æthiopia, from those plains of sand, which have buried the pride of invading armies, with my foot perhaps at this instant ten fathom over the grave of Cambyses; a solitude to which neither Pythagoras nor Apollonius ever penetrated.

It is universally agreed that arts and sciences were derived to us from the Egyptians and Indians; but from whom they first received them is yet a secret. The highest period of time to which the learned attempt to trace them, is the beginning of the Assyrian monarchy, when their inventors were worshipped as gods. It is therefore necessary to go backward into times even more remote, and to gain some knowledge of their history, from whatever dark and broken hints may any way be found in ancient authors concerning them.

Nor Troy nor Thebes were the first empires; we have mention, though not histories, of an earlier warlike people, called the Pygmæans. I cannot but persuade myself, from those accounts in Homer,* Aristotle, and others, of their history, wars, and revolutions, and from the very *air* in which those authors speak of them as of *things known*, that they were then a part of the study of the learned. And though all we directly hear is of their military achievements in the brave defence of their country, from the annual invasions of a powerful enemy; yet I cannot doubt but that

* Il. iii Hom.

they excelled as much in the arts of peaceful government, though there remain no traces of their civil institutions. Empires as great have been swallowed up in the wreck of time; and such sudden periods have been put to them as occasion a total ignorance of their story. And if I should conjecture that the like happened to this nation from a general extirpation of the people by those flocks of monstrous birds, wherewith antiquity agrees they were continually infested, it ought not to seem more incredible than that once the Baleares was wasted by rabbits, Smynthe* by mice, and of late Bermudas† almost depopulated by rats. Nothing is more natural to imagine, than that the few survivors of that empire retired into the depths of their deserts, where they lived undisturbed, till they were found out by Osiris, in his travels to instruct mankind.

"He met," says Diodorus,‡ "in Æthiopia, a sort of *little satyrs,* who were hairy one half of their body, and whose leader, Pan, accompanied him in his expedition for the civilizing of mankind." Now of this great personage Pan we have a very particular description in the ancient writers, who unanimously agree to represent him *shaggy-bearded, hairy all over, half a man and half a beast,* and walking *erect with a staff* (the posture in which his race do to this day appear among us); and since the chief thing to which he applied

* Eustat. in Hom. Iliad. i. † Speed, in Bermudas.
‡ Diod. l. i. c. 18.

himself was the civilizing of mankind, it should seem that the first principle of science must be received from that nation to which the gods were by Homer said to resort twelve days every year for the conversation of its wise and just inhabitants.

If from Ægypt we proceed to take a view of India, we shall find that their knowledge also derived itself from the same source. To that country did these noble creatures accompany Bacchus, in his expedition under the conduct of Silenus, who is also described to us with the same marks and qualifications. "Mankind is ignorant," saith Diodorus,* "whence Silenus derived his birth, through his great antiquity; but he had a *tail* on his *loins*, as *likewise had all his progeny* in sign of their descent." Here then they settled a colony, which to this day subsists with the same tails. From this time they seem to have communicated themselves only to those men, who retired from the converse of their own species to a more uninterrupted life of contemplation. I am much inclined to believe, that in the midst of those solitudes they instituted the so much celebrated order of Gymnosophists. For whoever observes the *scene* and *manner* of their life, will easily find them to have imitated, with all exactness imaginable, the manners and customs of their masters and instructors. They are said to dwell in the *thickest*

* Diod. l. iii. c. 69.

woods, to go *naked*, to suffer their *bodies* to be over-run with *hair*, and their nails to grow to a prodigious length. Plutarch* says, "they eat what they could get in the fields, their drink was water, and their bed made of leaves or moss." And Herodotus† tells us, "that they esteemed it a great exploit to kill very many *ants* or *creeping things*."

Hence we see that the nations, which contend for the origin of learning, are the same that have ever most abounded with this ingenious race. Though they have contended which was first blest with the rise of science, yet they have conspired in being grateful to their common masters. Ægypt is well known to have worshipped them of old in their own images; and India may be credibly supposed to have done the same from that adoration which they paid in latter times to the tooth of one of these hairy philosophers, in just gratitude, as it should seem, to the mouth from which they received their knowledge. Pass we now over into Greece; where we find Orpheus returning out of Ægypt, with the same intent as Osiris and Bacchus made in their expeditions. From this period it was that Greece first heard the name of Satyrs, or owned them for *Semidei*; and hence it is surely reasonable to conclude, that he brought some of this wonderful species along with him, who also had a leader of the line of Pan, of the same name,

* Plutarch in his Orat. on Alexander's Fortune.

† Herodot. l. i.

and expressly called king by Theocritus.* If thus much be allowed, we easily account for two of the strangest reports in all antiquity: one is, that of the beasts following the music of Orpheus; which has been interpreted of his taming savage tempers; but will thus have a literal application. The other, which we must insist upon, is the fabulous story of the Gods compressing women in woods, under bestial appearances; which will be solved by the love these sages are known to bear to the females of our kind. I am sensible it may be objected, that they are said to have been compressed in the shape of different animals; but to this we answer, that women under such apprehensions hardly know what shape they have to deal with.

From what has been said, it is highly credible, that to this ancient and generous race the world is indebted, if not for the heroes, at least for the acutest wits of antiquity. One of the most remarkable instances is that great mimic genius Æsop,† for whose extraction from those *Sylvestres homines* we may gather an argument from Psanudes, who says, that Æsop signifies the same thing as Æthiop, the original nation of our people. For a second argument, we may offer the description of his person, which was short, deformed, and almost savage, insomuch that he might have lived in the woods, had not the benevolence of his temper made him rather adapt himself to our manners, and come to court in wearing-apparel. The third

* Παν Ἄναξ. Theocr. Id. i. † Vid. Æsop. initio.

proof is his acute and satyrical wit; and lastly, his great knowledge in the nature of beasts, together with the natural pleasure he took to speak of them upon all occasions. The next instance I shall produce is Socrates.* First, it was a tradition, that he was of an uncommon birth from the rest of men. Secondly, he had a countenance confessing the line he sprung from, being bald, flat-nosed, with prominent eyes, and a downward look. Thirdly, he turned certain fables of Æsop into verse, probably out of his respect to beasts in general, and love to his family in particular.

In process of time the women, with whom these sylvans would have lovingly cohabited, were either taught by mankind, or induced by an abhorrence of their shapes, to shun their embraces; so that our sages were necessitated to mix with beasts. This by degrees occasioned the hair of their posterity to grow higher than their middles: it arose in one generation to their arms; in the second, it invaded their necks; in the third, it gained the ascendant of their heads, till the degenerate appearance, in which the species is now immersed, became completed. Though we must here observe, that there were a few who fell not under the common calamity; there being some unprejudiced women in every age, by virtue of whom a total extinction of the original race was prevented. It is remarkable also, that even where they were mixed, the defection from their nature

* Vide Plato and Xenophon.

was not so entire, but there still appeared marvellous qualities among them, as was manifest in those who followed Alexander into India. How did they attend his army, and survey his order! How did they cast themselves into the same form, for march, or for combat! What an imitation was there of all his discipline? The ancient true remains of a warlike disposition, and of that constitution, which they enjoyed, while they were yet a monarchy.

To proceed to Italy: at the first appearance of these wild philosophers, there were some of the least mixed, who vouchsafed to converse with mankind; which is evident from the name of *Fauns* a *fando*,* or speaking. Such was he, who coming out of the woods in hatred to tyranny, encouraged the Roman army to proceed against the Hetruscans, who would have restored Tarquin. But here, as in all the western parts of the world, there was a great and memorable æra, in which they began to be silent. This we may place something near the time of Aristotle, when the number, vanity, and folly of human philosophers encreased, by which men's heads became too much puzzled to receive the simpler wisdom of these ancient Sylvans; the questions of that academy were too numerous to be consistent with their ease to answer, and too intricate, extravagant, idle, or pernicious, to be any other than a derision and scorn unto them. From this period, if we ever

* Livy.

hear of their giving answers, it is only when caught, bound, and constrained, in like manner as was that ancient Grecian prophet Proteus.

Accordingly we read in Sylla's* time of such a philosopher taken near Dyrrachium, who would not be persuaded to give them a lecture by all they could say to him, and only shewed his power in sounds by neighing like a horse.

But a more successful attempt was made in Augustus's reign by the inquisitive genius of the great Virgil; whom, together with Varus, the commentators suppose to have been the true persons, who are related in the sixth bucolick to have caught a philosopher, and doubtless a genuine one, of the race of old Silenus. To prevail upon him to be communicative (of the importance of which Virgil was well aware) they not only tied him fast, but allured him likewise by a courteous present of a comely maiden, called Ægle, which made him sing both merrily and instructively.

In this song we have their doctrine of the creation, the same in all probability as was taught so many ages before in the great Pygmæan empire, several hieroglyphical fables under which they couched or embellished their morals. For which reason, I look upon this bucolick as an inestimable treasure of the most ancient science.

In the reign of Constantine we hear of another taken in a net, and brought to Alexandria, round whom the people flocked to hear his wisdom; but

* Plutarch. in Vit. Syllæ.

as Ammianus Marcellinus reporteth, he proved a dumb philosopher, and only instructed by his action.

The last we shall speak of, who seemeth to be of the true race, is said, by St. Jerome, to have met St. Anthony* in a desert, who, inquiring the way of him, he shewed his understanding and courtesy by pointing, but would not answer, for he was a dumb philosopher also.

These are all the notices, which I am at present able to gather of the appearance of so great and learned a people on your side of the world. But, if we return to their ancient native seats, Africa and India, we shall there find, even in modern times, many traces of their original conduct and valour.

In Africa (as we read among the indefatigable Mr. Purchas's collections) a body of them, whose leader was inflamed with love for a woman, by martial power and stratagem won a fort from the Portuguese.

But I must leave all others at present, to celebrate the praise of two of their unparalleled monarchs in India. The one was Perimal the magnificent, a prince most learned and communicative, to whom, in Malabar, their excess of zeal dedicated a temple, raised on seven hundred pillars, not inferior in Moffæus's† opinion, to those of Agrippa in the Pantheon. The other, Hanimaut the marvellous, his relation and successor, whose knowledge was so great as

* Vit. St. Ant. † Moff. i. 1.

made his followers doubt, if even that wise species could arrive at such perfection: and therefore they rather imagined him and his race a sort of gods formed into apes. His was the tooth which the Portuguese took in Bisnagar, 1559, for which the Indians offered, according to Linschotten,* the immense sum of seven hundred thousand ducats. Nor let me quit this head, without mentioning, with all due respect, Oran Outang the great, the last of this line, whose unhappy chance it was to fall into the hands of the Europeans; Oran Outang, whose value was not known to us, for he was a mute philosopher; Oran Outang, by whose dissection the learned Dr. Tyson† has added a confirmation to this system, from the resemblance between the *homo sylvestris* and our human body, in those organs by which the rational soul is exerted.

We must now descend to consider this people as sunk into the *bruta natura* by their continual commerce with beasts. Yet even at this time what experiments do they not afford us, of relieving some from the spleen, and others from impost-humes, by occasioning laughter at proper seasons! With what readiness do they enter into the imitation of whatever is remarkable in human life! And what surprizing relations have Le Comte‡ and others given of their appetites, actions, conceptions, affections, varieties of imaginations, and abilities capable of pursuing them! If under their

* Linschot. ch. 44. † Dr. Tyson's anatomy of a pigmy.
‡ Father le Comte, a jesuit, in the account of his travels.

present low circumstances of birth and breeding, and in so short a time of life, as is now allotted them, they so far exceed all beasts, and equal many men, what prodigies may we not conceive of those, who were *nati melioribus annis*, those primitive *longævaI* and *antediluvian man-tigers*, who first taught science to the world?

This account, which is entirely my own, I am proud to imagine has traced knowledge from a fountain, correspondent to several opinions of the ancients, though hitherto undiscovered both by them, and the more ingenious moderns. And now what shall I say to mankind in the thought of this great discovery? what, but that they should abate of their pride, and consider that the authors of our knowledge are among the beasts; that these, who were our elder brothers, by a day, in the creation, whose kingdom (like that in the scheme of Plato) was governed by philosophers, who flourished with learning in Æthiopia and India, are now undistinguished, and known only by the same appellation as the man-tiger and the monkey!

As to speech, I make no question, that there are remains of the first and less corrupted race in their native deserts, who yet have the power of it. But the vulgar reason given by the Spaniards, "That they will not speak for fear of being set to work," is alone a sufficient one, considering how exceedingly all other learned persons affect their ease. A second is, that these observant creatures, having been eye-witnesses of the cruelty with which

that nation treated their brother Indians, find it not necessary to shew themselves to be men, that they may be protected not only from work, but from cruelty also. Thirdly, they could at best take no delight to converse with the Spaniards, whose grave and sullen temper is so averse to that natural and open cheerfulness, which is generally observed to accompany all true knowledge.

But now, were it possible that any way could be found to draw forth their latent qualities, I cannot but think it would be highly serviceable to the learned world, both in respect of recovering past knowledge, and promoting the future. Might there not be found certain gentle and artful methods, whereby to endear us to them? Is there no man in the world, whose natural turn is adapted to manage their society, and win them by a sweet similitude of manners? Is there no nation where the men might allure them by a distinguishing civility, and in a manner fascinate them by assimilated motions; no nation, where the women with easy freedoms, and the gentlest treatment, might oblige the loving creatures to sensible returns of humanity? The love I bear my native country prompts me to wish this country might be Great Britain; but alas! in our present wretched divided condition, how can we hope that foreigners of so great prudence will freely declare their sentiments in the midst of violent parties, and at so vast a distance from their friends, relations, and country? The affection I bear our neighbour state, would

incline me to wish it were Holland. *Sed læva in parte mamillæ Nil salit Arcadico.* Is it from France then we must expect this restoration of learning, whose late monarch took the sciences under his protection, and raised them to so great a height? May we not hope their emissaries will some time or other have instructions, not only to invite learned men into their country, but learned beasts, the true ancient man-tigers, I mean, of Æthiopia and India? Might not the talents of each of these be adapted to the improvement of the several sciences? The man-tigers to instruct heroes, statesmen, and scholars; baboons, to teach ceremony and address to courtiers; monkeys, the art of pleasing in conversation, and agreeable affectations to ladies and their lovers; apes of less learning, to form comedians and dancing-masters; and marmosets, court pages and young English travellers? But the distinguishing each kind, and allotting the proper business to each, I leave to the inquisitive and penetrating genius of the Jesuits in their respective missions.

Vale et fruere.

VIRGILIUS RESTAURATUS:*

SEU

MARTINI SCRIBLERI,

SUMMI CRITICI,

CASTIGATIONUM IN ÆNEIDEM

SPECIMEN.

ÆNEIDEM totam, Amice Lector, innumerabilibus pœne mendis scaturientem, ad pristinum sensum revocabimus. In singulis fere versibus spuriæ occurrunt lectiones, in omnibus quos unquam vidi codicibus, aut vulgatis aut ineditis, ad opprobrium usque Criticorum, in hunc diem existentes. Interea adverte oculos, et his paucis fruere. At si quæ sint in hisce castigationibus, de quibus non satisliquet, syllabarum quantitates, προλεγόμενα nostra libro ipsi præfigenda, ut consulas, moneo.

* This was written to ridicule Bentley's edition of Milton, and, as the subject is fair, so many of the emendations, in the style of Bentley, are very happy and well conceived.

The reason of Pope's anger against Bentley is said to have been, —that soon after the publication of Homer, meeting Bentley at dinner, he said, "I trust you have received my Homer, which I ordered the bookseller to send." Bentley, who wished to have avoided the subject, is said to have replied:—"I have received your translation, but pray do not call it *Homer*." *Bowles.*

I. SPECIMEN LIBRI PRIMI.*

VER. 1.

ARMA Virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab *oris* Italiam, *fato* profugus, *Lavinaque* venit

* It is very easy, but very ungrateful, to laugh at collectors of various readings, and adjusters of texts, those poor pioneers of literature; who drag forward

A waggon load of meanings for one word,
While A's depos'd, and B with pomp restor'd.

To the indefatigable researches of many a Dutch commentator and German editor, are we indebted for that ease and facility with which we now are enabled to read. "I am persuaded," says Bayle, "that the ridiculous obstinacy of the first critics, who lavished so much of their time upon the question, whether we ought to say Virgilius or Vergilius, has been ultimately of great use; they thereby inspired men with an extreme veneration for antiquity; they disposed them to a sedulous inquiry into the conduct and character of the ancient Grecians and Romans, and that gave occasion to their improving by those great examples." Dict. tom. v. p. 795. I have always been struck with the following words of a commentator, who was also a great philosopher, I mean Dr. Clarke; who thus finishes the preface to his incomparable edition of Homer. "Levia quidem hæc, et parvi forte, si per se spectentur, momenti. Sed ex elementis constant, ex principiis oriuntur, omnia. Et ex judicii consuetudine in rebus minutis adhibitâ, pendet sæpissimè in maximis vera atque accurata scientia." Real scholars will always speak with due regard of such names, as the Scaligers, Salmasiuses, Heinsiuses, Burmans, Reiskiuses, Marklands, Gesners, Heynes, Toups, Bentleys, and Hares. "Sans ce qu'on appelle les erudits," says Marmontel, very sensibly, "nous serions encore barbares. C'est grace aux lumières qu'ils ont transmises, que leurs écrits ne sont plus de saison." Jortin used frequently to mention this attempt to discredit emendatory criticism, with strong marks of derision; and I have now before me, a letter from Toup to Mr. Thomas Warton, in the same strain.

Warton.

Littora. multum ille et terris *jactatus* et alto,
Vi superûm—

Arma Virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab *aris*
Italiam, *flatu* profugus *Latinaque* venit
Littora. multum ille et terris *vexatus* et alto,
Vi superûm—

Ab *aris*, nempe Hercæi Jovis. vide lib. ii. v. 512. 550.—*Flatu*, ventorum Æoli, ut sequitur—*Latina* certe littora cum Æneas aderat, *Lavina* non nisi postea ab ipso nominata, lib. xii. v. 193.—*Jactatus terris* non convenit.

II. Ver. 52.

Et quisquis *Numen* Junonis adoret?
Et quisquis *Nomen* Junonis adoret?

Longe melius, quam, ut antea, *Numen*; et procul-dubio sic Virgilius.

III. Ver. 86.

Venti, velut *agmine facto*,
Qua data porta ruunt.
Venti, velut *aggere fracto*,
Qua data porta ruunt.

Sic corrige, meo periculo.

IV. Ver. 117.

Fidumque vehebat *Orontem*.
Fortemque vehebat *Orontem*.

Non *fidum*. quia Epitheton *Achatæ* notissimum *Oronti* nunquam datur.

V. Ver. 119.

Excutitur, pronusque *magister*
Volvitur in caput.
Excutitur: pronusque *magis ter*
Volvitur in caput.

Aio Virgilium aliter non scripsisse, quod plane confirmatur ex sequentibus—*Ast illum* ter *fluctus ibidem Torquet.*

VI. Ver. 122.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto
Arma Virûm.

Armi hominum: Ridicule antea *Arma virûm,* quæ, ex ferro conflata, quomodo possunt *natare?*

VII. Ver. 151.

Atque rotis *summas* leviter perlabitur *undas.*
Atque rotis *spumas* leviter perlabitur *udas.*

Summas, et *leviter perlabi,* pleonasmus est. Mirifice altera lectio Neptuni agilitatem et celeritatem exprimit. simili modo Noster de Camilla, Æn. xi. *Illa vel intactæ segetis per summa volaret,* &c. hyperbolice.

VIII. Ver. 154.

Jamque *faces* et saxa volant, *furor arma ministrat.*
Jam *fæces* et saxa volant *fugiuntque ministri:*

uti solent, instanti periculo—*Fæces facibus* longe præstant; quid enim nisi fæces jactarent vulgus sordidum?

IX. Ver. 170.

Fronte sub adversâ *scopulis pendentibus* antrum,
Intus aquæ dulces, vivoque sedilia saxo.

Fronte sub adversâ *populis prandentibus* antrum. Sic malim, longe potius quam *scopulis pendentibus.* Nugæ! nonne vides versu sequenti *dulces aquas* ad potandum et *sedilia* ad discumbendum dari? In quorum usum? quippe *prandentium.*

X. Ver. 188.

Tres littore *cervos*
Prospicit errantes: hos *tota armenta* sequuntur
A tergo—
Tres littore *corvos*
Aspicit errantes: hos *agmina tota* sequuntur
A tergo—

Cervi, lectio vulgata, absurditas notissima: hæc animalia in *Africa* non inventa, quis nescit? At *motus* et *ambulandi ritus* Corvorum, quis non agnôrit hoc loco? *Littore,* locus ubi errant Corvi, uti Noster alibi,

Et sola in siccâ secum spatiatur arenâ.

Omen præclarissimum, immo et *agminibus militum* frequenter observatum, ut patet ex historicis.

XI. Ver. 748.

Arcturum, pluviasque Hyades, *geminosque Triones,*

Error gravissimus. Corrigo,—*septemque Triones.*

XII. Ver. 631.

Quare agite, o juvenes, *tectis* succedite nostris.

Lectis potius dicebat Dido, politâ magis oratione, et quæ unicâ voce et torum et mensam exprimebat. Hanc lectionem probe confirmat appellatio *o juvenes!* Duplicem hunc sensum alibi etiam Maro lepide innuit, Æn. iv. ver. 19.

Huic uni forsan potui succumbere *culpæ:*
Anna! fatebor enim—

Sic corriges:

Huic uni [*viro* scil.] potui succumbere; *culpas,*
Anna? fatebor enim, *etc.*

Vox *succumbere* quam eleganter ambigua!

LIBER SECUNDUS.

VER. 1.

CONTICUERE omnes, intentique ora tenebant;
Inde toro *Pater* Æneas sic orsus ab alto:

Concubuere omnes, *intenteque* ora tenebant;
Inde toro *satur* Æneas sic orsus ab alto.

Concubuere, quia toro Æneam vidimus accumbentem: quin et altera ratio, scil. *conticuere* et *ora tenebant,* tautologice dictum. In manuscripto perquam rarissimo in patris museo legitur, *ore gemebant;* sed magis ingeniose quam vere. *Satur* Æneas, quippe qui jamjam a prandio surrexit: *pater* nihil ad rem.

II. VER. 3.

Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem.
Infantum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem.

Sic haud dubito veterrimis codicibus scriptum fuisse: quod satis constat ex perantiquâ illâ Britannorum cantilenâ vocatâ *Chevy Chace,* cujus autor hunc locum sibi ascivit in hæc verba:

The child may rue that is unborn.

III. VER. 4.

Trojanas ut *opes,* et lamentabile regnum
Eruerint Danaï.

Trojanas ut *oves,* et lamentabile regnum *Dirue-*

rint—Mallem *oves* potius quam *opes*, quoniam in antiquissimis illis temporibus oves et armenta divitiæ regum fuere. Vel fortasse *oves Paridis* innuit, quas super Idam nuperrime pascebat, et jam in vindictam pro Helenæ raptu, a Menelao, Ajace, [vid. Hor. Sat. ii. 3.] aliisque ducibus, merito occisas.

IV. Ver. 5.

Quæque ipse *miserrima vidi*,
Et quorum pars magna fui.
Quæque ipse *miserrimus audi*,
Et quorum pars magna fui——

Omnia tam *audita* quam *visa* rectâ distinctione enarrare hic Æneas profitetur; multa, quorum nox ea fatalis sola conscia fuit, vir probus et pius tanquam *visa* referre non potuit.

V. Ver. 7.

Quis talia *fando*
Temperet *a* lacrymis?
Quis talia *flendo*
Temperet *in* lacrymis?——

Major enim doloris indicatio, absque modo lacrymare, quam solummodo a lacrymis non temperare.

VI. Ver. 9.

Et jam nox *humida* cœlo
Præcipitat, suadentque *cadentia* sidera somnos.
Et jam nox *lumina* cœlo
Præcipitat, suadentque *latentia* sidera somnos.

Lectio, *humida,* vespertinum rorem solum innuere videtur. magis mi arridet *lumina,* quæ *latentia* postquam *præcipitantur,* Auroræ adventum annunciant.

Sed si tantus amor *casus* cognoscere *nostros,*
Et *breviter* Trojæ *supremum* audire *laborem.*

Sed si tantus amor *curas* cognoscere *noctis,*
Et *brevè ter* Trojæ *superûmque* audire *labores.*

Curæ noctis (scilicet noctis excidii Trojanii) magis compendiose (vel, ut dixit ipse, *breviter*) totam belli catastrophen denotat, quam diffusa illa et indeterminata lectio, *casus nostros. Ter* audire gratum fuisse Didoni patet ex libro quarto, ubi dicitur: *Iliacosque* iterum *demens audire labores Exposcit: Ter* enim pro *sæpe* usurpatur. *Trojæ, superûmque labores,* recte, quia non tantum homines sed et Dii sese his laboribus immiscuerunt. Vide Æn. ii. ver. 610, *etc.*

Quanquam animus meminisse horret, *luctuque refugit,*
Incipiam.——
Quanquam animus meminisse horret, *luctusque resurgit.*

Resurgit multo proprius dolorem, *renascentem* notat, quam, ut hactenus, *refugit.*

VII. Ver. 19.

Fracti bello, fatisque repulsi,
Ductores Danaûm, tot jam labentibus annis,
Instar montis *Equum,* divinâ Palladis arte,
Ædificant——*etc.*

Tracti bello, fatisque repulsi.
Tracti et *repulsi*, Antithesis perpulchra! *Fracti* frigide et vulgariter.

Equum jam *Trojanum* (ut vulgus loquitur) adeamus; quem si *Equam Græcam* vocabis, lector, minime pecces; solæ enim femellæ utero gestant. Uterumque *armato milite complent*—Uteroque *recusso Insonuere cavæ*—*Atque* utero *sonitum quater arma dedere*—*Inclusos* utero *Danaos*, etc. Vox *fœta* non convenit maribus,—*Scandit fatalis machina muros*, Fœta *armis*—Palladem virginem, equo mari fabricando invigilare decuisse, quis putet? Incredibile prorsus! quamobrem existimo veram *equæ* lectionem passim restituendam, nisi ubi forte, metri causa, *equum* potius quam *equam*, *genus* pro *sexu*, dixit Maro. Vale! dum hæc paucula corriges, majus opus moveo.*

* There is much pleasantry in supposing it should be the Trojan Mare, and not Horse; and in the reasons assigned for this new reading. The same may be said of altering *tectis* for *lectis*, v. 631. l. i.; and of altering *opes* for *oves*, v. iv. l. 3. *Warton.*

A

SPECIMEN

OF

SCRIBLERUS'S REPORTS.*

STRADLING VERSUS STYLES.

Le Report del Case argue en le commen Banke devant touts les Justices de mesme le Banke, en le quart an du raygne de Roy *Jacques*, entre *Matthew Stradling*, Plant. et *Peter Styles*, Def. en un Action propter certos Equos coloratos, *Anglicè*, Pyed Horses, post. per le dit *Matthew* vers le dit *Peter*.

Le recitel del Case. SIR John Swale, of Swale-Hall, in Swale Dale, fast by the River Swale, lat. made his last Will and Testament: In which, among other Bequests, was this, *viz.* Out of the kind Love and Respect that I bear unto my much ho-

* This humorous report was written by Mr. Fortescue. *Warton.*

Pope wrote the Law-case of the black and white horses, with the help of a Lawyer. By what he added, it was the late Master of the Rolls, Fortescue. *Spence's Anecd.* p. 145, *Singer's Ed.*

noured and good Friend Mr. *Matthew Stradling*, Gent. I do bequeath unto the said *Matthew Stradling*, Gent. *all my black and white Horses.* The Testator had six black horses, six white horses, and six pyed Horses.

Le Point. The Debate therefore was, whether or no the said Matthew Stradling should have the said pyed Horses by Virtue of the said Bequest.

Pour le Pl. Atkins Apprentice pour le Pl. Moy semble que le Pl. recovera.

And first of all it seemeth expedient to consider what is the Nature of Horses, and also what is the Nature of Colours; and so the Argument will consequently divide itself in a twofold way, that is to say, the Formal Part, and Substantial Part. Horses are the Substantial Part, or thing bequeathed: Black and White the Formal or descriptive Part.

Horse, in a physical Sense, doth import a certain Quadrupede or four-footed Animal, which, by the apt and regular Disposition of certain proper and convenient Parts, is adapted, fitted and consti-

tuted for the Use and Need of Man. Yea, so necessary and conducive was this Animal conceived to be to the Behoof of the Commonweal, that sundry and divers Acts of Parliament have, from time to time, been made in Favour of Horses.

1st. Edward VI. Makes the transporting of Horses out of the Kingdom no less a Penalty than the Forfeiture of 40*l.*

2nd and 3rd Edward VI. Takes from Horse-stealers the Benefit of their Clergy.

And the Statutes of the 27th and 32d of Hen. VIII. condescend so far as to take Care of their very Breed. These our wise Ancestors prudently foreseeing, that they could not better take care of their own Posterity, than by also taking care of that of their Horses.

And of so great Esteem are Horses in the Eye of the Common Law, that when a Knight of the Bath committeth any great and enormous Crime, his Punishment is to have his Spurs chopt off with a Cleaver, being, as Master Bracton well observeth, unworthy to ride on a Horse.

Littleton, Sect. 315. saith, If Tenants in Common make a Lease reserving for Rent a Horse, they shall have but one Assize, because, saith the Book, the Law will not suffer a Horse to be severed: Another Argument of what high Estimation the Law maketh of a Horse.

But as the great Difference seemeth not to be so much touching the substantial Part, Horses, let us proceed to the formal or descriptive Part, viz. What Horses they are that come within this Bequest.

Colours are commonly of various Kinds and different Sorts; of which White and Black are the two Extremes, and consequently comprehend within them all other Colours whatsoever.

By a Bequest therefore of black and white Horses, grey or pyed Horses may well pass; for when two Extremes, or remotest Ends, of any thing are devised, the Law, by common Intendment, will intend whatsoever is contained between them to be devised too.

But the present Case is still stronger, coming not only within the Intendment, but also the very Letter of the Words.

By the Word Black, all the Horses that are Black are devised; By the Word White, are devised those that are White; and by the same words, with the Conjunction copulative, And, between them, the Horses that are Black and White, that is to say, Pyed, are devised also.

Whatever is Black and White is Pyed, and whatever is Pyed is Black and White; *ergo*, Black and White is Pyed, and, *vice versa*, Pyed is Black and White.

If therefore Black and White Horses are devised, Pyed Horses shall pass by such Devise; but Black and White Horses are devised; *ergo*, the Pl. shall have the Pyed Horses.

Pour le Defend. Catlyne Serjeant, May semble al' contrary, The Plaintiff shall not have the Pyed Horses by Intendment; for, if by the Devise of Black and White Horses, not only Black and White Horses, but Horses of any Colour, between these two Extremes, may pass, then not only Pyed and Grey Horses, but also Red or Bay Horses would pass likewise, which would be absurd, and against Reason. And this is another strong Argu-

ment in Law, *Nihil, quod est contra rationem, est licitum;* for Reason is the Life of the Law, nay, the Common Law is nothing but Reason; which is to be understood of artificial Perfection and Reason gotten by long Study and not of Man's natural Reason; for *nemo nascitur Artifex*, and Legal reason *est summa ratio;* and therefore if all the Reason that is dispersed into so many different Heads, were united into one, he could not make such a Law as the Law of England; because by many Successions of Ages it has been fixed and refixed by grave and learned Men; so that the old Rule may be verified in it, *Neminem oportet esse legibus sapientiorem.*

As therefore pyed Horses do not come within the Intendment of the Bequest, so neither do they within the Letter of the Words.

A pyed Horse is not a white Horse, neither is a pyed a black Horse; how then can pyed Horses come under the Words of black and white Horses?

Besides, where Custom hath adapted a certain determinate Name to any one thing, in all Devises, Feofments, and Grants, that certain

Name shall be made use of, and no uncertain circumlocutory Descriptions shall be allowed; for Certainty is the Father of Right, and the Mother of Justice.

Le reste del Argument jeo ne pouvois oyer, car jeo fui disturb en mon place.

Le Court fuit longement en doubt' de c'est Matter; et apres grand deliberation eu,

Judgment fuit donne pour le Pl. nisi causa.

Motion in Arrest of Judgment, that the pyed Horses were Mares; and thereupon an Inspection was prayed.

Et sur ceo le Court advisare vult.

MEMOIRS OF P. P.*

CLERK OF THIS PARISH.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Original of the following extraordinary Treatise consisted of two large volumes in folio; which might justly be entitled, *The Importance of a Man to Himself:* but, as it can be of very little to any body besides, I have contented myself to give only this short Abstract of it, as a taste of the *true spirit of Memoir-Writers.*

In the name of the Lord, *Amen.* I, P. P. by the Grace of God, Clerk of this Parish, writeth this history.

* It was impossible but that such a history as Burnet's, which these memoirs are intended to ridicule, relating recent events, so near the time of their transaction, should be variously represented by the violent parties that have agitated and disgraced this country; though these parties arise from the very nature of our free government. Accordingly this prelate's History of his own Time was as much vilified and depreciated by the tories as praised and magnified by the whigs. As he related the actions of a persecutor and a benefactor, he was accused of partiality, injustice, malignity, flattery, and falsehood. Bevil Higgens, and Lord Lansdown, and others, wrote remarks on him; as did the great Lord Peterborough, whose animadversions, as his amanuensis, a Mr. Holloway, assured me, were very severe; they were never published. As Burnet was much trusted and consulted by King William, and had a great share in bringing about the revolution, his narrations, it must be owned, have a strong tincture of self-importance and egotism. These two qualities are chiefly exposed in these memoirs. Hume and Dalrymple have taken occasion to censure him. After all, he was a man of great abilities, of much openness and frank-

Ever since I arrived at the age of discretion, I had a call to take upon me the function of a parish-clerk; and to that end it seemed unto me meet and profitable to associate myself with the parish-clerks of this land; such I mean as were right worthy in their calling, men of a clear and sweet voice, and of becoming gravity.

Now it came to pass, that I was born in the year of our Lord *Anno Domini* 1655, the year wherein our worthy benefactor, Esquire *Bret*, did add one bell to the ring of this parish. So that it hath been wittily said, "That one and the same day did give to this our church, two rare gifts, its great bell and its clerk."*

Even when I was at school, my mistress did

ness of nature, of much courtesy and benevolence, indefatigable in his studies, and in performing constantly the duties of his station. His character is finely drawn by the Marquis of Halifax; one paragraph of which is too remarkable to be omitted: "His indifference for preferment, his contempt not only of splendor, but of all unnecessary plenty; his degrading himself to the lowest and most painful duties of his calling; are such unprelatical qualities, that let him be never so orthodox in other things, in these he must be a dissenter." Few persons or prelates would have had the boldness and honesty to write such a remonstrance to Charles II. on his dissolute life and manners, as did Burnet in the year 1680. We may easily guess what the sycophants of that profligate court, and their profligate master, said and thought of the piety and freedom of this letter. *Warton.*

* There is certainly great humour in this narrative. Burnet's political principles were in direct opposition to those of Pope; and his learning and eloquence are such, that we may say, pointed as Pope's weapon is, in the energetic language of Johnson, "The shaft fell harmless, as the dart of Priam from the shield of Achilles." *Bowles.*

ever extol me above the rest of the youth, in that I had a laudable voice. And it was furthermore observed, that I took a kindly affection unto that black letter in which our bibles are printed. Yea, often did I exercise myself in singing godly ballads, such as, *The Lady and Death, The Children in the Wood,* and *Chevy Chace;* and not, like other children, in lewd and trivial ditties. Moreover, while I was a boy, I always adventured to lead the psalm next after Master William Harris, my predecessor, who (it must be confessed to the glory of God) was a most excellent parish-clerk in that his day.

Yet be it acknowledged, that at the age of sixteen I became a company-keeper, being led into idle conversation by my extraordinary love to ringing; insomuch, that in a short time I was acquainted with every set of bells in the whole country; neither could I be prevailed upon to absent myself from wakes, being called thereunto by the harmony of the steeple. While I was in these societies, I gave myself up to unspiritual pastimes, such as wrestling, dancing, and cudgel-playing; so that I often returned to my father's house with a broken pate. I had my head broken at Milton by Thomas Wyat, as we played a bout or two for a hat that was edged with silver galloon. But in the year following I broke the head of Henry Stubbs, and obtained a hat not inferior to the former. At Yelverton I encountered George Cummins, Weaver, and behold my head was broken a second time!

At the wake of Waybrook I engaged William Simkins, tanner, when lo! thus was my head broken a third time, and much blood trickled therefrom. But I administered to my comfort, saying within myself, "What man is there, howsoever dexterous in any craft, who is for aye on his guard?" A week after, I had a base-born child laid unto me; for in the days of my youth I was looked upon as a follower of venereal fantasies. Thus was I led into sin by the comeliness of Susanna Smith, who first tempted me, and then put me to shame; for indeed she was a maiden of a seducing eye, and pleasant feature. I humbled myself before the justice, I acknowledged my crime to our curate; and to do away mine offences, and make her some atonement, was joined to her in holy wedlock on the sabbath-day following.

How often do those things which seem unto us misfortunes, redound to our advantage! For the minister (who had long looked on Susanna as the most lovely of his parishioners) liked so well of my demeanour, that he recommended me to the honour of being his clerk, which was then become vacant by the decease of good Master William Harris.

Here ends the first chapter; after which follow fifty or sixty chapters of his amours in general, and that particular one with Susanna, his present wife; but I proceed to chapter the ninth.

No sooner was I elected into mine office, but I laid aside the powdered gallantries of my youth, and became a new man. I considered myself as in some wise of ecclesiastical dignity, since by wearing a band, which is no small part of the ornament of our clergy, I might not unworthily be deemed, as it were, a shred of the linen vestment of Aaron.

Thou mayest conceive, O Reader, with what concern I perceived the eyes of the congregation fixed upon me, when I first took my place at the feet of the priest. When I raised the psalm, how did my voice quiver for fear! And when I arrayed the shoulders of the minister with the surplice, how did my joints tremble under me! I said within myself, "Remember, Paul, thou standest before men of high worship, the wise Mr. Justice Freeman, the grave Mr. Justice Tonson, the good Lady Jones, and the two virtuous gentlewomen her daughters, nay the great Sir Thomas Truby, Knight and Baronet, and my young Master the Esquire, who shall one day be Lord of this Manor." Notwithstanding which, it was my good hap to acquit myself to the good liking of the whole congregation; but the Lord forbid I should glory therein.

The next chapter contains an account how he discharged the several duties of his office; in particular he insists on the following:

I was determined to reform the manifold corruptions and abuses which had crept into the church.

First, I was especially severe in whipping forth dogs from the Temple, all excepting the lap-dog of the good widow Howard, a sober dog, which yelped not, nor was there offence in his mouth.

Secondly, I did even proceed to moroseness, though sore against my heart, unto poor babes, in tearing from them the half-eaten apples which they privily munched at church. But verily it pitied me, for I remembered the days of my youth.

Thirdly, With the sweat of my own hands, I did make plain and smooth the dogs-ears throughout our great Bible.

Fourthly, The pews and benches, which were formerly swept but once in three years, I caused every Saturday to be swept with a besom, and trimmed.

Fifthly and lastly, I caused the surplice to be neatly darned, washed, and laid in fresh lavender, (yea, and sometimes to be sprinkled with rose-water,) and I had great laud and praise from all the neighbouring clergy, forasmuch as no parish kept the minister in cleaner linen.

Notwithstanding these his public cares, in the eleventh chapter he informs us he did not neglect his usual occupations as a handicraftsman.

Shoes, saith he, did I make, (and, if entreated,

mend,) with good approbation. Faces also did I shave, and I clipped the hair. Chirurgery also I practised in the worming of dogs; but to bleed ventured I not, except the poor. Upon this my twofold profession, there passed among men a merry tale delectable enough to be rehearsed: How that being overtaken with liquor one Saturday evening, I shaved the priest with Spanish blacking for shoes instead of a washball, and with lamp-black powdered his periwig. But these were sayings of men delighting in their own conceits more than in the truth. For it is well known, that great was my care and skill in these my crafts; yea, I once had the honour of trimming Sir Thomas himself, without fetching blood. Furthermore, I was sought unto to geld the Lady Frances her spaniel, which was wont to go astray. He was called Toby, that is to say, Tobias. And thirdly, I was entrusted with a gorgeous pair of shoes of the said Lady, to set a heel-piece thereon; and I received such praise therefore, that it was said all over the parish, I should be recommended unto the king to mend shoes for his majesty: whom God preserve! Amen.

The rest of this chapter I purposely omit, for it must be owned when he speaks as a Shoemaker he is very absurd. He talks of Moses's pulling off his shoes, *of tanning the* hides *of the bulls of Basan, of Simon the* tanner, &c. *and takes up four or five pages to prove, that, when the Apostles were in-*

structed to travel without shoes, *the precept did not extend to their successors.*

The next chapter relates how he discovered a thief with a bible and key, and experimented verses of the Psalms that had cured agues.

I pass over many others which inform us of parish affairs only, such as of the succession of Curates; *a list of the* weekly Texts; *what* Psalms *he chose on proper occasions; and what Children were* born *and* buried; *the last of which articles he concludes thus:*

That the shame of women may not endure, I speak not of bastards; neither will I name the mothers, although thereby I might delight many grave women of the parish. Even her who hath done penance in the sheet will I not mention, forasmuch as the church hath been witness of her disgrace: let the father, who hath made due composition with the churchwardens to conceal his infirmity, rest in peace; my pen shall not bewray him, for I also have sinned.

The next chapter contains what he calls a great Revolution in the Church, part of which I transcribe.

Now was the long expected time arrived, when the Psalms of King David should be hymned unto

the same tunes to which he played them upon his harp: (so was I informed by my singing-master, a man right cunning in psalmody). Now was our over-abundant quaver and trilling done away, and in lieu thereof was instituted the Sol-fa, in such guise as is sung in his Majesty's chapel. We had London singing-masters sent into every parish, like unto excisemen; and I also was ordained to adjoin myself unto them, though an unworthy disciple, in order to instruct my fellow-parishioners in this new manner of worship. What though they accused me of humming through the nostril, as a sackbut; yet would I not forego that harmony, it having been agreed by the worthy parish-clerks of London still to preserve the same. I tutored the young men and maidens to tune their voices as it were a psaltery; and the church on the Sunday was filled with these new hallelujahs.

Then follow full seventy chapters, containing an exact detail of the lawsuits *of the Parson and his Parishioners concerning tythes, and near a hundred pages left blank, with an earnest desire that the* history might be completed by any of his successors, in whose times these suits should be ended.

The next chapter contains an account of the briefs read in the church, and the sums collected upon each. For the reparation of nine churches, collected at nine several times, 2*s.* and 7½*d.* For fifty families ruined by fire, 1*s.* 0½*d.* For an in-

undation, a King Charles's groat given by Lady Frances, &c.

In the next he laments the disuse of wedding-sermons, and celebrates the benefit arising from those at funerals, concluding with these words: Ah! let not the relations of the deceased grudge the small expense of a hatband, a pair of gloves, and ten shillings, for the satisfaction they are sure to receive from a pious Divine, that their father, brother, or bosom wife, are certainly in heaven.

In another, he draws a panegyric on one Mrs. Margaret Wilkins; but after great encomiums concludes, that notwithstanding all, she was an unprofitable vessel, being a barren woman, and never once having furnished God's church with a christening.

We find in another chapter, how he was much staggered in his belief, and disturbed in his conscience, by an Oxford scholar, who had proved to him by logic, that animals might have rational, nay, immortal souls; *but how he was again comforted with the reflection,* that, if so, they might be allowed Christian burial, and greatly augment the fees of the parish.

In the two following chapters he is overpowered with vanity. We are told, how he was constantly admitted to all the feasts and banquets of the church-

officers, and the speeches he there made for the good of the parish. How he gave hints to young clergymen to preach; but above all, how he gave a text for the 30th of January, which occasioned a most excellent sermon, the merits of which he takes entirely to himself. He gives an account of a conference he had with the Vicar concerning the use of texts. Let a preacher (saith he) consider the assembly before whom he preacheth, and unto them adapt his text. *Micah* the iii[d] and 11th affordeth good matter for courtiers and court-serving men. *The heads of the land judge for reward; and the people thereof judge for hire; and the prophets thereof divine for money: yet will they lean upon the Lord, and say, Is not the Lord among us?* Were the first minister to appoint a preacher before the House of Commons,* would not he be wise to make choice of these words? *Give, and it shall be given unto ye.* Or before the Lords, *Giving no offence, that the ministry be not blamed,* 2 Cor. vi. 3. Or praising the warm zeal of an administration, *Who maketh his ministers a flaming fire,* Psalm civ. 4. We omit many other of his texts, as too tedious.

From this period, the style of the book rises ex-

* This application of texts is equal in humour to what is said on the same subject in Echard's Contempt of the Clergy; a work that abounds in wit, and was evidently much read by Swift. It was unfortunate for Dr. Sheridan that, with his usual absence of mind, he chose for his text, to a sermon on the accession of George I. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof;" little imagining any offence could be taken. *Warton.*

tremely. Before the next chapter was pasted the effigies of Dr. Sacheverel, *and I found the opposite page all on a foam with politics.*

We are now (says he) arrived at that celebrated year, in which the Church of England was tried in the person of Dr. Sacheverel.* I had ever the interest of our High-Church at heart, neither would I at any season mingle myself in the societies of fanatics, whom I from my infancy abhorred, more than the heathen or gentile. It was in these days I bethought myself that much profit might accrue unto our parish, and even unto the nation, could there be assembled together a number of chosen men of the right spirit, who might argue, refine and define, upon high and great matters. Unto this purpose, I did institute a weekly assembly of divers worthy men at the Rose and Crown alehouse, over whom myself (though unworthy) did preside. Yea, I did read unto them the Post-boy of Mr. Roper, and the written letter of Mr. Dyer, upon which we communed afterwards among ourselves. Our society was composed of the following persons: Robert Jenkins, farrier; Amos

* Bolingbroke, speaking of Sacheverel, in his Dedication to Sir Robert Walpole, says: "You had a sermon to condemn, and a parson to roast; for that I think was the decent language of the time; and, to carry on the allegory, you roasted him at so fierce a fire, that you burnt yourselves; your arguments being confined to the propositions this preacher had advanced, you may seem rather to have justified resistance, or the means employed to bring about the Revolution, than the Revolution itself." *Warton.*

Turner, collar-maker; George Pilcocks, late exciseman; Thomas White, wheelwright; and myself. First, of the first, Robert Jenkins.

He was a man of bright parts and shrewd conceit, for he never shoed a horse of a whig or a fanatic, but he lamed him sorely.

Amos Turner, a worthy person, rightly esteemed among us for his sufferings, in that he had been honoured in the stocks for wearing an oaken bough.

George Pilcocks, a sufferer also; of zealous and laudable freedom of speech, insomuch that his occupation had been taken from him.

Thomas White, of good repute likewise, for that his uncle, by the mother's side, had, formerly, been servitor at Maudlin college, where the glorious Sacheverel was educated.

Now were the eyes of all the parish upon these our weekly councils. In a short space, the Minister came among us; he spake concerning us and our councils to a multitude of other Ministers at the visitation, and they spake thereof unto the Ministers at London, so that even the Bishops heard and marvelled thereat. Moreover Sir Thomas, member of Parliament, spake of the same to other members of Parliament; who spake thereof unto the Peers of the realm. Lo! thus did our councils enter into the hearts of our Generals and our lawgivers; and from henceforth, even as we devised, thus did they.

After this, the whole book is turned on a sudden

from his own life, to a history of all the public transactions of Europe, compiled from the newspapers of those times. I could not comprehend the meaning of this, till I perceived at last (to my no small astonishment) that all the measures of the four last years of the Queen, *together with the peace at* Utrecht, *which have been usually attributed to the E— of O—, D— of O—, Lords H— and B—, and other great men, do here most plainly appear to have been wholly owing to Robert Jenkins, Amos Turner, George Pilcocks, Thomas White, but above all, to P. P.*

The reader may be sure I was very inquisitive after this extraordinary writer, whose work I have here abstracted. I took a journey into the country on purpose; but could not find the least trace of him: till by accident I met an old Clergyman, who said he could not be positive, but thought it might be one Paul Philips, *who had been dead about twelve years. And upon inquiry, all he could learn of that person from the neighbourhood, was, That he had been taken notice of for* swallowing loaches, *and remembered by some people by a* black and white cur with one ear, *that constantly followed him.*

In the church-yard I read his epitaph, said to be written by himself:

O reader, if that thou canst read,
Look down upon this stone;
Do all we can, Death is a man,
That never spareth none.

THE

NARRATIVE

OF

DR. ROBERT NORRIS.*

IT is an acknowledged truth, that nothing is so dear to an honest man as his good name, nor ought he to neglect the just vindication of his character, when it is injuriously attacked by any man. The person I have at present cause to complain of, is indeed in very melancholy circumstances, it having pleased God to deprive him of his senses, which may extenuate the crime in him. But I should be wanting in my duty, not only to myself, but also to my fellow-creatures, to whom my talents may prove of benefit, should I suffer my profession

* Addison highly disapproved of this bitter satire on Dennis, and Pope was not a little chagrined at this disapprobation; for the narrative was intended to court the favour of Addison, by defending his Cato: in which seeming defence Addison was far from thinking our author sincere. *Warton.*

The circumstances under which this narrative was written require much further examination than Dr. Warton has bestowed on them, before we can form an impartial judgment of the conduct of the parties. Some observations respecting them may be found in the Life of the Author, prefixed to the present edition, vol. i. chap. 2.

or honesty to be undeservedly aspersed. I have therefore resolved to give the public an account of all that has passed between the unhappy gentleman and myself.

On the 20th instant, while I was in my closet, pondering the case of one of my patients, I heard a knocking at my door, upon opening of which entered an old woman with tears in her eyes, and told me, that without my assistance her master would be utterly ruined. I was forced to interrupt her sorrow, by inquiring her master's name and place of abode. She told me, he was one Mr. Dennis, an officer of the custom-house, who was taken ill of a violent frenzy last April, and had continued in those melancholy circumstances with few or no intervals. Upon this I asked her some questions relating to his humour and extravagancies, that I might the better know under what regimen to put him, when the cause of his distemper was found out. "Alas! Sir," says she, "this day fortnight in the morning, a poor simple child came to him from the printer's; the boy had no sooner entered the room, but he cried out, *the devil was come.* He often stares ghastfully, raves aloud, and mutters between his teeth the word *Cator,* or *Cato,* or some such thing. Now, Doctor, this Cator is certainly a *witch,* and my poor master is under an evil tongue; for I have heard him say Cator has bewitched the whole nation. It pitied my very heart to think, that a man of my master's understanding and great scholarship, who,

as the child told me, had a book of his own in print, should talk so outrageously. Upon this I went and laid out a groat for a horse-shoe, which is at this time nailed on the threshold of his door; but I don't find my master is at all the better for it; he perpetually starts and runs to the window when any one knocks, crying out, *S'death! a messenger from the French king! I shall die in the Bastile.*"

Having said this, the old woman presented me with a vial of his urine; upon examination of which I perceived the whole temperament of his body to be exceeding *hot*. I therefore instantly took my cane and my beaver, and repaired to the place where he dwelt.

When I came to his lodgings near Charing-cross, up *three pair of* stairs (which I should not have published in this manner, but that this lunatic *conceals* the place of his residence, on purpose to prevent the good offices of those charitable *friends* and *physicians*, who might attempt his cure), when I came into the room, I found this unfortunate gentleman seated on his bed, with Mr. Bernard Lintot, bookseller, on the one side of him, and a grave elderly gentleman on the other, who, as I have since learned, calls himself a *grammarian*; the latitude of whose countenance was not a little eclipsed by the fulness of his peruke. As I am a black lean man, of a pale visage, and hang my clothes on somewhat slovenly, I no sooner went in, but he frowned upon me, and cried out with

violence, "*S'death, a Frenchman!* I am betrayed to the tyrant! Who could have thought the queen would have delivered me up to France in this treaty, and least of all that you, my friends, would have been in a conspiracy against me?"——"Sir," said I, "here is neither plot nor conspiracy, but for your advantage. The recovery of your senses requires my attendance, and your friends sent for me on no other account." I then took a particular survey of his person, and the furniture and disposition of his apartment. His aspect was furious, his eyes were rather fiery than lively, which he rolled about in an uncommon manner. He often opened his mouth, as if he would have uttered some matter of importance, but the sound seemed lost inwardly. His beard was grown, which they told me he would not suffer to be shaved, believing the modern dramatic poets had corrupted all the barbers in the town to take the first opportunity of cutting his throat. His eye-brows were grey, long, and grown together, which he knit with indignation when any thing was spoken, insomuch that he seemed not to have smoothed his forehead for many years. His flannel night-cap, which was exceedingly begrimed with sweat and dirt, hung upon his left ear; the flap of his breeches dangled between his legs, and the rolls of his stockings fell down to his ankles.

I observed his room was hung with *old tapestry*, which had several holes in it, caused, as the old woman informed me, by his having cut out of it

the heads of divers *tyrants*, the fierceness of whose visages had much provoked him. On all sides of his room were pinned a great many sheets of a tragedy called Cato, with notes on the margin with his own hand. The words *absurd, monstrous, execrable*, were every where written in such large characters, that I could read them without my spectacles. By the fire-side lay three farthings' worth of small coal in a Spectator, and behind the door huge heaps of papers of the same title, which his nurse informed me she had conveyed thither out of his sight, believing they were books of the black art; for her master never read in them, but he was either quite *moped*, or in *raving fits*. There was nothing neat in the whole room, except some books on his shelves, very well bound and gilded, whose names I had never before heard of, nor I believe were any where else to be found; such as *Gibraltar, a comedy; Remarks on Prince Arthur; The Grounds of Criticism in Poetry; An Essay on Public Spirit*. The only one I had any knowledge of was a *Paradise Lost*, interleaved. The whole floor was covered with manuscripts, as thick as a pastry-cook's shop on a Christmas eve. On his table were some ends of verse and of candles; a gallipot of ink with a yellow pen in it, and a pot of half dead ale covered with a Longinus.

As I was casting mine eyes round on all this odd furniture with some earnestness and astonishment, and in a profound silence, I was on a sudden

surprized to hear the man speak in the following manner:

"Beware, Doctor, that it fare not with you as with your predecessor the famous Hippocrates, whom the mistaken citizens of Abdera sent for in this very manner to cure the philosopher Democritus; he returned full of admiration at the wisdom of that person, whom he had supposed a lunatic. Behold, Doctor, it was thus Aristotle himself, and all the great ancients, spent their days and nights, wrapt up in criticism, and beset all around with their own writings. As for me, whom you see in the same manner, be assured I have none other disease than a swelling in my legs, whereof I say no more, since your art may further satisfy you."

I began now to be in hopes, that his case had been misrepresented, and that he was not so far gone, but some timely medicines might recover him. I therefore proceeded to the proper queries, which, with the answers made to me, I shall set down in form of a dialogue, in the very words they were spoken, because I would not omit the least circumstance in this narrative; and I call my conscience to witness, as if upon oath, that I shall tell the truth without addition or diminution.

Dr. Pray, Sir, how did you contract this swelling?

Denn. By a criticism.

Dr. A criticism! that's a distemper I never heard of.

Denn. S'death, Sir, a distemper! It is no distemper, but a noble art. I have sat fourteen hours

Mr. Lintot. He is an author; you mistake the gentleman, Doctor; he has been an author these twenty years, to his bookseller's knowledge, and no man's else.

Denn. Is all the town in a combination? Shall poetry fall to the ground? Must our reputation be lost to all foreign countries! O destruction! perdition! *Opera! Opera!** As poetry once raised cities, so when poetry fails, cities are overturned, and the world is no more.

Dr. He raves, he raves! Mr. Lintot, I pray you pinion down his arms, that he may do no mischief.

Denn. O I am sick, sick to death!

Dr. That is a good symptom, a very good symptom. To be sick to death (say the modern physicians) is an excellent symptom. When a patient is sensible of his pain, it is half a cure. Pray, Sir, of what are you sick?

Denn. Of every thing, of every thing. I am sick of the *sentiments,* of the *diction,* of the *protasis,* of the *epitasis,* and the *catastrophe.*—Alas! what is become of the *drama,* the *drama?*

Old Wom. The *dram,* Sir! Mr. Lintot drank up all the *gin* just now; but I'll go fetch more presently.

Denn. O shameful want, scandalous omission! By all the immortals, here is no *peripætia,* no

* He wrote a treatise proving the decay of public spirit to proceed from Italian operas. *Warton.*

change of fortune in the tragedy; *Z*— no change at all!

Old Wom. Pray, good Sir, be not angry, I'll fetch *change.*

Dr. Hold your peace, woman; his fit encreases; good Mr. Lintot, hold him.

Mr. Lintot. Plague on't! I'm damnably afraid they are in the right of it, and he is mad in earnest. If he should be really mad, who the devil would buy the *Remarks? (Here Mr. Lintot scratched his head.)*

Dr. Sir, I shall order you the cold bath to-morrow——Mr. Lintot, you are a sensible man; pray send for Mr. Verdier's servant, and as you are a friend to the patient, be so kind as to stay this evening, whilst he is cupped on the head. The symptoms of his madness seem to be desperate; for Avicen says, that if learning be mixed with a brain that is not of a contexture fit to receive it, the brain ferments, till it be totally exhausted. We must eradicate these undigested ideas out of the *pericranium,* and reduce the patient to a competent knowledge of himself.

Denn. Caitiffs, stand off, unhand me, miscreants! Is the man, whose whole endeavours are to bring the town to reason, mad? Is the man, who settles poetry on the basis of antiquity, mad? Dares any one assert, there is a *peripætia* in that vile piece, that's foisted upon the town for a dramatic poem? That man is mad, the town is mad, the world is mad. See Longinus in my right-hand,

and Aristotle in my left; I am the only man among the moderns that support them. Am I to be assassinated? and shall a bookseller, who hath lived upon my labours, take away that life to which he owes his support?

Gent. By your leave, gentlemen, I apprehend you not. I must not see my friend ill treated; he is no more affected with lunacy than myself: I am also of the same opinion as to the *peripætia*—— Sir, by the gravity of your countenance and habit, I should conceive you to be a graduate physician; but by your indecent and boisterous treatment of this man of learning, I perceive you are a violent sort of *person*, I am loath to say *quack*, who, rather than his drugs should lie upon his own hands, would get rid of them by cramming them into the mouths of others: the gentleman is of good condition, sound intellectuals, and unerring judgment: I beg you will not oblige me to resent these proceedings.

These were all the words that passed among us at this time; nor was there need for more, it being necessary we should make use of force in the cure of my patient.

I privately whispered the old woman to go to Mr. Verdier's in Long Acre, with orders to come immediately with cupping-glasses; in the mean time, by the assistance of Mr. Lintot, we locked his friend into a closet, who, it is plain, from his last speech, was likewise touched in his intellects;

after which we bound our lunatic hand and foot down to the bedstead, where he continued in violent ravings, notwithstanding the most tender expressions we could use to persuade him to submit to the operation, till the servant of Verdier arrived. He had no sooner clapped half a dozen cupping-glasses on his head, and behind his ears, but the gentleman above mentioned bursting open the closet, ran furiously upon us, cut Mr. Dennis's bandages, and let drive at us with a vast folio, which sorely bruised the shin of Mr. Lintot; Mr. John Dennis also, starting up with cupping-glasses on his head, seized another folio, and with the same dangerously wounded me in the skull, just above my right temple. The truth of this fact Mr. Verdier's servant is ready to attest upon oath, who, taking an exact survey of the volumes, found that which wounded my head, to be Gruterus's *Lampas Critica*, and that which broke Mr. Lintot's shin, was Scaliger's *Poetices*. After this, Mr. John Dennis, strengthened at once by rage and madness, snatched up a peruke-block, that stood by the bed-side, and wielded it round in so furious a manner, that he broke three of the cupping-glasses from the crown of his head, so that much blood trickled down his visage.——He looked so ghastly, and his passion was grown to such a prodigious height, that myself, Mr. Lintot, and Verdier's servant, were obliged to leave the room in all the expedition imaginable.

I took Mr. Lintot home with me, in order to

have our wounds dressed, and laid hold of that opportunity of entering into discourse with him about the madness of this person, of whom he gave me the following remarkable relation:

That on the 17th of May, 1712, between the hours of ten and eleven in the morning, Mr. John Dennis entered into his shop, and opening one of the volumes of the Spectator, in the large paper, did suddenly, without the least provocation, tear out that of No.— where the author treats of poetical justice, and cast it into the street. That the said Mr. John Dennis, on the 27th of March, 1712, finding on the said Mr. Lintot's counter a book called an *Essay on Criticism*, just then published, he read a page or two with much frowning, till coming to these two lines,

Some have at first for wits, then poets pass'd,
Turn'd critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last;

he flung down the book in a terrible fury, and cried, *By G—d, he means me.*

That being in his company on a certain time, when Shakespeare was mentioned as of a contrary opinion to Mr. Dennis, he swore the said Shakespeare was a *rascal*, with other defamatory expressions, which gave Mr. Lintot a very ill opinion of the said Shakespeare.

That, about two months since, he came again into the shop, and cast several suspicious looks on a gentleman that stood by him, after which he desired some information concerning that person.

He was no sooner acquainted, that the gentleman was a new author, and that his first piece was to be published in a few days, but he drew his sword upon him; and, had not my servant luckily catched him by the sleeve, I might have lost one author upon the spot, and another the next sessions.

Upon recollecting all these circumstances, Mr. Lintot was entirely of opinion, that he had been mad for some time; and I doubt not, but this whole narrative must sufficiently convince the world of the excess of his frenzy. It now remains, that I give the reasons which obliged me, in my own vindication, to publish this whole unfortunate transaction.

In the first place, Mr. John Dennis had industriously caused to be reported, that I entered into his room, *vi et armis*, either out of a design to deprive him of his life, or of a new play called *Coriolanus*, which he has had ready for the stage these four years.

Secondly. He hath given out, about Fleet-Street and the Temple, that I was an accomplice with his bookseller, who visited him with intent to take away divers valuable manuscripts, without paying him copy-money.

Thirdly. He hath told others, that I am no graduate physician, and that he had seen me upon a mountebank stage in Moorfields, when he had lodgings in the college there.

Fourthly. Knowing that I had much practice in the city, he reported at the Royal Exchange,

Custom-House, and other places adjacent, that I was a foreign spy, employed by the French king to convey him into France; that I bound him hand and foot; and that, if his friend had not burst from his confinement to his relief, he had been at this hour in the Bastile.

All which several assertions of his are so very extravagant, as well as inconsistent, that I appeal to all mankind, whether this person be not out of his senses. I shall not decline giving and producing further proofs of this truth in open court, if he drives the matter so far. In the mean time I heartily forgive him, and pray that the Lord may restore him to the full enjoyment of his understanding: so wisheth, as becometh a Christian,

ROBERT NORRIS, M.D.

From my House in Snow-Hill,
July the 30th, 1713.

God save the Queen!

A full and true Account of a horrid and barbarous REVENGE BY POISON, *on the body of* Mr. EDMUND CURLL,* *bookseller.*

WITH A FAITHFUL COPY OF HIS LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

HISTORY furnisheth us with examples of many satirical *authors,* who have fallen sacrifices to revenge, but not of any *booksellers,* that I know of, except

* The period that gave rise to this piece is marked by Curll himself, who in the preface to his second volume of Pope's Literary Correspondence, says, "You know very well, Sir, that in the year 1717, when the Court Poems (viz. *The Basset-Table, The Toilet,* and *The Drawing-Room*) were published, upon your sending to me to the Swan Tavern in Fleet-street, in company with Mr. Lintot, and inquiring into the publication of that pamphlet, I then frankly told you, that those pieces were by Mr. Joseph Jacobs, a dissenting teacher, given to Mr. John Oldmixon, who sent the same to be published by Mr. James Roberts in Warwick Lane, and that my neighbour, Mr. Pemberton, and myself, had each of us a share with Mr. Oldmixon in the said pamphlet. For this you were pleased to treat me with half a pint of Canary *antimonially prepared;* for the emetic effects of which, it has been the opinion of all mankind you deserved the stab. My purgation was soon over; but yours will last (without a timely repentance) till, as the ghost says in Hamlet, *with all your imperfections on your head, you are called to your account; and your offences purged by fire.* Yet notwithstanding your behaviour to me, in turning this matter into ridicule, and making me the subject of several of your libels, all which I have equally despised, I made you an offer of reconciliation, though you yourself was the aggressor." This was too favourable an opportunity for Pope to neglect; and accordingly we have here the history of the *poisoning* and its consequences in a

the unfortunate subject of the following paper; I mean Mr. Edmund Curll, at the Bible and Dial in Fleet-street, who was yesterday poisoned by Mr. Pope, after having lived many years an instance of the mild temper of the British nation.

Every body knows, that the said Mr. Edmund Curll, on Monday the 26th instant, published a satirical piece, intitled, *Court-poems,* in the preface whereof they were attributed to a lady of quality, Mr. Pope, or Gay; by which indiscreet method, though he had escaped one revenge, there were still two behind in reserve.

Now, on the Wednesday ensuing, between the hours of ten and eleven, Mr. Lintot, a neighbouring bookseller, desired a conference with Mr. Curll, about settling a *title-page,* inviting him at the same time to take a *whet* together. Mr. Pope, who is not the only instance how persons of bright parts may be carried away by the instigation of the devil, found means to convey himself into the same room, under pretence of business with Mr. Lintot, who, it seems, is the printer of his Homer. This gentleman, with a seeming coolness, reprimanded Mr.

strain which could scarcely have been exceeded by Swift himself, either for its humour or its indelicacy.

The *poisoning* of Curll was frequently the subject of a joke among the friends of Pope. Congreve in one of his letters, says, "By the inclosed you will see I am like to be impressed and enrolled in the list of Mr. Curll's authors; but I thank God I shall have your company. I believe it is high time you should think of administering another emetic."

Curll for wrongfully ascribing to him the aforesaid poems: he excused himself by declaring, that one of his authors (Mr. Oldmixon by name) gave the copies to the press, and wrote the *preface*. Upon this Mr. Pope, being to all appearance reconciled, very civilly drank a glass of sack to Mr. Curll, which he as civilly pledged; and though the liquor, in colour and taste, differed not from common sack, yet was it plain, by the pangs this unhappy stationer felt soon after, that some poisonous drug had been secretly infused therein.

About eleven o'clock he went home, where his wife observing his colour changed, said, "Are you not sick, my dear?" He replied, "Bloody sick;" and incontinently fell a vomiting and straining in an uncommon and unnatural manner, the contents of his vomiting being as green as grass. His wife had been just reading a book of her husband's printing concerning Jane Wenham, the famous witch of Hertford, and her mind misgave her, that he was *bewitched;* but he soon let her know, that he suspected poison, and recounted to her, between the intervals of his yawnings and retchings, every circumstance of his interview with Mr. Pope.

Mr. Lintot in the mean time coming in, was extremely affrighted at the sudden alteration he observed in him: "Brother Curll," says he, "I fear you have got the vomiting distemper, which, I have heard, kills in half an hour. This comes from your not following my advice, to drink old hock in a morning, as I do, and abstain from sack." Mr.

Curll replied in a moving tone, "Your author's sack, I fear, has done my business." "Z—ds," says Mr. Lintot, "my author!—Why did not you drink old hock?" Notwithstanding which rough remonstrance, he did in the most friendly manner press him to take warm water; but Mr. Curll did with great obstinacy refuse it; which made Mr. Lintot infer, that he chose to die, as thinking to recover greater damages.

All this time the symptoms increased violently, with acute pains in the lower belly. "Brother Lintot," says he, "I perceive my last hour approaching; do me the friendly office to call my partner, Mr. Pemberton, that we may settle our worldly affairs." Mr. Lintot, like a kind neighbour, was hastening out of the room, while Mr. Curll raved aloud in this manner: "If I survive this, I will be revenged on Tonson; it was he first detected me as the printer of these poems, and I will reprint these very poems in his name." His wife admonished him not to think of revenge, but to take care of his stock and his soul: and in the same instant Mr. Lintot, whose goodness can never be enough applauded, returned with Mr. Pemberton. After some tears jointly shed by these humane booksellers, Mr. Curll being, as he said, in his perfect senses, though in great bodily pain, immediately proceeded to make a verbal will, Mrs. Curll having first put on his night-cap, in the following manner:

GENTLEMEN, in the first place, I do sincerely pray forgiveness for those indirect methods I have pursued in inventing new titles to old books, putting authors' names to things they never saw, publishing private quarrels for public entertainment; all which I hope will be pardoned, as being done to get an honest livelihood.

I do also heartily beg pardon of all persons of honour, lords spiritual and temporal, gentry, burgesses, and commonalty, to whose abuse I have any or every way contributed by my publications; particularly, I hope it will be considered, that if I have vilified his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, I have likewise aspersed the late Duke of Ormond; if I have abused the Honourable Mr. Walpole, I have also libelled the Lord Bolingbroke: so that I have preserved that *equality* and *impartiality*, which becomes an *honest man* in times of faction and division.

I call my conscience to witness, that many of these things, which may seem malicious, were done out of *charity;* I having made it wholly my business to print for poor disconsolate authors, whom all other booksellers refuse. Only God bless Sir Richard Blackmore! you know he takes no *copy-money.*

The second collection of poems, which I groundlessly called Mr. Prior's, will sell for nothing, and hath not yet paid the charge of the advertisements, which I was obliged to publish *against him:* therefore you may as well suppress the edition, and

beg that gentleman's pardon in the name of a dying Christian.

The French Cato, with the criticism shewing how superior it is to Mr. Addison's, (which I wickedly ascribed to Madame Dacier,) may be suppressed at a reasonable rate, being damnably translated.

I protest I have no animosity to Mr. Rowe, having printed part of *Callipædia*, and an incorrect edition of his poems without his leave in quarto. Mr. Gildon's *Rehearsal*, or *Bays the younger*, did more harm to me than to Mr. Rowe; though, upon the faith of an honest man, I paid him double for abusing both him and Mr. Pope.

Heaven pardon me for publishing the *Trials of Sodomy*, in an Elzevir letter! but I humbly hope, my printing Sir Richard Blackmore's *Essays* will atone for them. I beg that you will take what remains of these last, (which is near the whole impression, presents excepted,) and let my poor widow have in exchange the sole property of the copy of Madam Mascranny.

[*Here Mr. Pemberton interrupted, and would by no means consent to this article; about which some dispute might have arisen unbecoming a dying person, if Mr. Lintot had not interposed, and Mr. Curll vomited.*]

What this poor unfortunate man spoke afterwards, was so indistinct, and in such broken accents, (being perpetually interrupted by vomitings,) that

the reader is entreated to excuse the confusion and imperfection of this account.

Dear Mr. Pemberton, I beg you to beware of the indictment at Hicks's-hall for publishing Rochester's bawdy poems; that copy will otherwise be my best legacy to my dear wife, and helpless child.

The case of impotence was my best support all the last long vacation.

[*In this last paragraph Mr. Curll's voice grew more free, for his vomitings abated upon his dejections, and he spoke what follows from his close-stool.*]

For the copies of noblemen's and bishops' *last wills and testaments,* I solemnly declare, I printed them not with any purpose of defamation; but merely as I thought those copies lawfully purchased from *Doctors Commons,* at *one shilling* a-piece. Our trade in wills turning to small account, we may divide them blindfold.

For Mr. Manwaring's *Life,* I ask Mrs. Oldfield's pardon: neither *his* nor my Lord Hallifax's lives, though they were of service to their country, were of any to me: but I was resolved, since I could not print their works while they lived, to print their lives after they were dead.

While he was speaking these words, Mr. Old-

mixon* entered. "Ah! Mr. Oldmixon," said poor Mr. Curll, "to what a condition have your works reduced me! I die a martyr to that unlucky preface. However, in these my last moments I will be just to all men; you shall have your third share of the *Court Poems*, as was stipulated. When I am dead, where will you find *another bookseller?* Your *Protestant packet* might have supported you, had you writ a little less scurrilously; there is a mean in all things."

Here Mr. Lintot interrupted. "*Why not find another bookseller, brother Curll?*" and then took Mr. Oldmixon aside and whispered him: "Sir, as soon as Curll is dead, I shall be glad to talk with you over a pint at the Devil."

Mr. Curll now turning to Mr. Pemberton, told him, he had several *taking title-pages*, that only wanted treatises to be wrote to them; and earnestly desired, that when they were written, his heirs might have some share of the profit of them.

After he had said this, he fell into horrible gripings, upon which Mr. Lintot advised him to repeat the Lord's prayer. He desired his wife to step into the shop for a *Common-prayer book*, and read it by the help of a candle without hesitation. He closed the book, fetched a groan, and recommended

* Oldmixon, of all historians, was perhaps the most unprincipled: his critical history of England is full of calumny and falsehood; yet his abuse of the Stuarts recommended him so much to the favour of the Court, that he was rewarded with the Collectorship of the Customs at Bridgewater. *Bannister.*

to Mrs. Curll to give forty shillings to the poor of the parish of St. Dunstan's, and a *week's wages* advance to each of his gentleman-authors, with some small gratuity in particular to Mrs. Centlivre.

The poor man continued for some hours with all his disconsolate family about him in tears, expecting his final dissolution; when of a sudden he was surprizingly relieved by a plentiful fœtid stool, which obliged them all to retire out of the room. Notwithstanding, it is judged by Sir Richard Blackmore, that the poison is still latent in his body, and will infallibly destroy him by slow degrees in less than a month. It is to be hoped, the other enemies of this wretched stationer will not further pursue their revenge, or shorten this short period of his miserable life.

A further Account of the most deplorable Condition of MR. EDMUND CURLL, *Bookseller.*

THE public is already acquainted with the manner of Mr. Curll's impoisonment, by a faithful, though unpolite historian of Grub-street. I am but the continuer of his history; yet I hope a due distinction will be made between an undignified scribbler of a sheet and half, and the author of a three-penny stitched book, like myself.

"Wit," saith Sir Richard Blackmore,* "proceeds from a concurrence of regular and exalted ferments, and an affluence of animal spirits rectified and refined to a degree of purity." On the contrary, when the igneous particles rise with the vital liquor, they produce an abstraction of the rational part of the soul, which we commonly call *madness.* The verity of this hypothesis is justified by the symptoms with which the unfortunate Mr. Edmund Curll, bookseller, hath been afflicted, ever since his swallowing the poison at the Swan tavern in Fleet-street. For though the *neck* of his *retort,* which carries up the animal spirits to the head, is of an extraordinary length; yet the said animal spirits rise muddy, being contaminated with the inflammable particles of this uncommon poison.

The symptoms of his departure from his usual

* Blackmore's Essays, vol. i. *Warton*

temper of mind were at first only *speaking civilly to his customers, singing a pig with a new purchased libel,* and *refusing two and nine-pence for Sir Richard Blackmore's Essays.*

As the poor man's frenzy increased, he began to *void his excrements in his bed, read Rochester's bawdy poems to his wife, gave Oldmixon a slap on the chops, and would have kissed Mr. Pemberton's a—— by violence.*

But at last he came to such a pass, that he would *dine upon nothing but copper-plates, took a clyster for a whipt syllabub, and made Mr. Lintot eat a suppository, for a radish, with bread and butter.*

We leave it to every tender wife to imagine, how sorely all this afflicted poor Mrs. Curll: at first she privately put a *bill* into several churches, desiring the prayers of the congregation for a *wretched stationer* distempered in mind. But when she was sadly convinced that his misfortune was public to all the world, she writ the following letter to her good neighbour Mr. Lintot:

A true copy of Mrs. Curll's letter to Mr. Lintot.

"WORTHY MR. LINTOT,

"YOU and all the neighbours know too well the frenzy with which my poor man is visited. I never perceived he was out of himself, till that melancholy day that he thought he was poisoned in a glass of sack; upon this he ran a-vomiting all over the house, nay, in the new-washed dining-

room. Alas! this is the greatest adversity that ever befel my poor man, since he lost *one testicle* at school by the bite of a black boar. Good Lord! if he should die, where should I dispose of the *stock?* unless Mr. Pemberton or you would help a distressed widow; for God knows, he never published any books that lasted above a week, so that if he wanted *daily books,* we wanted *daily bread.* I can write no more, for I hear the rap of Mr. Curll's *ivory-headed cane* upon the counter.—— Pray recommend me to your *pastry-cook,* who furnishes you yearly with tarts in exchange for your paper, for Mr. Curll has disobliged ours, since his fits came upon him;—before that we generally lived upon baked meats.—He is coming in, and I have but just time to put his *son* out of the way for fear of mischief: so wishing you a merry Easter, I remain

Your most humble servant,

C. CURLL."

"P. S. As to the report of my poor husband's stealing o'*calf,* it is really groundless, for he always binds in *sheep.*"

But return we to Mr. Curll, who all Wednesday continued outrageously mad. On Thursday he had a *lucid interval,* that enabled him to send a general summons to all *his authors.* There was but one porter, who could perform this office, to whom he gave the following bill of directions,

where to find them. This bill, together with Mrs. Curll's original letter, lie at Mr. Lintot's shop to be perused by the curious.

Instructions to a porter how to find Mr. Curll's Authors.

"At a tallow-chandler's in Petty France, half-way under the blind arch, ask for the *historian.*

"At the Bedstead and Bolster, a music-house in Moorfields, two translators in a bed together.

"At the Hercules and Still in Vinegar-yard, a schoolmaster with carbuncles on his nose.

"At a blacksmith's shop in the Friars, a Pindaric writer in red stockings.

"In the Calendar-mill-room at Exeter-change, a composer of Meditations.

"At the Three Tobacco-pipes in Dog and Bitch yard, one that has been a parson; he wears a blue camblet coat, trimmed with black: my best writer against *revealed religion.*

"At Mr. Summers, a thief-catcher's, in Lewkner's-lane, the man that wrote against the impiety of Mr. Rowe's plays.

"At the Farthing pye-house in Totting-fields, the young man who is writing my new pastorals.

"At the laundress's, at the Hole in the Wall in Cursitor's-alley, up three pair of stairs, the author of my *Church-history,*——if his flux be over——You may also speak to the gentleman who lies by him in the flock-bed, my *index-maker.*

"The cook's wife* in Buckingham-court: bid her bring along with her the *similes*, that were lent her for her next new play.

"Call at Budge-row for the gentleman you used to go to in the *cockloft*; I have taken away the *ladder*, but his landlady has it in keeping.

"I don't much care if you ask at the Mint for the old beetle-browed critic, and the purblind poet at the Alley over against St. Andrew's, Holborn. But this as you have time."

All these gentlemen appeared at the hour appointed in Mr. Curll's dining-room, two excepted; one of whom was the gentleman in the cockloft, his landlady being out of the way, and the *gradus ad Parnassum* taken down; the other happened to be too closely watched by the bailiffs.

They no sooner entered the room, but all of them shewed in their behaviour some *suspicion* of each other: some turning away their heads with an air of contempt; others squinting with a leer, that shewed at once *fear* and *indignation*, each with a haggard abstracted mien, the lively picture of *scorn*, *solitude*, and *short-commons*. So when a keeper feeds his hungry charge of vultures, panthers, and of Libyan leopards, each eyes his fellow with a fiery glare: high hung, the bloody liver tempts their maw. Or as a housewife stands before her pales, surrounded by her geese; they fight,

* Mrs. Centlivre. *Warton.*

they hiss, they gaggle, beat their wings, and down is scattered as the winter's snow, for a poor grain of oat, or tare, or barley. Such looks shot through the room transverse, oblique, direct; such was the stir and din, till Curll thus spoke (but without rising from his close-stool):

"*Whores* and *authors* must be paid before-hand to put them in good humour; therefore here is half a crown a-piece for you to drink your own healths, and confusion to Mr. Addison, and all other successful writers.

"Ah, Gentlemen! what have I not done? what have I not suffered, rather than the world should be deprived of your lucubrations? I have taken involuntary purges, I have been vomited, three times have I been caned, once was I hunted, twice was my head broke by a grenadier, twice was I tossed in a blanket; I have had boxes on the ear, slaps on the chops; I have been frighted, pumped, kicked, slandered, and beshitten.—I hope, Gentlemen, you are all convinced, that this author of Mr. Lintot's could mean nothing else but starving you, by poisoning me. It remains for us to consult the best and speediest methods of revenge."

He had scarcely done speaking, but the historian proposed a history of his life. The Exeter-Exchange gentleman was for penning articles of his faith. Some pretty smart Pindaric, says the red-stocking poet, would effectually do his business. But the *index-maker* said, there was nothing like an *index* to his Homer.

After several debates, they came to the following resolutions:

"*Resolved*, That every member of this society, according to his several abilities, shall contribute some way or other to the defamation of Mr. Pope.

"*Resolved*, That towards the libelling of the said Pope there be a sum employed not exceeding six pounds sixteen shillings and nine-pence (not including advertisements).

"*Resolved*, That he has on purpose, in several passages, perverted the true ancient Heathen sense of Homer, for the more effectual propagation of the Popish religion.

"*Resolved*, That the printing of Homer's *battles*, at this juncture, has been the occasion of all the disturbances of this kingdom.

"*Ordered*, That Mr. Barnevelt be invited to be a member of this society, in order to make further discoveries.

"*Resolved*, That a number of effective *errata* be raised out of Pope's Homer (not exceeding 1746), and that every gentleman, who shall send in one error, for his encouragement shall have the whole works of this society *gratis*.

"*Resolved*, That a sum not exceeding ten shillings and sixpence be distributed among the members of this society for *coffee* and *tobacco*, in order to enable them the more effectually to defame him in *coffee-houses*.

"*Resolved*, That towards the further lessening the character of the said Pope, some persons be

deputed to abuse him at ladies' *tea-tables*, and that in consideration our authors are not *well-dressed* enough, Mr. C———y and Mr. Ke———l be deputed for that service.

" *Resolved*, That a *ballad* be made against Mr. Pope, and that Mr. Oldmixon, Mr. Gildon, and Mrs. Centlivre,* do prepare and bring in the same.

" *Resolved*, That, above all, some effectual ways and means be found to encrease the joint stock of the reputation of this society, which at present is exceeding low, and to give their works the greater currency; whether by raising the denomination of the said works by counterfeit title-pages, or mixing a greater quantity of the fine metal of other authors with the alloy of this society.

" *Resolved*, That no member of this society for the future mix *stout* in his *ale* in a morning, and that Mr. B—— remove from the Hercules and Still.

Resolved, That all our members (except the *cook's wife*) be provided with a sufficient quantity of the *vivifying drops*, or Byfield's *sal volatile*.

" *Resolved*, That Sir Richard Blackmore† be appointed to endue this society with a large quantity of *regular and exalted ferments* in order to *en-*

* Mrs. Susanna Centlivre is the slip-shod sybil in the Dunciad, book iii. v. 16. *Warton.*

† Sir Richard Blackmore, in his Essays, vol. ii. p. 270, accused Mr. Pope in very high and sober terms, of profaneness and immorality, on the mere report of Curll, that he was author of a travestie on the first psalm. *Warburton.*

liven their *cold sentiments* (being his true receipt to make wits.")

These resolutions being taken, the assembly was ready to break up, but they took so near a part in Mr. Curll's afflictions, that none of them could leave him without giving him some advice to reinstate him in his health.

Mr. Gildon was of opinion, that in order to drive a *Pope* out of his *belly*, he should get the mummy of some deceased *Moderator* of the *general assembly* in Scotland, to be taken inwardly, as an effectual antidote against *Antichrist;* but Mr. Oldmixon did conceive, that the *liver* of the person who administered the poison, boiled in broth, would be a more certain cure.

While the company were expecting the thanks of Mr. Curll for these demonstrations of their zeal, a whole pile of Sir Richard's *Essays* on a sudden fell on his head; the shock of which in an instant brought back his delirium. He immediately rose up, overturned the close-stool, and besh-t the *Essays* (which may probably occasion a *second edition*); then without putting up his breeches, in a most furious tone he thus broke out to his books, which his distempered imagination represented to him as alive, coming down from their shelves, fluttering their leaves, and flapping their covers at him.

Now *G—d damn all folios, quartos, octavos, and*

duodecimos! ungrateful varlets that you are, who have so long taken up my house without paying for your lodging! Are you not the beggarly brood of fumbling *journeymen!* born in *garrets* among *lice* and *cobwebs,* nursed up on *grey peas, bullock's liver, and porter's ale?*——Was not the first light you saw, the *farthing* candle I paid for? Did you not come before your time into *dirty sheets* of brown paper?——And have not I clothed you in double *royal,* lodged you handsomely on *decent shelves,* laced your *backs* with *gold,* equipped you with splendid *titles,* and sent you into the world with the names of *persons of quality?* Must I be *always* plagued with you? Why flutter ye your leaves and flap your covers at me? *Damn ye all, ye wolves in sheep's clothing; rags ye were, and to rags ye shall return.* Why hold you forth your *texts* to me, ye paltry *sermons?* Why cry ye,—at every word to me, ye *bawdy poems?*—To my shop at Tunbridge ye shall go, by G—, and thence be drawn like the rest of your predecessors, bit by bit, to the *passage-house;* for in this present emotion of my bowels, how do I compassionate those who have great need, and nothing to wipe their breech with?

Having said this, and at the same time recollecting that his own was yet unwiped, he abated of his fury, and with great gravity applied to that function the unfinished sheets of the conduct of the Earl of Nottingham.

A strange but true Relation how MR. EDMUND CURLL, *of Fleet-street, Stationer, out of an extraordinary desire of lucre, went into 'Change-alley, and was converted from the Christian Religion by certain eminent Jews; and how he was circumcised, and initiated into their Mysteries.*

AVARICE (as Sir Richard, in the third page of his essays, hath elegantly observed) *is an inordinate impulse of the soul towards the amassing or heaping together a superfluity of wealth, without the least regard of applying it to its proper uses.*

And how the mind of man is possessed with this vice, may be seen every day both in the city and suburbs thereof. It has been always esteemed by Plato, Puffendorf, and Socrates, as the darling vice of old age: but now our young men are turned usurers and stock-jobbers; and, instead of lusting after the real wives and daughters of our rich citizens, they covet nothing but their money and estates. Strange change of vice! when the concupiscence of youth is converted into the covetousness of age, and those appetites are now become VENAL which should be VENEREAL.

In the first place, let us shew you how many of the ancient worthies and heroes of antiquity have been undone and ruined by this deadly sin of avarice.

I shall take the liberty to begin with Brutus, that noble Roman. Does not Ætian inform us,

that he received fifty broad pieces for the assassination of that renowned emperor, Julius Cæsar, who fell a sacrifice to the Jews, as Sir Edmundbury Godfrey did to the Papists?

Did not Themistocles let in the Goths and Vandals into Carthage for a sum of money, where they barbarously put out the other eye of the famous Hannibal? as Herodotus hath it in his ninth book upon the Roman medals.

Even the great Cato (as the late Mr. Addison hath very well observed), though otherwise a gentleman of good sense, was not unsullied by this pecuniary contagion; for he sold Athens to Artaxerxes Longimanus for a hundred *rix-dollars*, which in our money will amount to two *talents* and thirty *sestertii*, according to Mr. Demoivre's calculation. *See Hesiod in his seventh chapter of Feasts and Festivals.*

Actuated by the same diabolical spirit of gain, Sylla the Roman Consul shot Alcibiades the Senator with a pistol, and robbed him of several *bank-bills* and *'chequer-notes* to an immense value; for which he came to an untimely end, and was denied *Christian burial.* Hence comes the proverb, *Incidat in Syllam.*

To come near to our own times, and give you one modern instance, though well known, and often quoted by historians, *viz.* Echard, Dionysius Halicarnassus, Virgil, Horace, and others: it is that, I mean, of the famous Godfrey of Bulloigne, one of the great heroes of the holy war, who robbed

Cleopatra Queen of Egypt of a diamond necklace, ear-rings, and a Tompion's gold watch (which was given her by Mark Anthony); all these things were found in Godfrey's breeches pocket, when he was killed at the siege of Damascus.

Who then can wonder, after so many great and illustrious examples, that Mr. Edmund Curll the stationer should renounce the *Christian religion* for the *Mammon* of unrighteousness, and barter his precious faith for the filthy prospect of lucre in the present fluctuation of *stocks?*

It having been observed to Mr. Curll, by some of his ingenious authors, (who I fear are not overcharged with any religion,) what immense sums the Jews had got by *bubbles,** &c. he immediately turned his mind from the business, in which he was educated, but thrived little, and resolved to quit his shop for 'Change-alley. Whereupon falling into company with the Jews at their club at the sign of the Cross in Cornhill, they began to tamper with him upon the most important points of the *Christian faith*, which he for some time zealously, and *like a good Christian, obstinately* defended. They promised him *Paradise*, and many other advantages *hereafter;* but he artfully insinuated,

* Bubble was a name given to all extravagant projects, for which subscriptions were raised, and negociated at vast premiums in 'Change-alley, in the year 1720. A name which alluded to their production by the ferment of the South-sea, and not to their splendor, emptiness, and inutility; for it did not become a name of reproach in this case, till time completed the metaphor and the bubble broke. *Wartan.*

that he was more inclinable to listen to *present* gain. They took the hint, and promised him, that immediately upon his conversion to their persuasion he should become as rich as a Jew.

They made use likewise of several other arguments; to wit,

That the wisest man that ever was, and inasmuch the richest, beyond all peradventure, was a Jew, *videlicet*, Solomon.

That David, the man after God's own heart, was a Jew also. And most of the children of Israel are suspected for holding the same doctrine.

This Mr. Curll at first strenuously denied; for indeed he thought them Roman Catholics, and so far was he from giving way to their temptations, that to convince them of his Christianity he called for a *pork griskin*.

They now promised, if he would poison his wife, and give up his *griskin*, that he should marry the rich Ben Meymon's only daughter. This made some impression on him.

They then talked to him in the Hebrew tongue, which he not understanding, it was observed, had very great weight with him.

They now, perceiving that his *godliness* was only *gain*, desisted from all other arguments, and attacked him on his weak side, namely, that of *avarice*.

Upon which John Mendez offered him an eighth of an advantageous bargain for the *apostles' creed*, which he readily and wickedly renounced.

He then sold the *nine and thirty articles* for a

bull;* but insisted hard upon *black puddings*, being a great lover thereof.

Joshua Pereira engaged to let him share with him in his *bottomry*; upon this he was persuaded out of his *Christian name*; but he still adhered to *black puddings*.

Sir Gideon Lopez tempted him with *forty pound* subscription in *Ram's bubble*, for which he was content to give up the *four evangelists*; and he was now completed a perfect Jew, all but *black pudding* and *circumcision*, for both of which he would have been glad to have had a dispensation.

But on the 17th of March, Mr. Curll (unknown to his wife) came to the tavern aforesaid. At his entrance into the room he perceived a meagre man, with a sallow countenance, a black forky beard, and long vestment. In his right hand he held a large pair of shears, and in his left a red-hot searing-iron. At sight of this, Mr. Curll's heart trembled within him, and fain would he retire; but he was prevented by six Jews, who laid hands upon

* Bulls and bears. He who sells that of which he is not possessed, is proverbially said to sell the skin before he has caught the bear. It was the practice of stockjobbers in the year 1720, to enter into contract for transferring S. S. stock at a future time for a certain price; but he who contracted to sell had frequently no stock to transfer, nor did he who bought intend to receive any in consequence of his bargain; the seller was therefore called a bear, in allusion to the proverb; and the buyer a bull, perhaps only as a similar distinction. The contract was merely a wager to be determined by the rise or fall of stock; if it rose, the seller paid the difference to the buyer proportioned to the sum determined by the same computation to the seller. *Warton.*

him, and unbuttoning his breeches, threw him upon the table, a pale pitiful spectacle.

He now entreated them in the most moving tone of voice to dispense with that *unmanly* ceremonial, which if they would consent to, he faithfully promised, that he would eat a quarter of *paschal lamb* with them the next Sunday following.

All these protestations availed him nothing; for they threatened him, that all contracts and bargains should be void, unless he would submit to bear all the *outward* and *visible* signs of Judaism.

Our apostate hearing this, stretched himself upon his back, spread his legs, and waited for the operation: but when he saw the high priest take up the *cleft stick*, he roared most unmercifully, and swore several Christian oaths, for which the Jews rebuked him.

The savour of the *effluvia* that issued from him, convinced the old Levite, and all his assistants, that he needed no present *purgation;* wherefore, without further *anointing* him, he proceeded in his office; when, by an unfortunate jerk upward of the impatient victim, he lost five times as much as ever Jew did before.

They, finding that he was too much circumcised, which, by the *levitical law,* is worse than not being circumcised at all, refused to stand to any of their contracts: wherefore they cast him forth from their synagogue; and he now remains a most piteous, woeful, and miserable sight at the sign of the Old Testament and Dial in Fleet-street;

his wife, poor woman, is at this hour lamenting over him, wringing her hands, and tearing her hair; for the barbarous Jews still keep, and expose at Jonathan's and Garraway's, the memorial of her loss, and her husband's indignity.

PRAYER.

[*To save the stamp.*]

Keep us, we beseech thee, from the hands of such barbarous and cruel Jews, who albeit they abhor the blood of black puddings, *yet thirst they vehemently after the blood of* white ones. *And that we may avoid such like calamities, may all good and well-disposed Christians be warned by this unhappy wretch's woeful example, to abominate the heinous sin of* avarice, *which, sooner or later, will draw them into the cruel clutches of Satan, Papists, Jews, and stockjobbers. Amen.*

A KEY TO THE LOCK:

OR

A TREATISE,

Proving beyond all contradiction the dangerous tendency of a late poem, intitled, *The Rape of the Lock*, to government and religion.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXIV.

A KEY TO THE LOCK.*

SINCE this unhappy division of our nation into PARTIES, it is not to be imagined how many artifices have been made use of by writers to obscure the truth, and cover designs which may be detrimental to the public. In particular, it has been their custom of late to vent their political spleen in *allegory* and *fable*.† If an honest believing nation is to be made a jest of, we have a story of John Bull and his wife; if a treasurer is to be glanced at, an *ant* with a *white straw* is introduced; if a treaty of commerce is to be ridiculed, it is immediately metamorphosed into a tale of Count Tariff.

But if any of these malevolents have a small talent in rhyme, they principally delight to convey their malice in that pleasing way; as it were, gild-

* When the Rape of the Lock, Pope's most exquisite and finished poem, was published, Dennis wrote some criticisms on it, as if there were a *latent meaning* in many of the incidents, and he therefore publicly accused the author of being an *enemy of his king and country*. This trifle was written to shew, in the most forcible point of view, the ridiculousness of accusations, founded on such coincidences. *Bowles.*

† Alluding to Swift's allegorical history of John Bull, and other ironical pieces, on the side of the Tories.

The *ant* and the *white straw*, is Lord Oxford, and the Treasurer's white wand. *Bowles.*

ing the pill, and concealing the poison under the sweetness of numbers.

It is the duty of every well-designing subject to prevent, as far as he can, the ill-consequences of such pernicious treatises; and I hold it mine to warn the public of a late poem, intitled, The RAPE OF THE LOCK; which I shall demonstrate to be of this nature.

It is a common and just observation, that, when the meaning of any thing is dubious, one can no way better judge of the true intent of it, than by considering *who* is the author, *what* is his character in general, and his disposition in particular.

Now, that the author of this poem is a reputed papist, is well known; and that a genius so capable of doing service to that cause may have been corrupted in the course of his education by jesuits or others, is justly very much to be suspected; notwithstanding that seeming coolness and moderation, which he had been (perhaps artfully) reproached with by those of his own persuasion. They are sensible, that this nation is secured by good and wholesome laws, to prevent all evil practices of the church of Rome; particularly the publication of books, that may in any sort propagate that doctrine: their authors are therefore obliged to couch their designs the deeper; and though I cannot aver the intention of this gentleman was directly to spread popish doctrines, yet it comes to the same point if he touch the government; for the court of Rome knows very well, that the

church at this time is so firmly founded on the state, that the only way to shake the one is by attacking the other.

What confirms me in this opinion, is an accidental discovery I made of a very artful piece of management among his popish friends and abettors, to hide his whole design upon the government, by taking all the characters upon themselves.

Upon the day that this poem was published, it was my fortune to step into the Cocoa-tree, where a certain gentleman was railing very liberally at the author with a passion extremely well counterfeited, for having, as he said, reflected upon him in the character of Sir Plume. Upon his going out, I inquired who he was, and they told me he was a *Roman Catholic Knight.*

I was the same evening at Will's, and saw a circle round another gentleman, who was railing in like manner, and shewing his snuff-box and cane to prove he was satirized in the same character. I asked this gentleman's name, and was told he was a *Roman Catholic Lord.*

A day or two after I happened to be in company with the young lady, to whom the poem is dedicated. She also took up the character of Belinda with much frankness and good humour, though the author has given us a hint in his dedication,* that he meant something further. This

* "The character of Belinda (as it is here managed) resembles you in nothing but beauty." Dedication to the Rape of the Lock. *Warton.*

lady is also a *Roman Catholic*. At the same time others of the characters were claimed by some persons in the room, and all of them *Roman Catholics*.

But to proceed to the work itself:

In all things which are intricate, as *allegories* in their own nature are, and especially those that are industriously made so, it is not to be expected we should find the clue at first sight: but when once we have laid hold on that, we shall trace this our author through all the labyrinths, doublings, and turnings of this intricate composition.

First then, let it be observed, that in the most demonstrative sciences some *postulata* are to be granted, upon which the rest is naturally founded.

The only *postulatum* or concession which I desire to be made me, is, that by the *Lock* is meant

THE BARRIER-TREATY.*

I. First then, I shall discover, that Belinda represents Great Britain, or, which is the same thing, her *late majesty*. This is plainly seen in his description of her:

On her white breast a sparkling cross she bore:

alluding to the ancient name of Albion, from her *white cliffs*, and to the *cross*, which is the ensign of England.

* For a full account of the political transactions relating to this treaty, see the conduct of the allies; and remarks on the Barrier-Treaty, vol. ii. *Warton.*

II. The baron, who cuts off the *Lock*, or barrier-treaty, is the E. of Oxford.

III. Clarissa, who lent the scissors, my Lady Masham.

IV. Thalestris, who provokes Belinda to resent the loss of the lock, or treaty, the Duchess of Marlborough.

V. Sir Plume, who is moved by Thalestris to redemand it of Great Britain, Prince Eugene, who came hither for that purpose.

There are some other inferior characters, which we shall observe upon afterwards; but I shall first explain the foregoing.

The first part of the baron's character is his being *adventurous*, or enterprising, which is the common epithet given to the Earl of Oxford by his enemies. The prize he aspires to is the treasury, in order to which he offers a sacrifice:

——— *an altar built*
Of twelve vast French *romances neatly gilt.*

Our author here takes occasion maliciously to insinuate the statesman's love to France; representing the books he chiefly studies to be vast French romances: these are the vast prospects from the friendship and alliance of France, which he satirically calls romances: hinting thereby, that these promises and protestations were no more to be relied on than those idle legends. Of these he is said to build an altar; to intimate that the founda-

tion of his schemes and honours was fixed upon the *French romances* abovementioned.

A fan, a garter, half a pair of gloves.

One of the things he sacrifices is a *fan*, which, both for its gaudy show and perpetual fluttering, has been held the emblem of woman: this points at the change of the *ladies* of the *bed-chamber*. The *garter* alludes to the honours he conferred on some of his friends; and we may, without straining the sense, call the *half pair of gloves* a *gauntlet*, the token of those military employments, which he is said to have sacrificed to his designs. The prize, as I said before, means the treasury, which he makes his prayer *soon to obtain*, and *long to possess:*

The powers gave ear, and granted half his prayer,
The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air.

In the first of these lines he gives him the treasury, and in the last suggests, that he should not long possess that honour.

That Thalestris is the Duchess of Marlborough, appears both by her nearness to Belinda, and by this author's malevolent suggestion that she is a lover of war:

To arms, to arms, the bold Thalestris cries.

But more particularly by several passages in her speech to Belinda upon the cutting off the lock, or treaty. Among other things she says, *Was it*

for this you bound your locks in paper duranee? Was it for this so much *paper* has been spent to secure the barrier-treaty?

Methinks, already I your tears survey;
Already hear the horrid things they say;
Already see you a degraded toast.

This describes the aspersions under which that good Princess suffered, and the repentance which must have followed the dissolution of that treaty; and particularly levels at the refusal some people made to drink her Majesty's health.

Sir Plume (a proper name for a soldier) has all the circumstances that agree with Prince Eugene.

Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane,
With earnest eyes———

It is remarkable, this general is a great taker of snuff, as well as towns; his conduct of the clouded cane gives him the honour which is so justly his due, of an exact conduct in battle, which is figured by his cane or truncheon, the ensign of a general. His *earnest eye,* or the vivacity of his look, is so particularly remarkable in him, that this character could be mistaken for no other, had not the author purposely obscured it by the fictitious circumstances of a *round unthinking face.*

Having now explained the chief characters of his *human persons* (for there are some others that will hereafter fall in by the bye, in the sequel of

this discourse), I shall next take in pieces his *machinery*, wherein the satire is wholly confined to ministers of state.

The Sylphs and Gnomes at first sight appeared to me to signify the two contending parties of this nation; for these being placed in the *air*, and those on the *earth*, I thought agreed very well with the common denomination, *high* and *low*. But as they are made to be the first movers and influencers of all that happens, it is plain they represent promiscuously the *heads of parties*; whom he makes to be the authors of all those changes in the state, which are generally imputed to the levity and instability of the British nation:

This erring mortals levity may call:
Oh blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.

But of this he has given us a plain demonstration; for, speaking of these spirits, he says in express terms:

——*The chief the care of* nations *own,*
And guard with arms *divine the* British throne.

And here let it not seem odd, if, in this mysterious way of writing, we find the same person, who has before been represented by the *Baron*, again described in the character of Ariel, it being a common way with authors, in this fabulous manner, to take such a liberty. As for instance, I have read in St. Evremont, that all the *different* characters in Petronius are but Nero in so many different ap-

pearances. And in the key to the curious romance of Barclay's Argenis, both Poliarchus and Archombrotus mean only the king of Navarre.

We observe in the very beginning of the poem, that Ariel is possessed of the *ear* of Belinda; therefore it is absolutely necessary, that this person must be the minister who was nearest the Queen. But whoever would be further convinced, that he meant the treasurer, may know him by his ensigns in the following line:

He rais'd his azure wand.

His sitting on the *mast* of a vessel shews his presiding over the South-sea trade. When Ariel assigns to his Sylphs all the posts about Belinda, what is more clearly described than the treasurer's disposing of all the places in the kingdom, and particularly about her Majesty? But let us hear the lines:

——*Ye spirits, to your charge repair,*
The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign,
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine:
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favourite lock.

He has here particularized the ladies and women of the bed-chamber, the keeper of the cabinet, and her Majesty's dresser, and impudently given *nicknames* to each. To put this matter beyond all dispute, the Sylphs are said to be *wondrous fond of place,* in the Canto following, where Ariel is

perched *uppermost*, and all the rest take their places *subordinately under him*.

Here again I cannot but observe the excessive malignity of this author, who could not leave the character of Ariel without the same invidious stroke which he gave him in the character of the Baron before:

Amaz'd, confus'd, he saw his power expir'd,
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.

Being another prophecy that he should *resign his place*, which it is probable all ministers, do, with a *sigh*.

At the head of the Gnomes he sets Umbriel, a dusky melancholy sprite, who makes it his business to give Belinda the spleen; a vile and malicious suggestion against some *grave* and *worthy minister*. The vapours, phantoms, visions, and the like, are the jealousies, fears, and cries of danger, that have so often affrighted and alarmed the nation. Those who are described in the house of *spleen*, under those several fantastical forms, are the same whom their ill-willers have so often called the *whimsical*.

The two foregoing spirits being the only considerable characters of the machinery, I shall but just mention the Sylph, that is wounded with the *scissors* at the loss of the lock, by whom is undoubtedly understood my Lord Townshend, who at that time received a *wound* in his character for making the barrier-treaty, and was *cut out* of his

employment upon the dissolution of it; but that spirit reunites, and receives no harm; to signify that it came to nothing, and his lordship had no real hurt by it.

But I must not conclude this head of the characters without observing, that our author has run through every stage of beings in search of topics for detraction. As he has characterized some persons under *angels* and *men*, so he has others under *animals* and *things inanimate*; he has even represented an eminent clergyman as a *dog*, and a noted writer as a *tool*. Let us examine the former:

——— *But* Shock, *who thought she slept too long,*
Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first open'd on a billet-doux.

By this *Shock* it is manifest he has most audaciously and profanely reflected on Dr. Sacheverel, who leaped up, that is, into the pulpit, and awakened Great Britain with his *tongue*, that is, with his *sermon*, which made so much *noise*, and for which he has been frequently termed by others of his enemies, as well as by this author, a *dog*. Or perhaps, by his *tongue* may be more literally meant his *speech* at his trial, since immediately thereupon, our author says, her *eyes opened* on a *billet-doux*. Billet-doux being addresses to ladies from lovers, may be aptly interpreted those ad-

dresses of loving subjects to her majesty, which ensued that trial.

The other instance is at the end of the third Canto:

Steel *did the labours of the gods destroy,*
And strike to dust th' imperial towers of Troy;
Steel *could the works of mortal pride confound,*
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.

Here he most impudently attributes the demolition of Dunkirk, not to the pleasure of her majesty, or of her ministry, but to the frequent instigations of his friend Mr. Steel. A very artful pun to conceal his wicked lampoonry!

Having now considered the general intent and scope of the poem, and opened the characters, I shall next discover the malice which is covered under the episodes, and particular passages of it.

The game at *ombre* is a mystical representation of the late *war*, which is hinted by his making *spades* the trump; *spade* in Spanish signifying a *sword*, and being yet so painted in the cards of that nation, to which it is well known we owe the original of our cards. In this one place indeed he has unawares paid a compliment to the Queen and her success in the war; for Belinda gets the better of the *two* that play against her, *viz.* the kings of France and Spain.

I do not question but every particular card has its person and character assigned, which, no doubt,

the author has told his friends in private; but I shall only instance in the description of the disgrace under which the Duke of Marlborough then suffered, which is so apparent in these verses:

Ev'n mighty Pam, *that kings and queens o'erthrew,*
And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu,
Sad chance of war, now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguish'd———

And that the author here had an eye to our modern transactions, is very plain, from an unguarded stroke towards the end of this game:

And now, as oft in some distemper'd state,
On one nice trick *depends the general fate.*

After the conclusion of the war, the public rejoicings and *thanksgivings* are ridiculed in the two following lines:

The nymph, exulting, fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

Immediately upon which there follows a malicious insinuation, in the manner of a prophecy (which we have formerly observed this seditious writer delights in), that the peace should continue but a short time, and that the day should afterwards be cursed, which was then celebrated with so much joy:

Sudden these honours shall be snatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

As the game at *ombre* is a satirical representation of the late *war*, so is the *tea-table* that ensues, of the *council-table*, and its consultations after the peace. By this he would hint, that all the advantages we have gained by our late extended commerce, are only coffee and tea, or things of no greater value. That he thought of the *trade* in this place, appears by the passage which represents the Sylphs particularly careful of the *rich brocade*; it having been a frequent complaint of our mercers, that *French brocades* were imported in great quantities. I will not say he means those presents of rich *gold stuff suits*, which were said to be made her majesty by the King of France, though I cannot but suspect that he glances at it.

Here this author (as well as the scandalous John Dunton) represents the ministry in plain terms taking *frequent cups:*

And frequent cups prolong the rich repast;

for it is manifest he meant something more than common coffee, by his calling it

Coffee that makes the politician wise;

and by telling us, it was this coffee, that

Sent up in vapours to the baron's brain
New stratagems———

I shall only further observe, that it was at this table the lock was cut off; for where, but at the *council-board*, should the barrier-treaty be dissolved?

The ensuing *contentions* of the *parties,* upon the loss of that treaty, are described in the squabbles following the Rape of the Lock; and this he rashly expresses without any disguise:

All side in parties——

and here you have a gentleman who *sinks beside the chair:* a plain allusion to a noble lord, who lost his chair of *President* of the *Council.*

I come next to the *bodkin,* so dreadful in the hand of Belinda; by which he intimates the British *sceptre,* so revered in the hand of our late august princess. His own note upon this place tells us, he alludes to a sceptre; and the verses are so plain, they need no remark:

The same (his ancient personage to deck)
Her great great grandsire wore about his neck
In three seal rings, *which, after melted down,*
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown;
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew;
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.

An open satire upon *hereditary right!* The *three seal rings* plainly allude to the three kingdoms.

These are the chief passages in the battle, by which, as hath before been said, he means the squabble of parties. Upon this occasion he could not end the description without testifying his ma-

lignant joy at those dissensions, from which he forms the prospect that *both* should be disappointed, and cries out with triumph, as if it were already accomplished:

Behold how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost.

The lock at length is turned into a *star*, or the old barrier-treaty into a new and glorious *peace*. This, no doubt, is what the author, at the time he printed this poem, would have been thought to mean; in hopes by that compliment to escape the punishment for the rest of this piece. It puts me in mind of a fellow, who concluded a bitter lampoon upon the prince and court of his days, with these lines:

God save the king, the commons, and the peers,
And grant the author long may wear his ears.

Whatever this author may think of that *peace*, I imagine it the most *extraordinary star* that ever appeared in our hemisphere. A star, that is to bring us all the wealth and gold of the Indies; and from whose influence, not Mr. John Partridge alone (whose worthy labours this writer so ungenerously ridicules) but all true Britons may, with no less authority than he, prognosticate *the fall of Lewis* in the restraint of the exorbitant power of France, and the *fate of Rome* in the triumphant condition of the church of England.

We have now considered this poem in its political view, wherein we have shewn, that it hath two different walks of satire; the one in the story itself, which is a ridicule on the *late transactions in general*, the other in the machinery, which is a satire on the *ministers of state in particular*. I shall now shew that the same poem, taken in another light, has a tendency to *popery*, which is secretly insinuated through the whole.

In the first place, he has conveyed to us the doctrine of *guardian angels* and *patron saints* in the machinery of his Sylphs, which being a piece of popish superstition that hath been exploded ever since the reformation, he would revive under this disguise. Here are all the particulars which they believe of those beings, which I shall sum up in a few heads.

1*st*. The spirits are made to concern themselves with all human actions in general.

2*dly*. A distinct guardian spirit or patron is assigned to each other person in particular:

Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful sprite ——

3*rdly*. They are made directly to inspire dreams, visions, and revelations:

Her guardian Sylph prolong'd her balmy rest;
'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed
The morning dream ——

4*thly*. They are made to be subordinate in dif-

ferent degrees, some presiding over others. So Ariel has his several under-officers at command:

Superior by the head was Ariel plac'd.

5*thly.* They are employed in various offices, and each hath his office assigned him:

Some in the fields of purest æther play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day;
Some guide the course, &c.

6*thly.* He hath given his spirits the charge of the several parts of *dress;* intimating thereby, that the saints preside over the several parts of *human bodies.* They have one saint to cure the tooth-ach, another the gripes, another the gout, and so of the rest:

The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care,
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign, &c.

7*thly.* They are represented to know the thoughts of men:

As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
He watch'd the ideas rising in her mind.

8*thly.* They are made protectors even to animal and irrational beings:

Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

So St. Anthony presides over hogs, &c.

9*thly.* They are made patrons of whole kingdoms and provinces:

Of these the chief, the care of nations own.

So St. George is imagined by the *papists* to defend England, St. Patrick Ireland, St. James Spain, &c. Now, what is the consequence of all this? By granting that they have this power, we must be brought back again to *pray* to them.

The *toilette* is an artful recommendation of the *mass,* and pompous ceremonies of the *church of Rome.* The *unveiling of the altar,* the *silver vases* upon it, being *robed* in *white* as the priests are upon the chief festivals, and the *head uncovered,* are manifest marks of this:

A heavenly image in the glass appears;
To that she bends——

plainly denotes *image worship.*

The *goddess,* who is decked with *treasures, jewels,* and the various *offerings of the world,* manifestly alludes to the Lady of Loretto. You have perfumes breathing from the *incense-pot* in the following line:

And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.

The character of Belinda, as we take it in this third view, represents the popish religion, or the whore of Babylon; who is described in the state this malevolent author wishes for, coming forth in all her glory upon the Thames, and overspreading the whole nation with ceremonies.

Not with more glories in th' etherial plain
The sun first rises o'er the purple main,
Than issuing forth the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.

She is dressed with a *cross* on her breast, the ensign of popery, the *adoration* of which is plainly recommended in the following lines:

On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, *and infidels* adore.

Next he represents her as the *universal church*, according to the boasts of the papists:

And like the sun she shines on all alike.

After which he tells us:

If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

Though it should be granted some errors fall to her share, look on the pompous figure she makes throughout the world, and they are not worth regarding. In the sacrifice following you have these two lines:

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd
Propitious heav'n, and every power ador'd.

In the first of them he plainly hints at their rising to *matins*; in the second, by adoring *every power*, the *invocation of saints*.

Belinda's visits are described with numerous *wax-lights*, which are always used in the ceremonial part of the Romish worship:

——Visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze.

The *lunar sphere* he mentions, opens to us their *purgatory*, which is seen in the following line:

Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd *there.*

It is a popish doctrine, that scarce any person quits this world, but he must touch at purgatory in his way to heaven; and it is here also represented as the *treasury* of the *Romish church.* Nor is it much to be wondered at, that the *moon* should be *purgatory*, when a learned divine hath in a late treatise proved the *sun* to be *hell.**

I shall now, before I conclude, desire the reader to compare this key with those upon any other pieces, which are supposed to have been secret satires upon the state, either ancient or modern; in particular with the keys to Petronius Arbiter, Lucian's true History, Barclay's Argenis, and Rabelais's Garagantua; and I doubt not he will do me the justice to acknowledge, that the explanations here laid down, are reduced as naturally, and with as little violence, both from the general *scope* and *bent* of the work, and from the several *particulars:* furthermore, that they are every way as

* The Reverend Dr. Swinden. *Warton.*

consistent and undeniable, every way as candid, as any modern interpretation of either *party* on the conduct and writings of the other. And I appeal to the most eminent and able *state decypherers* themselves, if, according to their art, any thing can be more fully *proved*, or more safely *sworn* to?

To sum up my whole charge against this author in a few words: he has ridiculed both the present ministry and the last; abused great statesmen and great generals; nay the treaties of whole nations have not escaped him, nor has the royal dignity itself been omitted in the progress of his satire; and all this he has done just at the meeting of a new parliament. I hope a proper authority may be made use of to bring him to condign punishment. In the mean while I doubt not, if the persons most concerned would but order Mr. Bernard Lintot, the printer and publisher of this dangerous piece, to be taken into custody and examined, many farther discoveries might be made, both of this poet's and abettor's secret designs, which are doubtless of the utmost importance to the *government*.

THOUGHTS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

THOUGHTS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

PARTY is the madness of many, for the gain of a few.

There never was any party, faction, sect, or cabal, whatsoever, in which the most ignorant were not the most violent; for a bee is not a busier animal than a blockhead. However, such instruments are necessary to politicians; and perhaps it may be with states as with clocks, which must have some dead weight hanging at them, to help and regulate the motion of the finer and more useful parts.

To endeavour to work upon the vulgar with fine sense, is like attempting to hew blocks with a razor.

Fine sense and exalted sense are not half so useful as common sense. There are forty men of wit for one man of sense; and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loss for want of readier change.

Learning is like mercury, one of the most power-

ful and excellent things in the world in skilful hands; in unskilful, the most mischievous.

The nicest constitutions of government are often like the finest pieces of clock-work, which, depending on so many motions, are therefore more subject to be out of order.

Every man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding.

Modesty, if it were to be recommended for nothing else, this were enough, that the pretending to little leaves a man at ease; whereas boasting requires a perpetual labour to appear what he is not: if we have none, it best hides our want of it. For as blushing will sometimes make a whore pass for a virtuous woman, so modesty may make a fool seem a man of sense.

It is not so much the being exempt from faults, as the having overcome them, that is an advantage to us; it being with the follies of the mind as with the weeds of a field, which, if destroyed and consumed upon the place of their birth, enrich and improve it more than if none had ever sprung there.

To pardon those absurdities in ourselves which we cannot suffer in others, is neither better nor worse than to be more willing to be fools ourselves than to have others so.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

The best way to prove the clearness of our mind, is by shewing its faults; as when a stream discovers the dirt at the bottom, it convinces us of the transparency and purity of the water.

Our passions are like convulsion fits, which, though they make us stronger for the time, leave us the weaker ever after.

To be angry, is to revenge the fault of others upon ourselves.

A brave man thinks no one his superior who does him an injury; for he has it then in his power to make himself superior to the other by forgiving it.

To relieve the oppressed is the most glorious act a man is capable of; it is in some measure doing the business of God and Providence.

I as little fear that God will damn a man that has charity, as I hope that the priests can save one who has not.

Superstition is the spleen of the soul.

Atheists put on a false courage and alacrity in the midst of their darkness and apprehensions, like children who, when they fear to go in the dark, will sing for fear.

An atheist is but a mad ridiculous derider of piety; but a hypocrite makes a sober jest of God and religion; he finds it easier to be upon his knees than to rise to a good action: like an impudent debtor, who goes every day to talk familiarly to his creditor, without ever paying what he owes.

What Tully says of war may be applied to disputing, it should be always so managed, as to remember that the only end of it is peace; but generally true disputants are like true sportsmen, their whole delight is in the pursuit; and a disputant no more cares for the truth than the sportsman for the hare.

The Scripture in time of disputes is like an open town in time of war, which serves indifferently the occasions of both parties; each makes use of it for the present turn, and then resigns it to the next comer to do the same.

Such as are still observing upon others, are like those who are always abroad at other men's houses, reforming every thing there, while their own runs to ruin.

When men grow virtuous in their old age, they only make a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings.

Some old men, by continually praising the time of their youth, would almost persuade us that there were no fools in those days; but unluckily they are left themselves for examples.

When we are young, we are slavishly employed in procuring something whereby we may live comfortably when we grow old; and when we are old, we perceive it is too late to live as we proposed.

The world is a thing we must of necessity either laugh at, or be angry at; if we laugh at it, they say we are proud; if we are angry at it, they say we are ill-natured.

People are scandalized if one laughs at what they call a serious thing. Suppose I were to have my head cut off to-morrow, and all the world were talking of it to-day, yet why might I not laugh to think, what a bustle is here about my head.

The greatest advantage I know of being thought a wit by the world is, that it gives one the greater freedom of playing the fool.

We ought in humanity no more to despise a man for the misfortunes of the mind than for those

of the body, when they are such as he cannot help. Were this thoroughly considered, we should no more laugh at one for having his brains cracked than for having his head broke.

A man of wit is not incapable of business, but above it. A sprightly generous horse is able to carry a pack-saddle as well as an ass; but he is too good to be put to the drudgery.

Wherever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.

Flowers of rhetoric in sermons and serious discourses are like the blue and red flowers in corn, pleasing to those who come only for amusement, but prejudicial to him who would reap the profit from it.

When two people compliment each other with the choice of any thing, each of them generally gets that which he likes least.

He who tells a lie, is not sensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one.

Giving advice is many times only the privilege of saying a foolish thing one's self, under pretence of hindering another from doing one.

It is with followers at court as with followers on the road, who first bespatter those that go before, and then tread on their heels.

False happiness is like false money, it passes for a time as well as the true, and serves some ordinary occasions; but when it is brought to the touch, we find the lightness and allay, and feel the loss.

Dastardly men are like sorry horses, who have but just spirit and mettle enough to be mischievous.

Some people will never learn any thing, for this reason, because they understand ever ything too soon.

A person who is too nice an observer of the business of the crowd, like one who is too curious in observing the labour of the bees, will often be stung for his curiosity.

A man of business may talk of philosophy; a man who has none may practise it.

There are some solitary wretches who seem to have left the rest of mankind, only as Eve left Adam, to meet the devil in private.

The vanity of human life is like a river, con-

stantly passing away, and constantly coming on.

I seldom see a noble building, or any great piece of magnificence and pomp, but I think how little is all this to satisfy the ambition, or to fill the idea of an immortal soul!

It is a certain truth, that a man is never so easy, or so little imposed upon, as among people of the best sense: it costs far more trouble to be admitted or continued in ill company than in good; as the former have less understanding to be employed, so they have more vanity to be pleased; and to keep a fool constantly in good humour with himself, and with others, is no very easy task.

The difference between what is commonly called ordinary company and good company, is only hearing the same things said in a little room, or in a large saloon, at small tables or at great tables, before two candles or twenty sconces.

Two women seldom grow intimate but at the expense of a third person; they make friendships as kings of old made leagues, who sacrificed some poor animal betwixt them, and commenced strict allies; so the ladies, after they have pulled some character to pieces, are from henceforth inviolable friends.

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles; the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.

Many men have been capable of doing a wise thing, more a cunning thing, but very few a generous thing.

Since it is reasonable to doubt most things, we should most of all doubt that reason of ours which would demonstrate all things.

To buy books as some do who make no use of them, only because they were published by an eminent printer, is much as if a man should buy clothes that did not fit him, only because they were made by some famous tailor.

It is as offensive to speak wit in a fool's company, as it would be ill manners to whisper in it; he is displeased at both for the same reason, because he is ignorant of what is said.

A good-natured man has the whole world to be happy out of; whatever good befals his species, a well-deserving person promoted, a modest man advanced, an indigent one relieved, all this he looks upon but as a remoter blessing of Providence on himself; which then seems to make him amends for the narrowness of his own fortune, when it does the same thing he would have done had it been

in his power: for what a luxurious man in poverty would want for horses and footmen, a good-natured man wants for his friend or the poor.

False critics rail at false wits, as quacks and impostors are still cautioning us to beware of counterfeits, and decry other cheats only to make more way for their own.

Old men, for the most part, are like old chronicles, that give you dull, but true accounts of times past, and are worth knowing only on that score.

There should be, methinks, as little merit in loving a woman for her beauty, as in loving a man for his prosperity; both being equally subject to change.

Wit in conversation is only a readiness of thought and a facility of expression, or (in the midwives' phrase) a quick conception, and an easy delivery.

We should manage our thoughts in composing a poem, as shepherds do their flowers in making a garland; first select the choicest, and then dispose them in the most proper places, where they give a lustre to each other: like the feathers in Indian crowns, which are so managed that every one reflects a part of its colour and gloss on the next.

As handsome children are more a dishonour to a deformed father than ugly ones, because unlike himself; so good thoughts, owned by a plagiary, bring him more shame than his own ill ones. When a poor thief appears in rich garments, we immediately know they are none of his own.

If he who does an injury be his own judge in his own cause, and does wrong without reason, by being the first aggressor; then surely it is no wonder the injured should think the same way, and right himself by revenge; that is, be both judge and party too, since the other was so who first wronged him.

Human brutes, like other beasts, find snares and poison in the provisions of life, and are allured by their appetites to their destruction.

The most positive men are the most credulous; since they most believe themselves, and advise most with their falsest flatterer and worst enemy, their own self-love.

Get your enemies to read your works, in order to mend them, for your friend is so much your second-self, that he will judge too like you.

Women use lovers as they do cards; they play with them a while, and when they have got all they can by them, throw them away, call for new

ones, and then perhaps lose by the new ones all they got by the old ones.

Honour in a woman's mouth, like the oath in the mouth of a cheating gamester, is ever still most used as their truth is most questioned.

Your true jilt uses men like chess-men: she never dwells so long on any single man as to overlook another who may prove more advantageous; nor gives one another's place, until she has seen it is for her interest; but if one is more useful to her than others, brings him in over the heads of all others.

Women, as they are like riddles in being unintelligible, so generally resemble them in this, that they please us no longer when once we know them.

A man who admires a fine woman, has yet no more reason to wish himself her husband, than one who admired the *Hesperian* fruit, would have had to wish himself the dragon that kept it.

He who marries a wife because he cannot always live chastely, is much like one who finding a few humours in his body, resolves to wear a perpetual blister.

Married people, for being so closely united, are but the apter to part; as knots the harder they are pulled, break the sooner.

A family is but too often a commonwealth of malignants: what we call the charities and ties of affinity, prove but so many separate and clashing interests. The son wishes the death of the father; the younger brother that of the elder; the elder repines at the sister's portions: when any of them marry, there are new divisions, and new animosities. It is but natural and reasonable to expect all this, and yet we fancy no comfort but in a family.

Authors in *France* seldom speak ill of each other but when they have a personal pique; authors in *England* seldom speak well of each other, but when they have a personal friendship.

There is nothing wanting to make all rational and disinterested people in the world of one religion, but that they should talk together every day.

Men are grateful, in the same degree that they are resentful.

The longer we live, the more we shall be convinced, that it is reasonable to love God, and despise men, as far as we know either.

It is impossible that an ill-natured man can have a public spirit; for how should he love ten thousand men, who never loved one? T. K.

That character in conversation which commonly

passes for agreeable, is made up of civility and falsehood.

A short and certain way to obtain the character of a reasonable and wise man, is, whenever any one tells you his opinion, to comply with him.

What is generally accepted as virtue in women, is very different from what is thought so in men. A very good woman would make but a paltry man.

Some people are commended for a giddy kind of good humour, which is as much a virtue as drunkenness.

Those people only will constantly trouble you with doing little offices for them, who least deserve you should do them any.

Whoever has flattered his friend successfully, must at once think himself a knave, and his friend a fool.

We may see the small value God has for riches, by the people he gives them to. D. A.

Who are next to knaves? those that converse with them.

We are sometimes apt to wonder, to see those

people proud who have done the meanest things: whereas a consciousness of having done poor things, and a shame of hearing it, often make the composition we call pride.

An excuse is worse and more terrible than a lie: for an excuse is a *lie guarded.*

Praise is like ambergris; a little whiff of it, and by snatches, is very agreeable; but when a man holds a whole lump of it to your nose, it is a stink, and strikes you down.

The general cry is against *ingratitude,* but sure the complaint is misplaced; it should be against *vanity:* none but direct villains are capable of wilful ingratitude; but almost every body is capable of thinking he hath done more than another deserves, while the other thinks he hath received less than he deserves.

I never knew any man in my life who could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a Christian.

Several explanations of casuists, by multiplying sins, may be called *amendments to the ten commandments.*

It is observable that the ladies frequent tragedies more than comedies; the reason may be, that

in tragedy their sex is deified and adored, in comedy exposed and ridiculed.

The character of covetousness is what a man generally acquires more through some niggardliness, or ill grace, in little and inconsiderable things, than in expenses of any consequence: a very few pounds a year would ease that man of the scandal of avarice.

Some men's wit is like a dark lantern, which serves their own turn, and guides them their own way; but is never known (according to the scripture phrase) either to *shine forth before men, or to glorify their Father who is in heaven.*

It often happens that those are the best people, whose characters have been most injured by slanderers: as we usually find that to be the sweetest fruit which the birds have been picking at.

The people all running to the capital city, is like a confluence of all the animal spirits to the heart, a symptom that the constitution is in danger.

A king may be a tool, a thing of straw; but if he serves to frighten our enemies, and secure our property, it is well enough: a scarecrow is a thing of straw, but it protects the corn.

A man coming to the water-side, is surrounded

by all the crew; every one is officious, every one making applications, every one offering his services, the whole bustle of the place seems to be only for him. The same man going from the water side, no noise made about him, no creature takes notice of him, all let him pass with utter neglect! The picture of a minister when he comes into power, and when he goes out.

[We find by the Letter to Dr. Atterbury, dated July 27, 1722, that the Duchess of Buckinghamshire would have engaged Mr. Pope to draw her husband's character. But, though he refused this office, yet in his Epistle *On the Character of Women*, these lines,

> To heirs unknown descends th' unguarded store,
> Or wanders, heaven-directed, to the poor,*

are supposed to mark her out in such a manner as not to be mistaken for another; and having said of himself that *he held a lie in prose and verse to be the same*, all this together gave a handle to his enemies, since his death, to publish the following paper, (intitled, *The Character of Katherine*, &c.,) as written by him. On which account (in vindication of the deceased poet) we have subjoined to it a letter to a friend, that will let the reader fully into the history of the *writing* and *publication* of this extraordinary CHARACTER.] *Warburton.*

* These two lines are in the character of Atossa, who was the Duchess of Marlborough, and not Buckinghamshire. *Warton.*

THE CHARACTER

OF

KATHERINE,

LATE DUCHESS OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE AND NORMANBY.

BY THE LATE MR. POPE.

She was the daughter of James the Second, and of the Countess of Dorchester, who inherited the integrity and virtue of her father with happier fortune. She was married first to James, earl of Anglesey; and secondly, to John Sheffield, duke of Buckinghamshire and Normanby; with the former she exercised the virtues of *patience* and suffering, as long as there were any hopes of doing good by either; with the latter all other *conjugal virtues.* The man of finest sense and sharpest discernment she had the happiness to please, and in that found her only pleasure. When he died, it seemed as if his spirit was only breathed into her, to fulfil what he had begun, to perform what he had concerted, and to preserve and watch over what he had left, *his only son;* in the care of whose health, the forming of whose mind, and the improvement of whose fortune, she acted with the conduct and sense of the father, softened, but not

overcome, with the tenderness of the mother. Her understanding was such as must have made a figure, had it been in a man; but the modesty of her sex threw a veil over its lustre, which nevertheless suppressed only the expression, not the exertion of it; for her sense was not superior to her resolution, which, when once she was in the right, preserved her from making it only a transition to the wrong, the frequent weakness even of the best women. She often followed wise counsel, but sometimes went before it, always with success. She was possessed of a spirit, which assisted her to get the better of those accidents which admitted of any redress, and enabled her to support outwardly, with decency and dignity, those which admitted of none; yet melted inwardly, through almost her whole life, at a succession of melancholy and affecting objects, the loss of all her children, the misfortunes of *relations and friends, public and private,* and the death of those who were dearest to her. Her heart was as compassionate as it was great: her affections warm even to solicitude: her friendship not violent or jealous, but rational and persevering: her gratitude equal and constant to the living; to the dead boundless and heroical. What person soever she found worthy of her esteem, she would not give up for any power on earth; and the greatest on earth whom she could not esteem, obtained from her no farther tribute than decency. Her goodwill was wholly directed by merit, not by acci-

dent; not measured by the regard they professed for her own desert, but by her idea of theirs: and as there was no merit which she was not able to imitate, there was none which she could envy: therefore her conversation was as free from detraction as her opinions from prejudice or prepossession. As her thoughts were her own, so were her words; and she was as sincere in uttering her judgment, as impartial in forming it. She was a safe companion; many were served, none ever suffered by her acquaintance: inoffensive, when unprovoked; when provoked, not stupid: but the moment her enemy ceased to be hurtful, she could cease to act as an enemy. She was therefore not a bitter but consistent enemy: (though indeed, when forced to be so, the more a finished one for having been long a making). And her proceeding with ill people was more in a calm and steady course, like justice, than in quick and passionate onsets, like revenge. As for those of whom she only thought ill, she considered them not so much as once to wish them ill; of such, her contempt was great enough to put a stop to all other passions that could hurt them. Her love and aversion, her gratitude and resentment, her esteem and neglect, were equally open and strong, and alterable only from the alteration of the persons who created them. Her mind was too noble to be insincere, and her heart too honest to stand in need of it; so that she never found cause to repent her conduct either to a friend or an enemy.

There remains only to speak of her person, which was most amiably majestic; the nicest eye could find no fault in the outward lineaments of her face or proportion of her body: it was such, as pleased wherever she had a desire it should; yet she never envied that of any other, which might better please in general: in the same manner, as being content that her merits were esteemed where she desired they should, she never depreciated those of any other that were esteemed or preferred elsewhere. For she aimed not at a general love or a general esteem, where she was not known; it was enough to be possessed of both wherever she was. Having lived to the age of sixty-two years; not courting regard, but receiving it from all who knew her; not loving business, but discharging it fully wheresoever duty or friendship engaged her in it; not following greatness, but not declining to pay respect, as far as was due from independency and disinterest; having honourably absolved all the parts of life, she forsook this world, where she had left no act of duty or virtue undone, for that where alone such acts are rewarded, on the 13th day of March 1742-3.*

* "The above character was written by Mr. Pope some years before her Grace's death." So the printed edition. *Warburton.*

MR. POPE TO JAMES MOYSER, OF BEVERLEY, ESQ.

Dear Sir, *Bath, July* 11, 1743.

I AM always glad to hear of you, and where I can I always inquire of you. But why have you omitted to tell me one word of your own health? The account of our friend's* is truly melancholy, added to the circumstance of his being detained (I fear without much hope) in a foreign country, from the comfort of seeing (what a good man most desires and best deserves to see to the last hour) his friends about him. The public news† indeed gives every Englishman a reasonable joy, and I truly feel it with you, as a national joy, not a party one; nay, as a general joy to all nations, where bloodshed and misery must have been introduced, had the ambition and perfidy of —— prevailed.

I come now to answer your friend's question. The whole of what he has heard of my writing the character of the old Duke‡ of Buckingham is untrue. I do not remember ever to have seen it in MS. nor have I ever seen the pedigree he mentions, otherwise than after the Duchess had printed it with the will, and sent one to me, as, I suppose, she did to all her acquaintance. I do not wonder

* Mr. Bethel. † The victory at Dettingen. *Warburton.*

‡ He says *the old Duke*, because he wrote a very fine Epitaph for the son. *Warburton.*

it should be reported I writ that character, after a story which I will tell you in your ear, and to yourself only. There was another *character written of her Grace* by herself (with what help I know not); but she shewed it me in her blots, and pressed me, by all the adjurations of friendship, to give her my sincere opinion of it. I acted honestly and did so. She seemed to take it patiently, and, upon many exceptions which I made, engaged me to take the whole, and to select out of it just as much as I judged might stand, and return her the copy. I did so. Immediately she picked a quarrel with me, and we never saw each other in five or six years. In the mean time, she shewed this character (as much as was extracted of it in my hand-writing) as a composition of my own in her praise. And very probably it is *now in the hands of Lord Harvey*. Dear Sir, I sincerely wish you, and your whole family, (whose welfare is so closely connected,) the best health and truest happiness; and am (as is also the master of this place)

Your, &c.

THE

PLAN OF AN EPIC POEM,

TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN IN BLANK VERSE,
AND INTITLED,

BRUTUS.

THE

PLAN OF AN EPIC POEM.

As Æneas was famed for his piety, so his grandson's characteristic was benevolence; this first predominant principle of his character, prompted his endeavours to redeem the remains of his countrymen, the descendants from Troy, then captives in Greece, and to establish their freedom and felicity in a just form of government.

He goes to Epirus; from thence he travels all over Greece; collects all the scattered Trojans; and redeems them with the treasures he brought from Italy.

Having collected his scattered countrymen, he consults the oracle of Dodona, and is promised a settlement in an Island, which, from the description, appears to have been Britain. He then puts to sea, and enters the Atlantic Ocean.

The first book was intended to open with the appearance of Brutus at the Straits of Calpe, in sight of the Pillars of Hercules (the *ne plus ultra*). He was to have been introduced debating in council with his captains, whether it was advisable to launch into the great Ocean, on an enterprise bold and hazardous as that of the great Columbus.

One reason, among others, assigned by Brutus, for attempting the great ocean in search of a new country was, that he entertained no prospect of introducing pure manners in any part of the then known world; but that he might do it among a people uncorrupt in their manners, worthy to be made happy, and wanting only arts and laws to that purpose.

A debate ensues. Pisander, an old Trojan, is rather for settling in Betica, a rich country near the Straits, within the Mediterranean, of whose wealth they had heard great fame at Carthage.

Brutus apprehends that the softness of the climate, and the gold found there, would corrupt their manners; besides, that the Tyrians, who had established great commerce there, had introduced their superstitions among the natives, and made them unapt to receive the instructions he was desirous to give.

Cloanthes, one of his captains, out of avarice and effeminacy, nevertheless desires to settle in a rich and fertile country, rather than to tempt the dangers of the ocean, out of a romantic notion of heroism.

This has such an effect, that the whole council being dismayed, are unwilling to pass the Straits, and venture into the great Ocean; pleading the example of Hercules for not advancing farther, and urging the presumption of going beyond a God. To which Brutus, rising with emotion, answers, that Hercules was but a mortal like them;

and that if their virtue was superior to his, they would have the same claim to divinity: for that the path of virtue was the only way which lay open to Heaven.

At length he resolves to go in a single ship, and to reject all such dastards, as dared not accompany him.

Upon this, Orontes takes fire, declares he will attend him through any dangers; that he wants no oracle, but his own courage and the love of glory; that it was for merchants like the Tyrians, not for heroes like them, to make trading settlements in a country for the sake of its wealth.

All the younger part of the council agree to the sentiments of Orontes; and, for the love they bear to Brutus, determine to be the companions of his enterprize; and it is resolved to set sail the next day. That night, Hercules appears to him in a vision, applauding and confirming the sentiments he had that day delivered in council, and encouraging him to persevere in the pursuit of the intended enterprize.

The Second Book opens with a picture of the Supreme God in all his majesty, sitting on his throne in the highest Heaven. The superintending Angel of the Trojans' empire (the *Regnum Priami vetus*) falls down before the throne, and confesses his justice in having overturned that kingdom, for the sins of the princes, and of the people themselves. But adds, that after having chastised and humbled them, it would now be agreeable to

his mercy and goodness, to raise up a new state from their ruins, and form a people who might serve him better; that, in Brutus, his providence had a fit instrument for such a gracious design.

This prostrate Angel is raised by the Almighty, and permitted to attend upon Brutus in his voyage to Britain, in order to assist him in the reduction of that island.

The Guardian Angel, in pursuance of this commission, flies from Heaven to the high mountain of Calpe; and from thence causes an east wind to blow, which carries the fleet out of the Straits westward to the Canary islands, where he lands.

Here was to have been a description of Teneriff, and of the volcanos, as likewise of a most delicious island, which is described to be without inhabitants. A great part of his followers are disposed to settle here. What more, say they, can we wish for ourselves, than such a pleasing end of all our labours? In an inhabited country we must, perhaps, be forced to fight and destroy the natives; here, without encroaching upon others, without the guilt of a conquest, we may have a land that will supply us with all the necessaries of life. Why then should we go farther? Let us thank the Gods, and rest here in peace. This affords room for a beautiful description of the land of Laziness.

Brutus, however, rejects the narrow and selfish proposition, as incompatible with his generous plan of extending benevolence, by instructing and polishing uncultivated minds. He despises the

mean thought of providing for the happiness of themselves alone, and sets the great prospect of Heaven before them.

His persuasions, being seconded by good omens, prevail: nevertheless, they leave behind them the old man and the woman, together with such as are timid and unfit for service, to enjoy their ease there, and to erect a city. Over this colony, consisting however of about three thousand persons, he proposes to make Pisander king, under such limitations as appear to him wisest and best.

To this proposal they all assent with great satisfaction; only Pisander absolutely refuses to be king, and begs, notwithstanding his age, that he may attend Brutus in his enterprize. He urges that his experience and counsels may be of use, though his strength is gone; and that he shall die unhappy, if he does not die in the arms of his friend.

Brutus accepts his company, with great expressions of gratitude; and having left his colony a form of pure worship, and a short and simple body of laws, orders them to choose a government for themselves, and then sets sail with none but resolute and noble associates.

Here the Poet, by way of episode, meant to have introduced the passion of some friend, or the fondness of some female, who refused to stay behind, and determined to brave all hardships and perils, rather than quit the object of their affections.

Providence is now supposed to send his spirit

to raise the wind, and direct it to the northward. The vessel at length touched at Lisbon or Ulyssipont, where he meets with the son of a Trojan, captive of Ulysses. This gives occasion for an episode; and, among other things, furnishes an account of Ulysses settling there, and building of Lisbon; with a detail of the wicked principles of policy and superstition he had established, and of his being at length driven away by the discontented people he had enslaved.

Brutus is afterwards driven by a storm, raised by an evil spirit, as far as Norway. He prays to the Supreme God. His Guardian Angel calms the seas, and conducts the fleet safe into port; but the evil spirit excites the barbarian people to attack them at their landing.

Brutus, however, repulses them, lands, and encamps on the sea-shore. In the night an *aurora borealis* astonishes his men, such a phenomenon having never been seen by them before.

He endeavours to keep up their spirits, by telling them that what they look upon as a prodigy, may be a phenomenon of nature usual in those countries, though unknown to them and him; but that if it be any thing supernatural, they ought to to interpret it in their own favour, because heaven never works miracles but for the good.

About midnight they are attacked again by the barbarians, and the light of the *aurora* is of great use to them for their defence.

Brutus kills their chief leader, and Orontes the

three next in command. This discourages them, and they fly up into the country. He makes prisoners of some of the natives, who had been used to those seas, and inquires of them concerning a great island to the south-west of their country; they tell him they had been in such an island upon piratical voyages, and had carried some of the natives into captivity. He obtains some of those captives, whom he finds to be Britons; they describe their country to him, and undertake to pilot him.

In the next book, Brutus touches at the Orcades, and a picture is given of the manners of the savages. The North Britons he brought with him from Norway relate strange stories concerning one of the greatest of their islands, supposed to be inhabited by dæmons, who forbid all access to it, by thunders, earthquakes, &c. Eudemon relates a tradition in Greece, that in one of the Northern islands of the Ocean, some of the Titans were confined after their overthrow by Jupiter. Brutus, to confound their superstition, resolves to land in that island.

Brutus sails thither in a small vessel of six oars, attended only by Orontes, who insists on sharing with him in this adventure. When the boat approaches the shore, a violent hurricane rises, which dashes it against the rocks, and beats it to pieces. All the men are drowned but Brutus and Orontes, who swim to land. They find a thick forest, dark and impenetrable, out of which proceeds a dreadful noise.

All at once the sun was darkened; a thick night comes over them; thundering noises and bellowings are heard in the air, and under ground. A terrible eruption of fire breaks out from the top of a mountain, the earth shakes beneath their feet. Orontes flies back into the wood, but Brutus remains undaunted, though in great danger of being swallowed up, or burnt by the fire. In this extremity he calls upon God; the eruption ceases, and his Guardian Angel appears to Brutus, telling him God had permitted the evil spirit to work seeming miracles by natural means, in order to try his virtue, and to humble the pride of Orontes, who was too confident in his courage, and too little regardful of Providence. That the hill before them was a volcano; that the effects of it, dreadful, though natural, had made the ignorant savages believe the island to be an habitation of fiends. That the hurricane, which had wrecked his boat, was a usual symptom, preceding an eruption. That he might have perished in the eruption, if God had not sent him his good angel to be his preserver.

He then directs him to seek the south-west part of Great Britain, because the northern parts were infested by men not yet disposed to receive religion, arts, and good government, the subduing and civilizing of whom was reserved by Providence for a son, that should be born of him after his conquest of England.

Brutus promises to obey; the angel vanishes. Brutus finds Orontes in a cave of the wood; he is

so ashamed of his fear, that he attempts to kill himself. Brutus comforts him, ascribes it to a supernatural terror, and tells him what he had heard from the angel. They go down to the coast, where they find Hanno, with a ship to carry them off.

The ensuing book describes the joy of Brutus, at sight of the white rocks of Albion. He lands at Torbay, and, in the western part of the island, meets with a kind reception.

The climate is described to be equally free from the effeminacy and softness of the southern climes, and the ferocity and savageness of the northern. The natural genius of the natives being thus in the medium between these extremes, was well adapted to receive the improvements in virtue, he meditated to introduce. They are represented worshippers of the sun and fire, but of good and gentle dispositions, having no bloody sacrifices among them. Here he meets the Druids, at an altar of turf, in an open place, offering fruits and flowers to heaven.

Then follows a picture of the haven, which is succeeded by an account of the northern parts, supposed to be infested by tyrants, of whom the Britons tell strange stories, representing them as giants, whom he undertakes to assist them in conquering.

Among these islands, our poet takes notice of the island Mona, groaning under the lash of superstition, being governed by priests.

Likewise of another, distracted by *dismal anar-*

chy, the neighbours eating their captives, and carrying away virgins; which affords room for a beautiful episode, describing the feelings of a passionate lover, who prevailed on Brutus to fly to the rescue of a favourite fair one, whom, by his aid, he recovered from the arms of her brutal ravisher.

Our poet also speaks of a third, under the dominion of tyranny, which was stronger than the rest, and defended by giants living in castles, high rocks, &c. Some of these giants our poet names, as *Corinæus*, *Gogmagog*, &c. Here he proposed to moralize the old fables concerning Brutus, Gogmagog, &c.

Brutus, however, is opposed in his attempt by the priests, conjurers, and magicians; and the priests are supposed to have had secrets, which passed for supernatural, such as the use of gunpowder, &c. He meets with many difficulties likewise from his own people, which interrupt his designs; particularly from one of his kinsmen, who is fierce, young and ambitious. He is earnest for conquering all by force, and treating the people who submitted to him as slaves.

But Brutus gives it as his opinion, not to conquer and destroy the natives of the new-discovered land, but to polish and refine them, by introducing true religion, void of superstition and all false notions of the Deity, which only leads to vice and misery, among people who are uncorrupted in their manners, and only want the introduction of useful arts, under the sanction of a good government, to establish and ensure their felicity.

This turbulent kinsman likewise endangers a revolt, by taking away a woman betrothed to a Briton.

Some of Brutus's followers take part with him, and raise a faction, which, by his wisdom and firmness, he suppresses, and brings the discontented back to their duty; who at length unite with him against the giants, their common enemy. It must not be omitted, that the kinsman is represented as repenting of his secession, and much ashamed that Brutus, having left him a victim to female blandishments, went to the war without him.

Brutus, in the end, succeeded in his enterprize against the giants, and enchantment vanished before him; having reduced the fortresses of superstition, anarchy, and tyranny, the whole island submits to good government, and with this the Poem was intended to close.

Such was the outline of this poem, which, if he had finished, it would not, perhaps, have added much to his reputation.

He had likewise planned two Odes, or Moral Poems, on the Mischiefs of Arbitrary Power, and the Folly of Ambition. The first was to open with a view and description of Ætna or Vesuvius, after a long intermission from eruptions; in which was given a picture of all rural felicity, in the most enchanting scenes of vine-yards and olive-yards in one place; the products of Ceres in another; and flowery pastures, overspread with flocks and herds in a third; while the shepherds were indulging

themselves in their rural dances, songs, and music; and the husbandmen, in feats of activity. In the heat of these amusements, is heard the rumbling in the bowels of the mountain, the day is overcast, and after other dreadful symptoms of approaching desolation, a torrent of liquid fire breaks out from the mouth, and running down the declivity, carries away every thing in its passage; and as Milton says—

"All the flourishing works of Peace destroys."

That on the Folly of Ambition and a Name, was to open with the view of a large champaign desart country; in the midst of which was a large heap of shapeless and deformed ruins, under the shadow of which was seen a shepherd's shed, who at his door was tending a few sheep and goats. The ruins attract the eye of a traveller passing by, who, curious to be informed of what he saw, addresses himself to the shepherd, to know to what superb structures these ruins belonged. The shepherd entertains him with an absurd and fabulous account of ancient times, in which there were such traces of true history, that the traveller at length discovers, by the aid of the fabulous narrator, joined to certain marks in the ruins themselves, that this was the famous Blenheim, built, at the public expense, by a warlike nation, for the Deliverer of Europe, &c.

GUARDIANS.

It is observable that our author wrote no one paper in the *Spectator:* though his friend *Parnell* did several, chiefly in the way of *Visions*, and in a style forced and inflated, and much inferior to these *eight* papers of our author. *Addison* wrote *fifty-two* papers in the *Guardian*, the plan of which was far inferior to that of the *Spectator*. For what had the Guardian of the *Sparkler* to do with subjects of Criticism and Philosophy? The secret charm of the Spectator consisted in interesting the reader in the characters and actions of the several members of the club, and consequently in the *dramatic cast* given to those Essays. The successors of the *Spectator*, even those that have been most popular, seem to have been unfortunate in the *Titles* they assumed. Who would suppose that the *Rambler* (il Vagabondo, as the Italian translator termed it) was a series of the gravest and most moral Essays? The *Adventurer*, it seems, alluded to its being a kind of *Knight Errantry* to attack the vices and follies of men. The *Connoisseur*, though you would naturally expect it from the title, yet contained nothing that related to the fine arts. The *World* was an appropriate and happy title, because it pointed out the chief design of touching on the topics of the day, and the living manners of the times. And this significant title was given to it, by the sensible publisher of it, Mr. Robert Dodsley, at a meeting of several of the author's friends, who universally gave the preference to his proposal against their own. *Warton.*

GUARDIANS.

No. 4. MARCH 16, 1712.

THOUGH most things which are wrong in their own nature, are at once confessed and absolved in that single word, the Custom; yet there are some which, as they have a dangerous tendency, a thinking man will the-less excuse on that very account. Among these I cannot but reckon the common practice of *Dedications*, which is of so much the worse consequence as it is generally used by people of politeness, and whom a learned education for the most part ought to have inspired with nobler and juster sentiments. This prostitution of praise is not only a deceit upon the gross of mankind, who take their notion of characters from the learned; but also the better sort must by this means lose some part at least of that desire of Fame which is the incentive to generous actions, when they find it promiscuously bestowed on the meritorious and undeserving. Nay, the author himself, let him be supposed to have ever so true a value for the patron, can find no terms to express it, but what have been already used, and rendered suspected by flatterers. Even Truth itself

in a Dedication is like an honest man in a disguise or visor-masque, and will appear a cheat by being dressed so like one. Though the merit of the person is beyond dispute, I see no reason, that, because one man is eminent, therefore another has a right to be impertinent, and throw praises in his face. It is just the reverse of the practice of the ancient Romans, when a person was advanced to triumph for his services: they hired people to rail at him in that circumstance, to make him as humble as they could; and we have fellows to flatter him, and make him as proud as they can. Supposing the writer not to be mercenary, yet the great man is no more in reason obliged to thank him for his picture in a dedication, than to thank the painter for that on a sign-post; except it be a less injury to touch the most sacred part of him, his character, than to make free with his countenance only. I should think nothing justified me in this point, but the patron's permission before-hand, that I should draw him as like as I could; whereas most authors proceed in this affair just as a dauber I have heard of, who, not being able to draw portraits after the life, was used to paint faces at random, and look out afterwards for people whom he might persuade to be like them. To express my notion of the thing in a word: to say more to a man than one thinks, with a prospect of interest, is dishonest; and without it, foolish. And whoever has had success in such an undertaking, must of necessity at once think himself in his heart a knave for hav-

ing done it, and his patron a fool for having believed it.

I have sometimes been entertained with considering dedications in no very common light. By observing what qualities our writers think it will be most pleasing to others to compliment them with, one may form some judgment which are most so to themselves; and, in consequence, what sort of people they are. Without this view one can read very few dedications, but will give us cause to wonder, either how such things came to be said at all, or how they were said to such persons. I have known a hero complimented upon the decent majesty and state he assumed after a victory: and a nobleman of a different character applauded for his condescension to inferiors. This would have seemed very strange to me but that I happened to know the authors; he who made the first compliment was a lofty gentleman, whose air and gait discovered when he had published a new book; and the other tippled every night with the fellows who laboured at the press while his own writings were working off. It is observable of the female poets and ladies dedicatory, that there (as elsewhere) they far exceed us in any strain or rant. As beauty is the thing that sex are piqued upon, they speak of it generally in a more elevated style than is used by the men. They adore in the same manner as they would be adored. So when the authoress of a famous modern romance begs a young nobleman's permission to pay him her *kneel-*

ing adorations, I am far from censuring the expression, as some critics would do, as deficient in grammar or sense; but I reflect, that adorations paid in that posture are what a lady might expect herself, and my wonder immediately ceases. These, when they flatter most, do but as they would be done unto; for as none are so much concerned at being injured by calumnies, as they who are readiest to cast them upon their neighbours; so it is certain, none are so guilty of flattery to others, as those who most ardently desire it themselves.

What led me into these thoughts, was a dedication I happened upon this morning. The reader must understand, that I treat the least instances or remains of ingenuity with respect, in what places soever found, or under whatever circumstances of disadvantage. From this love to letters I have been so happy in my searches after knowledge, that I have found unvalued repositories of learning in the lining of band-boxes. I look upon these pasteboard edifices, adorned with the fragments of the ingenious, with the same veneration as antiquaries upon ruined buildings, whose walls preserve divers inscriptions and names, which are no where else to be found in the world. This morning, when one of Lady Lizard's daughters was looking over some hoods and ribbands, brought by her tire-woman with great care and diligence, I employed no less in examining the box which contained them; it was lined with certain scenes of a tragedy, written (as appeared by part of the title

there extant) by one of the fair sex. What was most legible was the dedication; which, by reason of the largeness of the characters, was least defaced by those Gothic ornaments of flourishes and foliage, wherewith the compilers of these sort of structures do often industriously obscure the works of the learned. As much of it as I could read with any ease, I shall communicate to the reader as follows. * * * "Though it is a kind of profanation to approach your Grace with so poor an offering, yet when I reflect how acceptable a sacrifice of first-fruits was to heaven, in the earliest and purest ages of religion, that they were honoured with solemn feasts, and consecrated to altars by a divine command; * * * Upon that consideration, as an argument of particular zeal, I dedicate * * * It is impossible to behold you without adoring; yet dazzled and awed by the glory that surrounds you, men feel a sacred power, that refines their flames, and renders them pure as those we ought to offer to the Deity. * * * * The shrine is worthy the divinity that inhabits it. In your Grace we see what woman was before she fell, how nearly allied to the purity and perfection of angels. And we adore and bless the glorious work!"

Undoubtedly these, and other periods of this most pious dedication, could not but convince the Duchess of what the eloquent authoress assures her at the end, that she was her servant with most ardent devotion. I think this a pattern of a new sort of style, not yet taken notice of by the critics,

which is above the sublime, and may be called the celestial; that is, when the most sacred praises appropriated to the honour of the Deity, are applied to a mortal of good quality. As I am naturally emulous, I cannot but endeavour, in imitation of this lady, to be the inventor, or, at least, the first producer, of a new kind of dedication, very different from hers and most others, since it has not a word but what the author religiously thinks in it. It may serve for almost any book, either prose or verse, that has, is, or shall be published; and might run in this manner.

THE AUTHOR TO HIMSELF.

Most Honoured Sir,

THESE labours, upon many considerations, so properly belong to none as to you: first, that it was your most earnest desire alone that could prevail upon me to make them public: then, as I am secure (from that constant indulgence you have ever shewn to all which is mine) that no man will so readily take them into protection, or so zealously defend them. Moreover, there is none can so soon discover the beauties; and there are some parts which it is possible few besides yourself are capable of understanding. Sir, the honour, affection, and value I have for you are beyond expression; as great, I am sure, or greater, than any man else can bear you. As for any defects which others may pretend to discover in you, I do faithfully de-

clare I was never able to perceive them; and doubt not but those persons are actuated purely by a spirit of malice or envy, the inseparable attendants on shining merit and parts, such as I have always esteemed yours to be. It may, perhaps, be looked upon as a kind of violence to modesty, to say this to you in public; but you may believe me, it is no more than I have a thousand times thought of you in private. Might I follow the impulse of my soul, there is no subject I could launch into with more pleasure than your panegyric; but since something is due to modesty, let me conclude by telling you, that there is nothing I so much desire as to know you more thoroughly than I have yet the happiness of doing. I may then hope to be capable to do you some real service; but till then, can only assure you, that I shall continue to be, as I am more than any man alive,

Dearest Sir,
Your affectionate friend and
The greatest of your admirers.

No. 11. Tuesday, March 24, 1713.

Huc propiùs me,
Dum doceo insanire omnes, vos ordine adite.
Hor. Sat. iii. lib. ii. ver. 80.

"To the Guardian.

"Sir,

"As you profess to encourage all those who any way contribute to the public good, I flatter myself I

may claim your countenance and protection. I am by profession a mad-doctor, but of a peculiar kind; not of those whose aim it is to remove frenzies, but one who makes it my business to confer an agreeable madness on my fellow-creatures, for their mutual delight and benefit. Since it is agreed by the philosophers, that happiness and misery consist chiefly in the imagination, nothing is more necessary to mankind in general than this pleasing delirium, which renders every one satisfied with himself, and persuades him that all others are equally so.

I have for several years, both at home and abroad, made this science my particular study, which I may venture to say I have improved in almost all the courts of Europe; and have reduced it into so safe and easy a method, as to practise it on both sexes, of what disposition, age, or quality soever, with success. What enables me to perform this great work, is the use of my *Obsequium Catholicon*, or the *Grand Elixir*, to support the spirits of human nature. This remedy is of the most grateful flavour in the world, and agrees with all tastes whatever. It is delicate to the senses, delightful in the operation, may be taken at all hours without confinement, and is as properly given at a ball or playhouse as in a private chamber. It restores and vivifies the most dejected minds, corrects and extracts all that is painful in the knowledge of a man's self. One dose of it will instantly disperse itself through the whole animal

system, dissipate the first motions of distrust, so as never to return, and so exhilarate the brain, and rarefy the gloom of reflection, as to give the patients a new flow of spirits, a vivacity of behaviour, and a pleasing dependence upon their own capacities.

"Let a person be never so far gone, I advise him not to despair? even though he has been troubled many years with restless reflections, which by long neglect have hardened into settled consideration. Those that have been stung with satire, may here find a certain antidote, which infallibly disperses all the remains of poison that has been left in the understanding by bad cures. It fortifies the heart against the rancour of pamphlets, the inveteracy of epigrams, and the mortification of lampoons; as has been often experienced by several persons of both sexes, during the seasons of *Tunbridge* and the *Bath*.

"I could, as further instances of my success, produce certificates and testimonials from the favourites and ghostly fathers of the most eminent princes of Europe; but shall content myself with the mention of a few cures, which I have performed by this my *Grand Universal Restorative*, during the practice of one month only since I came to this city.

"*Cures in the month of* February, 1713.

"George Spondee, Esq., poet, and inmate of the parish of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, fell into vio-

lent fits of the spleen upon a thin third night. He had been frighted into a vertigo by the sound of Cat-calls on the first day; and the frequent hissings on the second made him unable to endure the bare pronunciation of the letter S. I searched into the causes of his distemper; and, by the prescription of a dose of my *obsequium* prepared *secundum artem*, recovered him to his natural state of madness. I cast in at proper intervals the words, *ill taste of the town, envy of critics, bad performance of the actors,* and the like. He is so perfectly cured, that he has promised to bring another play upon the stage next winter.

"A lady of professed virtue of the parish of St. James's, Westminster, who hath desired her name may be concealed, having taken offence at a phrase of double meaning in conversation, undiscovered by any other in the company, suddenly fell into a cold fit of modesty. Upon a right application of praise of her virtue, I threw the lady into an agreeable waking dream, settled the fermentation of her blood into a warm charity, so as to make her look with patience on the very gentleman that offended.

"Hilaria, of the parish of St. Giles's in the Fields, a coquette of long practice, was, by the reprimand of an old maiden, reduced to look grave in company, and deny herself the play of the fan. In short, she was brought to such melancholy circumstances, that she would sometimes unawares fall into devotion at church. I advised her to

take a few *innocent freedoms, with occasional kisses,* prescribed her the *exercise of the eyes,* and immediately raised her to her former state of life. She on a sudden recovered her dimples, furled her fan, threw round her glances, and for these two Sundays last past has not once been seen in an attentive posture. This the churchwardens are ready to attest upon oath.

"Andrew Terror, of the Middle-Temple, Mohock, was almost induced, by an aged Bencher of the same house, to leave off bright conversation, and pore over *Coke upon Littleton.* He was so ill that his hat began to flap, and he was seen one day in the last term at Westminster-hall. This patient had quite lost his spirit of contradiction. I, by the distillation of a few of my vivifying drops in his ear, drew him from his lethargy, and restored him to his usual vivacious misunderstanding. He is at present very easy in his condition.

"I will not dwell upon the recital of the innumerable cures I have performed within twenty days last past; but rather proceed to exhort all persons of whatever age, complexion, or quality, to take as soon as possible of this my intellectual oil; which, applied at the ear, seizes all the senses with a most agreeable transport, and discovers its effects, not only to the satisfaction of the patient, but all who converse with, attend upon, or any way relate to him or her that receives the kindly infection. It is often administered by chambermaids, valets, or any the most ignorant domestic;

it being one peculiar excellence of this my oil, that it is most prevalent, the more unskilful the person is, or appears, who applies it. It is absolutely necessary for ladies to take a dose of it just before they take coach to go a visiting.

"But I offend the public, as Horace said, when I trespass on any of your time. Give me leave then, Mr. Ironside, to make you a present of a drachm or two of my oil! though I have cause to fear my prescriptions will not have the effect upon you I could wish: therefore I do not endeavour to bribe you in my favour by the present of my oil, but wholly depend upon your public spirit and generosity; which, I hope, will recommend to the world the useful endeavours of,

"Sir,

"Your most obedient, most faithful,

"most devoted, most humble

"Servant and admirer,

"GNATHO."

"*†* Beware of counterfeits, for such are abroad.

"N.B. I teach the arcana of my art at reasonable rates to gentlemen of the universities, who desire to be qualified for writing dedications; and to young lovers and fortune-hunters, to be paid at the day of marriage. I instruct persons of bright capacities to flatter others, and those of the meanest to flatter themselves.

"I was the first inventor of pocket looking-glasses."

No. 40. Monday, April 27, 1713.

Being a Continuation of some former Papers on the subject of Pastorals.

Compulerantque greges Corydon et Thyrsis in unum:
Ex illo Corydon, Corydon est tempore nobis.

1. I designed to have troubled the reader with no further discourses of Pastoral;* but being informed that I am taxed of partiality in not mentioning an author whose Eclogues are published in the same volume with Mr. Philips's, I shall employ this Paper in observations upon him, written in the free spirit of criticism, and without any apprehension of offending that gentleman, whose character it is, that he takes the greatest care of his works before they are published, and has the least concern for them afterwards.

2. I have laid it down as the first rule of Pastoral, that its idea should be taken from the manners of the golden age, and the moral formed upon the representation of innocence; it is therefore plain, that any deviations from that design degraded a poem from being truly Pastoral. In this view it will appear, that Virgil can only have two of his Eclogues allowed to be such: his first

* The irony of this paper was conducted with such delicacy and skill that the drift of it was not at first perceived. The wits at Button's thought it to be a sarcasm on Pope's Pastorals; *Steele* hesitated about publishing it; but *Addison* immediately saw the design of it. *Warton.*

and ninth must be rejected, because they describe the ravages of armies, and oppressions of the innocent: Corydon's criminal passion for Alexis throws out the second: the calumny and railing in the third, are not proper to that state of concord: the eighth represents unlawful ways of procuring love by enchantments, and introduces a shepherd whom an inviting precipice tempts to self-murder: as to the fourth, sixth, and tenth, they are given up by Heinsius,* Salmasius, Rapin, and the critics in general. They likewise observe, that but eleven of all the Idyllia of Theocritus are to be admitted as Pastorals: and even out of that number the greater part will be excluded for one or other of the reasons above-mentioned. So that when I remarked in a former paper, that Virgil's Eclogues, taken altogether, are rather select Poems than Pastorals; I might have said the same thing, with no less truth, of Theocritus. The reason of this I take to be yet unobserved by the critics, viz. They never meant them all for Pastorals.

Now it is plain Philips hath done this, and in that particular excelled both Theocritus and Virgil.

3. As simplicity is the distinguishing characteristic of Pastoral, Virgil hath been thought guilty of too courtly a style; his language is perfectly pure, and he often forgets he is among peasants. I have frequently wondered, that since he was so

* See Rapin, de Carm. par. iii.

conversant in the writings of Ennius, he had not imitated the rusticity of the Doric as well by the help of the old obsolete Roman language, as Philips has by the antiquated English: for example, might he not have said *quoi* instead of *cui*; *quoijum* for *cujum*; *vold* for *vult*, &c. as well as our modern hath *welladay* for *alas*, *whileome* for *of old*, *make mock* for *deride*, and *witless younglings* for *simple lambs*, &c. by which means he had attained as much of the air of Theocritus, as Philips hath of Spenser?

4. Mr. Pope hath fallen into the same error with Virgil. His clowns do not converse in all the simplicity proper to the country: his names are borrowed from Theocritus and Virgil, which are improper to the scene of his Pastorals. He introduces Daphnis, Alexis, and Thyrsis on British plains, as Virgil hath done before him on the Mantuan: whereas Philips, who hath the strictest regard to propriety, makes choice of names peculiar to the country, and more agreeable to a reader of delicacy; such as Hobbinol, Lobbin, Cuddy, and Colin Clout.

5. So easy as pastoral writing may seem (in the simplicity we have described it) yet it requires great reading, both of the ancients and moderns, to be a master of it. Philips hath given us manifest proofs of his knowledge of books. It must be confessed his competitor hath imitated *some single thoughts*

of the ancients well enough (if we consider he had not the happiness of an University education); but he hath dispersed them here and there, without that order and method which Mr. Philips observes, whose *whole* third Pastoral is an instance how well he hath studied the fifth of Virgil, and how judiciously reduced Virgil's thoughts of the standard of Pastoral; as his contention of Colin Clout and the Nightingale shows with what exactness he hath imitated every line in Strada.

6. When I remarked it as a principal fault, to introduce fruits and flowers of a foreign growth, in descriptions where the scene lies in our own country, I did not design that observation should extend also to animals, or the sensitive life; for Mr. Philips hath with great judgment, described Wolves in England in his first Pastoral.* Nor would I have a poet slavishly confine himself (as Mr. Pope hath done) to one particular season of the year, one certain time of the day, and one unbroken scene in each Eclogue. It is plain Spenser neglected this pedantry, who, in his Pastoral of November, mentions the mournful song of the Nightingale:

"Sad Philomel her song in tears doth steep."

And Mr. Philips, by a poetical creation, hath raised up finer beds of flowers than the most industrious

* This passage alone might have shewn the fine irony of the Paper. *Warton.*

gardeners; his roses, endives, lilies, kingcups, and daffodils, blow all in the same season.

7. But the better to discover the merits of our two contemporary Pastoral writers, I shall endeavour to draw a parallel of them, by setting several of their particular thoughts in the same light, whereby it will be obvious how much Philips hath the advantage. With what simplicity he introduces two shepherds singing alternately?

HOBB.

" Come, Rosalind, O come, for without thee
What pleasure can the country have for me?
Come, Rosalind, O come; my brindled kine,
My snowy sheep, my farm, and all, is thine.

LANQ.

" Come, Rosalind, O come; here shady bowers,
Here are cool fountains, and here springing flowers.
Come, Rosalind; here ever let us stay,
And sweetly waste our live-long time away."

Our other Pastoral writer, in expressing the same thought, deviates into downright poetry:

STREPH.

" In Spring the fields, in Autumn hills I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
But Delia always; forc'd from Delia's sight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

DAPH.

" Sylvia's like Autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day;

Ev'n Spring displeases, when she shines not here;
But blest with her, 'tis Spring throughout the year."

In the first of these authors, two shepherds thus innocently describe the behaviour of their mistresses:

HOBB.

"As Marian bath'd, by chance I passed by,
She blush'd, and at me cast a side-long eye:
Then swift beneath the crystal wave she tried
Her beauteous form, but all in vain, to hide.

LANQ.

"As I to cool me bath'd one sultry day,
Fond Lydia lurking in the sedges lay.
The wanton laugh'd, and seem'd in haste to fly;
Yet often stopp'd, and often turn'd her eye."

The other modern (who it must be confessed hath a knack of versifying) hath it as follows:

STREPH.

"Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then, hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
But feigns a laugh, to see me search around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

DAPH.

"The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green,
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!"

There is nothing the writers of this kind of poetry are fonder of than descriptions of pastoral presents. Philips says thus of a sheep-hook,

" Of season'd elm; where studs of brass appear,
To speak the giver's name, the month and year;
The hook of polish'd steel, the handle turn'd,
And richly by the graver's skill adorn'd."

The other of a bowl embossed with figures,

" where wanton ivy twines,
And swelling clusters bend the curling vines;
Four figures rising from the work appear,
The various seasons of the rolling year;
And, what is that which binds the radiant sky,
Where twelve bright signs in beauteous order lie?"

The simplicity of the swain in this place, who forgets the name of the Zodiac, is no ill imitation of Virgil: but how much more plainly and unaffectedly would Philips have dressed this thought in his Doric?

" And what that height, which girds the welkin sheen,
Where twelve gay signs in meet array are seen?"

If the reader would indulge his curiosity any further in the comparison of particulars, he may read the first pastoral of Philips with the second of his contemporary, and the fourth and sixth of the former with the fourth and first of the latter; where several parallel places will occur to every one.

Having now shown some parts, in which these two writers may be compared, it is a justice I owe to Mr. Philips to discover those in which no man can compare with him. First, that beautiful rusticity, of which I shall only produce two instances out of a hundred not yet quoted:

" O woeful day! O day of woe! quoth he,
And woeful I, who live the day to see!"

The simplicity of diction, the melancholy flowing of the numbers, the solemnity of the sound, and the easy turn of the words in this Dirge (to make use of our author's expression) are extremely elegant.

In another of his pastorals, a shepherd utters a Dirge not much inferior to the former, in the following lines:

> " Ah me the while! ah me! the luckless day,
> Ah luckless lad! the rather might I say;
> Ah silly I! more silly than my sheep,
> Which on the flow'ry plains I once did keep."

How he still charms the ear with these artful repetitions of the epithets; and how significant is the last verse! I defy the most common reader to repeat them, without feeling some motions of compassion.

In the next place I shall rank his Proverbs, in which I formerly observed he excels: for example:

> " A rolling stone is ever bare of moss;
> And, to their cost, green years old proverbs cross.
> —He that late lies down, as late will rise,
> And sluggard-like, till noon-day snoring lies.
> —Against ill-luck all cunning foresight fails;
> Whether we sleep or wake, it nought avails:
> —Nor fear, from upright sentence, wrong."

Lastly, his elegant dialect, which alone might prove him the eldest born of Spenser, and our only true Arcadian. I should think it proper for the several writers of Pastoral, to confine themselves to their several counties. Spenser seems to have been of this opinion: for he hath laid the scene of

one of his Pastorals in Wales; where, with all the simplicity natural to that part of our island, one shepherd bids the other good-morrow, in an unusual and elegant manner:

" Diggon Davy, I bid hur God-day:
Or Diggon hur is, or I mis-say."

Diggon answers:

" Hur was hur, while it was day-light;
But now hur is a most wretched wight," &c.

But the most beautiful example of this kind that I ever met with, is in a very valuable piece which I chanced to find among some old manuscripts, entitled, A Pastoral Ballad: which I think, for its nature and simplicity, may (notwithstanding the modesty of the title) be allowed a perfect Pastoral. It is composed in the Somersetshire dialect, and the names such as are proper to the country people. It may be observed, as a further beauty of this Pastoral, the words Nymph, Dryad, Naiad, Faun, Cupid, or Satyr, are not once mentioned throughout the whole. I shall make no apology for inserting some few lines of this excellent piece. Cicely breaks thus into the subject, as she is going a-milking:

CICELY.

" Rager, go vetch tha Kee,* or else tha Zun
Will quite bego, bevore c'have half a don.

ROGER.

" Thou shouldst not ax ma tweece, but I've a bee
To dreve our bull to bull tha Parson's kee."

* That is, the Kine or Cows. *Warburton.*

It is to be observed, that this whole dialogue is formed upon the passion of *Jealousy;* and his mentioning the Parson's kine naturally revives the jealousy of the shepherdess Cicely, which she expresses as follows:

CICELY.

" Ah Rager, Rager, ches was zore avraid,
When in yon vield you kiss'd tha Parson's maid:
Is this the love that once to me you zed,
When from the wake thou brought'st me gingerbread?"

ROGER.

" Cicely, thou charg'st me valse—I'll zwear to thee,
Tha Parson's maid is still a maid vor me."

In which answer of his, are expressed at once that spirit of religion, and that innocence of the golden age, so necessary to be observed by all writers of Pastoral.

At the conclusion of this piece, the author reconciles the lovers, and ends the Eclogue the most simply in the world:

" So Rager parted vor to vetch tha kee,
And vor her bucket in went Cicely."

I am loth to shew my fondness for antiquity so far as to prefer this ancient British author to our present English writers of Pastoral; but I cannot avoid making this obvious remark, that Philips hath hit into the same road with this old West Country Bard of ours.

After all that hath been said, I hope none can think it any injustice to Mr. Pope that I forbore to

mention him as a Pastoral writer; since, upon the whole, he is of the same class with Moschus and Bion, whom we have excluded that rank: and of whose Eclogues, as well as some of Virgil's, it may be said, that (according to the description we have given of this sort of poetry) they are by no means Pastorals, but something better.

No. 61. MAY 21, 1713.

"Primoque a cæde ferarum
Incaluisse putem maculatum sanguine ferrum."
OVID.

I CANNOT think it extravagant to imagine, that mankind are no less in proportion, accountable for the ill use of their dominion over creatures of lower rank of beings, than for the exercise of tyranny over their own species. The more entirely the inferior creation is submitted to our power, the more answerable we should seem for our mismanagement of it; and the rather, as the very condition of nature renders these creatures incapable of receiving any recompence in another life for their ill treatment in this.

It is observable of those noxious animals, whicl have qualities most powerful to injure us, that they naturally avoid mankind, and never hurt us unless provoked or necessitated by hunger. Man, on the other hand, seeks out and pursues even the most

inoffensive animals, on purpose to persecute and destroy them.

Montaigne thinks it some reflection upon human nature itself that few people take delight in seeing beasts caress or play together, but almost every one is pleased to see them lacerate and worry one another. I am sorry this temper is become almost a distinguishing character of our own nation, from the observation which is made by foreigners of our beloved pastimes, Bear-baiting, Cock-fighting, and the like. We should find it hard to vindicate the destroying of any thing that has life, merely out of wantonness; yet in this principle our children are bred up, and one of the first pleasures we allow them, is the licence of inflicting pain upon poor animals: almost as soon as we are sensible what life is ourselves, we make it our sport to take it from other creatures. I cannot but believe a very good use might be made of the fancy which children have for birds and insects. Mr. Locke takes notice of a mother who permitted them to her children, but rewarded or punished them as they treated them well or ill. This was no other than entering them betimes into a daily exercise of humanity, and improving their very diversion to a virtue.

I fancy too, some advantage might be taken of the common notion, that it is ominous or unlucky, to destroy some sorts of birds, as swallows and martins. This opinion might possibly arise from the

confidence these birds seem to put in us by building under our roofs, so that it is a kind of violation of the laws of hospitality to murder them. As for Robin-red-breasts* in particular, it is not improbable they owe their security to the old ballad of *The Children in the Wood.* However it be, I don't know, I say, why this prejudice well improved and carried as far as it would go, might not be made to conduce to the preservation of many innocent creatures, which are now exposed to all the wantonness of an ignorant barbarity.

There are other animals that have the misfortune, for no manner of reason, to be treated as common enemies wherever found. The conceit that a cat has nine lives, has cost at least nine lives in ten of the whole race of them: scarce a boy in the streets but has in this point outdone Hercules himself, who was famous for killing a monster that had but three lives. Whether the unaccountable animosity against this useful domestic be any cause of the general persecution of owls, (who are a sort of feathered cats,) or whether it be only an unreasonable pique the moderns have taken to a serious countenance, I shall not determine; though I am inclined to believe the former; since I observe the sole reason alleged for the destruction of frogs is because they are like toads. Yet amidst all the misfortunes of these un-

* Thomson has a humane passage on this bird's paying his visit to *trusted man* in the depth of winter. *Warton.*

friended creatures, it is some happiness that we have not yet taken a fancy to eat them: for should our countrymen refine upon the French never so little, it is not to be conceived to what unheard-of torments owls, cats, and frogs may be yet reserved.

When we grow up to men, we have another succession of sanguinary sports; in particular, hunting. I dare not attack a diversion which has such authority and custom to support it; but must have leave to be of opinion, that the agitation of that exercise, with the example and number of the chasers, not a little contribute to resist those checks, which compassion would naturally suggest in behalf of the animal pursued. Nor shall I say with Monsieur Fleury, that this sport is a remain of the Gothic barbarity; but I must animadvert upon a certain custom yet in use with us, and barbarous enough to be derived from the Goths, or even the Scythians; I mean that savage compliment our huntsmen pass upon ladies of quality, who are present at the death of a stag, when they put the knife in their hands to cut the throat of a helpless, trembling, and weeping creature:

Questuque cruentus
Atque imploranti similis.—

But if our sports are destructive, our gluttony is more so, and in a more inhuman manner. Lobsters roasted alive, pigs whipped to death, fowls sewed up, are testimonies of our outrageous lux-

ury. Those, who (as Seneca expresses it) divide their lives betwixt an anxious conscience, and a nauseated stomach, have a just reward* of their gluttony in the diseases it brings with it: for human savages, like other wild beasts, find snares and poison in the provisions of life, and are allured by their appetite to their destruction. I know nothing more shocking, or horrid, than the prospect of one of their kitchens covered with blood, and filled with the cries of creatures expiring in tortures. It gives one an image of a giant's den in a romance, bestrewed with the scattered heads and mangled limbs of those who were slain by his cruelty.

The excellent Plutarch† (who has more strokes of good-nature in his writings than I remember in any author) cites a saying of Cato to this effect: "That it is no easy task to preach to the belly, which has no ears. Yet if (says he) we are ashamed to be so out of fashion as not to offend, let us at least offend with some discretion and

* He used the very same expression on the same subject in his *Essay on Man.* *Warton.*

† This is a just character of *Plutarch*, whose *Lives* are well known; but whose *Morals* are not read and attended to so much as they deserve, being some of the most valuable remains of all antiquity. Good editions of them have long been wanted; but we hope the elegant one now publishing at Oxford will awaken the attention of many readers. *Warton.*

Wyttenbach's edition, of which were published, in 1795, vol. i. and ii. 4to., and vol. i. ii. iii. and iv. 8vo. The University of Oxford purchased his papers, and printed this edition, in a very splendid and correct form. C. *Bowles.*

measure. If we kill an animal for our provision, let us do it with the meltings of compassion, and without tormenting it. Let us consider, that it is in its own nature cruelty to put a living creature to death; we at least destroy a soul that has sense and perception." In the life of Cato the Censor, he takes occasion, from the severe disposition of that man, to discourse in this manner: "It ought to be esteemed a happiness to mankind, that our humanity has a wider sphere to exert itself in, than bare justice. It is no more than the obligation of our very birth to practise equity to our own kind; but humanity may be extended through the whole order of creatures, even to the meanest: such actions of charity are the over-flowings of a mild good-nature on all below us. It is certainly the part of a well-natured man to take care of his horses and dogs, not only in expectation of their labour while they are foals and whelps, but even when their old age has made them incapable of service."

History tells us of a wise and polite nation, that rejected a person of the first quality, who stood for a judiciary office, only because he had been observed in his youth to take pleasure in tearing and murdering of birds. And of another, that expelled a man out of the senate for dashing a bird against the ground which had taken shelter in his bosom. Every one knows how remarkable the Turks are for their humanity in this kind. I remember an Arabian author, who has written a

treatise to shew, how far a man, supposed to have subsisted in a desert island, without any instruction, or so much as the sight of any other man, may, by the pure light of Nature, attain the knowledge of philosophy and virtue. One of the first things he makes him observe is, that universal benevolence of nature in the protection and preservation of its creatures. In imitation of which, the first act of virtue he thinks his self-taught philosopher would of course fall into is, to relieve and assist all the animals about him in their wants and distresses.

Ovid has some very tender and pathetic lines applicable to this occasion:

Quid meruistis, oves, placidum pecus, inque tegendos
Natum homines, pleno quæ fertis in ubere nectar?
Mollia quæ nobis vestras velamina lanas
Præbetis; vitâque magis quam morte juvatis.
Quid meruere boves, animal sine fraude dolisque,
Innocuum, simplex, natum tolerare labores?
Immemor est demum, nec frugum munere dignus,
Qui potuit, curvi dempto modo pondere aratri,
Ruricolam mactare suum ——
Quam male consuevit, quam se parat ille cruori
Impius humano, vituli qui guttura cultro
Rumpit, et immotas præbet mugitibus aures!
Aut qui vagitus similes puerilibus hœdum
Edentem jugulare potest!*——

Perhaps that voice or cry so nearly resembling the

* Imitated by a Poet whose benevolence was equal to his genius:

—— The beast of prey,
Blood-stain'd, deserves to bleed; but you, ye flocks,
What have you done; ye peaceful people, what,

human, with which Providence has endued so many different animals, might purposely be given them to move our pity, and prevent those cruelties we are too apt to inflict on our fellow-creatures.

There is a passage in the book of Jonas, when God declares his unwillingness to destroy Nineveh, where, methinks, that compassion of the Creator, which extends to the meanest rank of his creatures, is expressed with wonderful tenderness: "Should I not spare Nineveh the great city, wherein are more than sixscore thousand persons —and also much cattle?"—And we have in Deuteronomy a precept of great good nature of this sort, with a blessing in form annexed to it in those words: "If thou shalt find a bird's nest in the way, thou shalt not take the dam with the young: but thou shalt in any wise let the dam go, that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayest prolong thy days."

To conclude, there is certainly a degree of gra-

To merit death? You who have given us milk
In luscious streams, and lent us your own coat
Against the winter's cold? and the plain ox,
That harmless, honest, guileless animal,
In what has he offended? he whose toil,
Patient and ever-ready, clothes the land
With all the pomp of harvest, shall he bleed
And struggling groan, beneath the cruel hands
Ev'n of the clown he feeds? SEASONS—*Spring.*

I wonder the tender *Thomson* omitted,

Immotas mugitibus aures: and
Vagitus similis puerilibus hædum——Edentem:

which Dryden charmingly translates:

And imitates in vain thy children's cries. *Warton.*

titude owing to those animals that serve us; as for such as are mortal or noxious, we have a right to destroy them; and for those that are neither of advantage nor prejudice to us, the common enjoyment of life is what I cannot think we ought to deprive them of.*

This whole matter with regard to each of these considerations, is set in a very agreeable light in one of the Persian fables of Pilpay, with which I shall end this paper.

A traveller passing through a thicket, and seeing a few sparks of a fire, which some passengers had kindled as they went that way before, made up to it. On a sudden the sparks caught hold of a bush, in the midst of which lay an adder, and set it in flames. The adder entreated the traveller's assistance, who tying a bag to the end of his staff, reached it, and drew him out: he then bid him go where he pleased, but never more be hurtful to men, since he owed his life to a man's compassion. The adder, however, prepared to sting him, and when he expostulated how unjust it was to retaliate good with evil: "I shall do no more (said the adder) than what you men practise every day, whose custom it is to requite benefits with ingratitude. If you can deny this truth, let us refer it to the first we meet." The man consented, and seeing a tree, put the question to it, in what manner

* And the poor beetle that thou tread'st upon,
In corporal sufferance feels a pain as great
As when a giant dies. SHAKESPEAR. *Warton.*

a good turn was to be recompensed? "If you mean according to the usage of men, (replied the tree,) by its contrary. I have been standing here these hundred years to protect them from the scorching sun, and in requital, they have cut down my branches, and are going to saw my body into planks." Upon this the adder insulting the man, he appealed to a second evidence, which was granted, and immediately they met a cow. The same demand was made, and much the same answer given, that among men it was certainly so. "I know it," said the cow, "by woeful experience; for I have served a man this long time with milk, butter, and cheese, and brought him besides a calf every year: but now I am old, he turns me into this pasture, with design to sell me to a butcher, who will shortly make an end of me." The traveller upon this stood confounded, but desired of courtesy one trial more, to be finally judged by the next beast they should meet. This happened to be the fox, who, upon hearing the story in all its circumstances, could not be persuaded it was possible for the adder to get into so narrow a bag. The adder, to convince him, went in again; the fox told the man he had now his enemy in his power, and with that he fastened the bag, and crushed him to pieces.

No. 78. JUNE 10, 1713.*

——*Docebo*
Unde parentur opes; quid alat, formetque poetam.
HOR. Ars Poet. v. 306.

——— I will teach to write,
Tell what the duty of a poet is,
Wherein his wealth and ornament consist,
And how he may be form'd, and how improv'd.
Roscommon.

IT is no small pleasure to me, who am zealous in the interests of learning, to think I may have the honour of leading the town into a very new and uncommon road of criticism. As that kind of literature is at present carried on, it consists only in a knowledge of mechanic rules, which contri-

* It is remarkable, that Dr. Warton introduces these GUARDIANS with a Note, in which he speaks of their amounting to *eight*. He must have seen his error, had he taken the trouble to count them; but it is probable, that when he wrote that note, he had some recollection that there ought to be *eight*, and perhaps intended to account for the deficiency. The paper now reprinted has always been ascribed to Pope; and the probable reason of its not having been printed in this volume of his works, in any former edition, is, that the principal part of it was afterwards incorporated with "The Art of Sinking in Poetry," of which it forms chap. xv. (See vol. vii. p. 177.) As the "Art of Sinking" was not published until 1727, the reader may form his conjectures on the time of its having been originally sketched, and perhaps completed at irregular periods. (See BRITISH ESSAYISTS, Pref. to the Guardian, vol. xvi. p. 25.) The omissions and alterations, when it became a part of the "Art of Sinking," are deserving of attention. C. *Bowles.*

bute to the structure of different sorts of poetry; as the receipts of good housewives do to the making puddings of flour, oranges, plums, or any other ingredients. It would, methinks, make these my instructions more easily intelligible to ordinary readers, if I discoursed of these matters in the style in which ladies learned in œconomics dictate to their pupils for the improvement of the kitchen and larder.

I shall begin with epic poetry, because the critics agree it is the greatest work human nature is capable of. I know the French have already laid down many mechanical rules for compositions of this sort; but at the same time they cut off almost all undertakers from the possibility of ever performing them: for the first qualification they unanimously require in a poet, is a genius. I shall here endeavour (for the benefit of my countrymen) to make it manifest, that epic poems may be made 'without a genius,' nay, without learning or much reading. This must necessarily be of great use to all those poets who confess they never read, and of whom the world is convinced they never learn. What Moliere observes of making a dinner, that any man can do it with money, and if a professed cook cannot without, he has his art for nothing, the same may be said of making a poem; it is easily brought about by him that has a genius, but the skill lies in doing it without one. In pursuance of this end I shall present the reader with a plain and certain recipe, by which even son-

neteers and ladies may be qualified for this grand performance.

I know it will be objected, that one of the chief qualifications of an Epic Poet, is to be knowing in all arts and sciences. But this ought not to discourage those that have no learning, as long as indexes and dictionaries may be had, which are the compendium of all knowledge. Besides, since it is an established rule, that none of the terms of those arts and sciences are to be made use of, one may venture to affirm, our Poet cannot impertinently offend in this point. The learning which will be more particularly necessary to him, is the ancient geography of towns, mountains, and rivers: for this let him take Cluverius, value fourpence.

Another quality required is a complete skill in languages. To this I answer, that it is notorious persons of no genius have been oftentimes great linguists. To instance in the Greek, of which there are two sorts; the original Greek, and that from which our modern authors translate. I should be unwilling to promise impossibilities; but, modestly speaking, this may be learned in about an hour's time with ease. I have known one, who became a sudden professor of Greek, immediately upon application of the left-hand page of the Cambridge Homer to his eye. It is, in these days, with authors as with other men, the well-bred are familiarly acquainted with them at first sight; and as it is sufficient for a good general to have surveyed the ground he is to conquer, so it is enough for a

good poet to have seen the author he is to be master of. But to proceed to the purpose of this paper.

A RECIPE TO MAKE AN EPIC POEM.

FOR THE FABLE.

Take out of any old poem, history-book, romance, or legend (for instance, Geoffry of Monmouth, or Don Belianis of Greece), those parts of story which afford most scope for long descriptions; put these pieces together, and throw all the adventures you fancy into one tale. Then take a hero whom you may choose for the sound of his name, and put him into the midst of these adventures: there let him work for twelve books; at the end of which you may take him out, ready prepared to conquer or to marry; it being necessary that the conclusion of an epic poem be fortunate.

To make an Episode.—Take any remaining adventure of your former collection, in which you could no way involve your hero, or any unfortunate accident that was too good to be thrown away, and it will be of use, applied to any other person; who may be lost and evaporate in the course of the work, without the least damage to the composition.

For the Moral and Allegory.—These you may extract out of the Fable afterwards at your leisure. Be sure you strain them sufficiently.

FOR THE MANNERS.

For those of the hero, take all the best qualities you can find in all the best celebrated heroes of antiquity; if they will not be reduced to a consistency, lay them all on a heap upon him. But be sure they are qualities which your patron would be thought to have; and, to prevent any mistake which the world may be subject to, select from the alphabet those capital letters that compose his name, and set them at the head of a dedication before your poem. However, do not absolutely observe the exact quantity of these virtues, it not being determined whether or no it be necessary for the hero of a poem to be an honest man. For the under characters gather them from Homer and Virgil, and change the names as occasion serves.

FOR THE MACHINES.

Take of Deities, male and female, as many as you can use. Separate them into two equal parts, and keep Jupiter in the middle. Let Juno put him in a ferment, and Venus mollify him. Remember, on all occasions, to make use of volatile Mercury. If you have need of Devils, draw them out of Milton's Paradise, and extract your Spirits from Tasso. The use of these Machines is evident; for since no Epic Poem can possibly subsist without them, the wisest way is to reserve them for your greatest necessities. When you cannot extricate your hero by any human means, or your-

self by your own wits, seek relief from Heaven, and the Gods will do your business very readily. This is according to the direct prescription of Horace, in his Art of Poetry:

> *Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus*
> *Inciderit*——— v. 191.
>
> Never presume to make a God appear,
> But for a business worthy of a God. Roscommon.

That is to say, a poet should never call upon the Gods for their assistance, but when he is in great perplexity.

FOR THE DESCRIPTIONS.

For a Tempest.—Take Eurus, Zephyr, Auster, and Boreas, and cast them together in one verse. Add to these of rain, lightning, and of thunder, (the loudest you can,) *quantum sufficit.* Mix your clouds and billows well together until they foam, and thicken your description here and there with a quicksand. Brew your tempest well in your head, before you set it a blowing.

For a Battle.—Pick a large quantity of images and descriptions from Homer's Iliads, with a spice or two of Virgil; and if there remain any overplus, you may lay them by for a skirmish. Season it well with similes, and it will make an excellent battle.

For burning a Town.—If such a description be necessary, because it is certain there is one in Virgil, Old Troy is ready burnt to your hands.

But if you fear that would be thought borrowed, a chapter or two of the Theory of the Conflagration, well circumstanced, and done into verse, will be a good succedaneum.

As for similes and metaphors, they may be found all over the creation, the most ignorant may gather them, but the danger is in applying them. For this advise with your bookseller.

FOR THE LANGUAGE.

(I mean the diction.) Here it will do well to be an imitator of Milton; for you will find it easier to imitate him in this than in any thing else. Hebraisms and Grecisms are to be found in him, without the trouble of learning the languages. I knew a painter, who (like our poet) had no genius, make his daubings to be thought originals, by setting them in the smoke: you may in the same manner give the venerable air of antiquity to your piece, by darkening it up and down with old English. With this you may be easily furnished, upon any occasion, by the dictionary commonly printed at the end of Chaucer.

I must not conclude, without cautioning all writers without genius, in one material point; which is, never to be afraid of having too much fire in their works. I should advise rather to take their warmest thoughts, and spread them abroad upon paper; for they are observed to cool before they are read.

No. 91. JUNE 25, 1713.

" —— inest sua gratia parvis." VIRG.

IT is the great rule of behaviour to follow nature. The author of the following letter is so much convinced of this truth, that he turns what would render a man of little soul exceptious, humoursome, and particular in all his actions, to a subject of raillery and mirth. He is, you must know, but half as tall as an ordinary man, but is contented to be still at his friend's elbow, and has set up a club, by which he hopes to bring those of his own size into a little reputation.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

" Sir,

" I REMEMBER a saying of yours concerning persons in low circumstances of stature, that their littleness would hardly be taken notice of, if they did not manifest a consciousness of it themselves in all their behaviour. Indeed, the observation that no man is ridiculous for being what he is, but only for the affectation of being something more, is equally true in regard to the mind and the body.

" I question not but it will be pleasing to you to hear, that a set of us have formed a society, who are sworn to dare to be short, and boldly bear out the dignity of littleness under the noses of those enormous engrossers of manhood, those

hyperbolical monsters of the species, the tall fellows that overlook us.

" The day of our institution was the tenth of December, being the shortest in the year, on which we are to hold an annual feast over a dish of shrimps.

" The place we have chosen for this meeting is in the Little Piazza, not without an eye to the neighbourhood of Mr. Powell's Opera, for the performers of which, we have, as becomes us, a brotherly affection.

" At our first resort hither, an old woman brought her son to the club-room, desiring he might be educated in this school, because she saw here were finer boys than ordinary. However this accident no way discouraged our designs. We began with sending invitations to those of a stature not exceeding five foot to repair to our assembly; but the greater part returned excuses, or pretended they were not qualified.

" One said, he was indeed but five foot at present, but represented that he should soon exceed that proportion, his periwig-maker and shoe-maker having lately promised him three inches more betwixt them.

" Another alleged he was so unfortunate as to have one leg shorter than the other, and whoever had determined his stature to five foot, had taken him at a disadvantage; for when he was mounted on the other leg, he was at least five foot two inches and a half.

"There were some who questioned the exactness of our measures, and others, instead of complying, returned us informations of people yet shorter than themselves. In a word, almost every one recommended some neighbour or acquaintance, whom he was willing we should look upon to be less than he. We were not a little ashamed, that those who are past the years of growth, and whose beards pronounce them men, should be guilty of as many unfair tricks, in this point, as the most aspiring children when they are measured.

"We therefore proceeded to fit up the club-room, and provide conveniences for our accommodation. In the first place, we caused a total removal of all the chairs, stools, and tables, which had served the gross of mankind for many years.

"The disadvantages we had undergone while we made use of these, were unspeakable. The president's whole body was sunk in the elbow-chair, and when his arms were spread over it, he appeared (to the great lessening of his dignity) like a child in a go-cart: it was also so wide in the seat, as to give a wag occasion of saying, that notwithstanding the president sat in it, there was a *Sede Vacante.*

"The table was so high, that one who came by chance to the door, seeing our chins just above the pewter dishes, took us for a circle of men that sat ready to be shaved, and sent in half a dozen barbers.

"Another time, one of the club spoke in a ludi-

crous manner of the president, imagining he had been absent, when he was only eclipsed by a flask of Florence, which stood on the table in a parallel line before his face.

"We therefore now furnished the room in all respects proportionably to us; and had the door made lower, so as to admit no man of above five foot high, without brushing his foretop, which whoever does is utterly unqualified to sit among us.

"Some of the statutes of the club are as follow:

"I. If it be proved upon any member, though never so duly qualified, that he strives as much as possible to get above his size, by stretching, cocking, or the like; or that he hath stood on tip-toe in a crowd, with design to be taken for as tall a man as the rest; or hath privily conveyed any large book, cricket, or other device, under him, to exalt him on his seat: every such offender shall be sentenced to walk in pumps for a whole month.

"II. If any member shall take advantage from the fulness or length of his wig, or any part of his dress, or the immoderate extent of his hat, or otherwise, to seem larger or higher than he is, it is ordered he shall wear red heels to his shoes, and a red feather in his hat; which may apparently mark and set bounds to the extremities of his small dimension, that all people may readily find him out between his hat and his shoes.

"III. If any member shall purchase a horse for his own riding, above fourteen hands and a half in height; that horse shall forthwith be sold, a Scotch galloway bought in its stead for him, and the overplus of the money shall treat the Club.

"IV. If any member, in direct contradiction to the fundamental laws of the Society, shall wear the heels of his shoes exceeding one inch and a half; it shall be interpreted as an open renunciation of littleness, and the criminal shall instantly be expelled. Note, the form to be used in expelling a member shall be in these words; "Go from among us, and be tall if you can!"

"It is the unanimous opinion of our whole Society, that since the race of mankind is granted to have decreased in stature, from the beginning to this present, it is the intent of nature itself, that men should be little; and we believe, that all human kind shall at last grow down to perfection, that is to say, be reduced to *our own measure.* I am, very literally, your humble servant,

"BOB SHORT."

No. 92. JUNE 26, 1713.

Homunculi quanti sunt, cum recogito! PLAUT.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

"YOU are now acquainted with the nature and design of our institution; the character of the

members, and the topics of our conversation, are what remain for the subject of this epistle.

"The most eminent persons of our assembly* are a little poet, a little lover, a little politician, and a little hero. The first of these, Dick Distich by name, we have elected president: not only as he is the shortest of us all, but because he has entertained so just a sense of his stature, as to go generally in black, that he may appear yet less. Nay, to that perfection is he arrived, that he stoops as he walks. The figure of the man is odd enough; he is a lively little creature, with long arms and legs: a spider is no ill emblem of him: he has been taken at a distance for a small windmill. But, indeed, what principally moved us in his favour was his talent in poetry; for he hath promised to undertake a long work in short verse to celebrate the heroes of our size. He has entertained so great a respect for Statius, on the score of that line,

Major in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus,

that he once designed to translate the whole Thebaid for the sake of little Tydeus.

"Tom Tiptoe, a dapper black fellow, is the most gallant lover of the age. He is particularly

* The humour of describing clubs was nearly exhausted by some inimitable papers of Addison in the Spectator. This account of the club of little men, like that of Addison's on tall men, is full of pleasantry, especially as it came from a person of our author's size and make; which however he would not suffer any body to rally but himself. *Warton.*

nice in his habiliments; and to the end justice may be done him in that way, constantly employs the same artist who makes attire for the neighbouring princes and ladies of quality at Mr. Powell's. The vivacity of his temper inclines him sometimes to boast of the favours of the fair. He was the other night excusing his absence from the club on account of an assignation with a lady (and, as he had the vanity to tell us, a tall one too) who had consented to the full accomplishment of his desires that evening: but one of the company, who was his confidant, assured us she was a woman of humour, and made the agreement on this condition, that his toe should be tied to hers.

"Our politician is a person of real gravity, and professed wisdom. Gravity in a man of this size, compared with that of one of an ordinary bulk, appears like the gravity of a cat compared with that of a lion. This gentleman is accustomed to talk of himself, and was once overheard to compare his own person to a little cabinet, wherein are locked up all the secrets of state, and refined schemes of princes. His face is pale and meagre, which proceeds from much watching and studying for the welfare of Europe, which is also thought to have stinted his growth; for he hath destroyed his own constitution with taking care of that of the nation. He is what Mons. Balzac calls, a great distiller of the maxims of Tacitus: when he speaks, it is slowly, and word by word, as one that is loth to enrich

you too fast with his observations; like a limbec that gives you drop by drop, an extract of the little that is in it.

"The last I shall mention is Tim Tuck, the hero. He is particularly remarkable for the length of his sword, which intersects his person in a cross line, and makes him appear not unlike a fly that the boys have run a pin through, and set a walking. He once challenged a tall fellow for giving him a blow on the pate with his elbow, as he passed along the street. But what he especially values himself upon is, that in all the campaigns he has made, he never once ducked at the whiz of a cannon ball. Tim was full as large at fourteen years old as he is now. This we are tender of mentioning, your little heroes being generally choleric.

"These are the gentlemen that mostly enliven our conversation. The discourse generally turns upon such accidents, whether fortunate or unfortunate, as are daily occasioned by our size: these we faithfully communicate, either as matter of mirth, or of consolation to each other. The President had lately an unlucky fall, being unable to keep his legs on a stormy day; whereupon he informed us it was no new disaster, but the same a certain ancient Poet had been subject to; who is recorded to have been so light, that he was obliged to poise himself against the wind, with lead on one side and his own works on the other. The Lover confessed the other night that he had been cured of love to a tall woman, by reading over the

legend of Ragotine in Scarron, with his tea, three mornings successively. Our Hero rarely acquaints us with any of his unsuccessful adventures: and as for the Politician, he declares himself an utter enemy to all kind of burlesque, so will never discompose the austerity of his aspect by laughing at our adventures, much less discover any of his own in this ludicrous light. Whatever he tells of any accidents that befal him, is by way of complaint, nor is he ever laughed at but in his *absence.*

"We are likewise particularly careful to communicate in the club all such passages of history, or characters of illustrious personages, as any way reflect honour on little men. Tim Tuck having but just reading enough for a military man, perpetually entertains us with the same stories of little David* that conquered the mighty Goliath, and little Luxembourg that made Louis XIV. a grand monarque, never forgetting little Alexander the Great. Dick Distich celebrates the exceeding humanity of Augustus, who called Horace *lepidissimum homunciolum;* and is wonderfully pleased with Voiture and Scarron, for having so well described their diminutive forms to posterity. He is peremptorily of opinion, against a great reader†

* He might have added to the list of Little Men, *Harvey, Chillingworth, Hales, Wren.* *Warton.*

† Alluding to Bentley's attempting to confute, what he has indeed done effectually, the vulgar notion that Æsop was deformed; an idea first propagated by that ignorant monk, Planudes, and

and all his adherents, that Æsop was not a jot properer or handsomer than he is represented by the common pictures. But the Soldier believes with the learned person above mentioned; for he thinks none but an impudent tall author could be guilty of such an unmannerly piece of satire on little warriors, as his Battle of the Mouse and the Frog. The Politician is very proud of a certain King of Egypt, called Bocchor, who, as Diodorus assures us, was a person of a very low stature, but far exceeded all that went before him in discretion and politics.

"As I am Secretary to the club, it is my business, whenever we meet, to take minutes of the transactions: this has enabled me to send you the foregoing particulars, as I may hereafter other memoirs. We have spies appointed in every quarter of the town, to give us informations of the misbehaviour of such refractory persons as refuse to be subject to our statutes. Whatsoever aspiring practices any of these our people shall be guilty of in their amours, single combats, or any indirect means to manhood, we shall certainly be acquainted with, and publish to the world, for their punishment and reformation. For the President has granted me

copied, without examination, by many succeeding writers. See the incomparable Dissertation on Phalaris's Epistles, page 429 of the last edition, in which the arguments of Boyle and his ingenious associates (for there were many) are completely demolished. What related to Æsop in Boyle's discourse is said to have been written by Dr. Freind; and the greatest part of the discourse by Smaldridge and Atterbury. *Warton.*

the sole propriety of exposing and shewing to the town all such intractable dwarfs, whose circumstances exempt them from being carried about in boxes: reserving only to himself, as the right of a poet, those smart characters that will shine in Epigrams. Venerable Nestor, I salute you in the name of the club:

"BOB SHORT, *Secretary.*"

No. 173. SEPTEMBER 29, 1713.

Nec sera comantem
Narcissum, aut flexi tacuissem vimen Acanthi,
Pallentesque hederas, et amantes littora myrtos.
VIRG.

I LATELY took a particular friend of mine to my house in the country, not without some apprehension that it could afford little entertainment to a man of his polite taste, particularly in architecture and gardening, who had so long been conversant with all that is beautiful and great in either. But it was a pleasant surprize to me, to hear him often declare he had found in my little retirement that beauty which he always thought wanting in the most celebrated seats (or if you will, villas) of the nation. This he described to me in those verses with which Martial begins one of his epigrams:

Baiana nostri villa, Basse, Faustini,
Non otiosis ordinata myrtetis,
Viduaque platano, tonsilique buxeto,

Ingrata lati spatia detinet campi;
Sed rure vero, barbaroque lætatur.

There is certainly something* in the amiable simplicity of unadorned Nature, that spreads over the mind a more noble sort of tranquillity, and a loftier sensation of pleasure, than can be raised from the nicer scenes of art.

This was the taste of the ancients in their gardens, as we may discover from the descriptions extant of them. The two most celebrated wits of the world have each of them left us a particular picture of a garden; wherein those great masters being wholly unconfined, and painting at pleasure, may be thought to have given a full idea of what they esteemed most excellent in this way. These (one may observe) consist entirely of the useful part of horticulture, fruit trees, herbs, water, &c. The pieces I am speaking of are Virgil's account of the garden of the old Corycian, and Homer's of that of Alcinous in the seventh Odyssey, to which I refer the reader.

* In the Spectator, No. 414. 1712, were the *first* strictures, as in this paper, 1713, the *second*, that were made on the bad taste of Gardening in this country. The subject has been since treated at length, and with great skill and ability, by many ingenious writers, particularly by Mr. Walpole, Mr. Mason in his elegant poem, and in *Observations on Gardening*, by Mr. Shenstone, by the ingenious and learned Mr. Knight, in his *Landscape*, by Mr. *George Mason*, and Mr. *Price*. It is acutely remarked by Mr. Twining, in his Aristotle, that the ancients have described no Landscapes; owing, in his opinion, to their not having any landscape painter. They had no *Thomsons* because they had no *Claudes*. *Warton.*

Sir William Temple has remarked, that this garden of Homer contains all the justest rules and provisions which can go toward composing the best gardens. Its extent was four acres, which, in those times of simplicity, was looked upon as a large one, even for a prince. It was inclosed all round for defence; and for conveniency joined close to the gates of the palace.

He mentions next the trees, which were standards, and suffered to grow to their full height. The fine description of the fruits that never failed, and the eternal Zephyrs, is only a more noble and poetical way of expressing the continual succession of one fruit after another throughout the year.

The vineyard seems to have been a plantation distinct from the garden; as also the beds of greens mentioned afterwards at the extremity of the inclosure, in the usual place of our kitchen gardens.

The two fountains are disposed very remarkably. They rose within the inclosure, and were brought in by conduits or ducts; one of them to water all parts of the gardens, and the other underneath the palace into the town, for the service of the public.

How contrary to this simplicity is the modern practice of gardening. We seem to make it our study to recede from Nature, not only in the various tonsure of greens into the most regular and formal shapes, but even in monstrous attempts beyond the reach of the art itself: we run into

sculpture, and are yet better pleased to have our trees in the most aukward figures of men and animals, than in the most regular of their own.

> Hinc et nexilibus videas e frondibus hortos,
> Implexos late muros, et mœnia circum
> Porrigere, et latas e ramis surgere turres;
> Deflexam et myrtum in puppes, atque ærea rostra;
> In buxisque undare fretum, atque e rore rudentes.
> Parte aliâ frondere suis tentoria castris;
> Scutaque, spiculaque, et jaculantia citria vallos.*

I believe it is no wrong observation, that persons of genius, and those who are most capable of art, are always most fond of nature; as such are chiefly sensible, that all art consists in the imitation and study of nature: on the contrary, people of the common level of understanding are principally delighted with little niceties and fantastical operations of art, and constantly think that finest which is the least natural. A citizen is no sooner proprietor of a couple of yews, but he entertains the thought of erecting them into giants, like those of Guildhall. I know an eminent cook, who beautified his country-seat with a coronation-dinner in greens, where you see the champion flourishing on

* I have in vain searched for the author of these Latin verses; and conclude they are our author's own lines; who may therefore be added to those English Poets that wrote also in Latin; to whom I would add a name so dear to me, that I fear I shall be accused of partiality; yet still I will venture to say, that *Mons Catharinæ*, and some Translations of *Greek* poems, are written with the utmost purity and taste. See the Poems of Thomas Warton, 1791. *Warton.*

horseback at one end of the table, and the queen in perpetual youth at the other.

For the benefit of all my loving countrymen of this curious taste, I shall here publish a catalogue of greens to be disposed of by an eminent town-gardener, who has lately applied to me on this head. He represents, that for the advancement of a politer sort of ornament in the villas and gardens adjacent to this great city, and in order to distinguish those places from the mere barbarous countries of gross nature, the world stands much in need of a virtuoso gardener, who has a turn to sculpture, and is thereby capable of improving upon the ancients, in the imagery of evergreens. I proceed to his catalogue.

Adam and Eve in Yew; Adam a little shattered by the fall of the Tree of Knowledge in the great storm; Eve and the Serpent very flourishing.

Noak's Ark in Holly, the ribs a little damaged for want of water.

The Tower of Babel, not yet finished.

St. George in Box; his arm scarce long enough, but will be in a condition to stick the Dragon by next April.

A green Dragon of the same, with a tail of Ground-ivy for the present.

N. B. These two not to be sold separately.

Edward the Black Prince in Cypress.

A Laurustine Bear in Blossom, with a Juniper Hunter in Berries.

A pair of Giants stunted, to be sold cheap.

A Queen Elizabeth in Phyllirea, a little inclining to the green sickness, but of full growth.

Another Queen Elizabeth in Myrtle, which was very forward, but miscarried by being too near a Savine.

An old Maid of Honour in Wormwood.

A topping Ben Jonson in Laurel.

Divers eminent modern Poets in Bays, somewhat blighted, to be disposed of a pennyworth.

A quick-set Hog shot up into a Porcupine, by being forgot a week in rainy weather.

A Lavender Pig, with sage growing in his belly.

A pair of Maidenheads in Fir, in great forwardness.

He also cutteth family pieces of men, women, and children, so that any gentleman may have his lady's effigies in Myrtle, or his own in Hornbeam.

Thy wife shall be as the fruitful Vine, and thy Children as Olive-branches round thy Table.

PREFACE

TO THE

WORKS OF SHAKESPEAR.

It is always to be lamented that Pope ever undertook this edition of Shakespear; a task which the course of his readings and studies did not qualify him to execute with the ability and skill which it deserved, and with which it has since been executed. This preface, however, is written with taste, judgment, purity, and elegance; as that of Dr. Johnson is with uncommon spirit and splendor. What the latter urges against observing the *unities* of time and place, in dramatic poetry, is unanswerable. But I cannot possibly assent to his opinion, that Shakespear's *predominant* excellence lay in *comedy*, not *tragedy*. An Essay has been written on this subject, which may possibly, one day, see the light. It is almost impossible to say much on this greatest of our poets, after the many curious researches, unwearied industry, and accurate remarks, every where visible in the excellent editions of Malone and Steevens. This edition of Pope had, however, the accidental merit of making Shakespear more read and acted. Dryden's character of our unrivalled Poet, in his *Essay* on Dramatic Poetry, is exquisitely written, and contains most of the topics in his praise, that later critics have only expanded and repeated. Dr. Warburton informs us that he undertook his edition of Shakespear, at the earnest persuasion of Pope; "who was desirous," he says, "that his edition should be melted down into mine." But I do not recollect any edition of any author whatever, that was ever more totally exposed and demolished, on account of its numerous perverse interpretations, and improbable conjectures, than this edition in question, by Mr. Thomas Edwards, in his twenty-five Canons of Criticism, which were drawn and illustrated, with equal humour and judgment, from Warburton's own notes and remarks. In vain was the author thrust into a niche of the Dunciad; these canons will continue to be read with equal pleasure and conviction; as well as the Ode which Akenside wrote to him on the subject, in which he says:

Then Shakespear debonnair and mild
Brought that strange comment forth to view!
Conceits more deep, he said and smil'd,
Than his own fools or madmen knew;
But thank'd a generous friend above,
Who did with free adventurous love
Such pageants from his tomb remove. *Warton.*

PREFACE

TO THE

WORKS OF SHAKESPEAR.

It is not my design to enter into a criticism upon this author; though to do it effectually and not superficially, would be the best occasion that any just writer could take to form the judgment and taste of our nation. For of all English poets, Shakespear must be confessed to be the fairest and fullest subject for criticism, and to afford the most numerous, as well as most conspicuous instances, both of beauties and faults of all sorts. But this far exceeds the bounds of a preface, the business of which is only to give an account of the fate of his works, and the disadvantages under which they have been transmitted to us. We shall hereby extenuate many faults which are his, and clear him from the imputation of many which are not: a design which, though it can be no guide to future critics to do him justice in one way, will at least be sufficient to prevent their doing him an injustice in the other.

I cannot, however, but mention some of his principal and characteristic excellences, for which (notwithstanding his defects) he is justly and univer-

sally elevated above all other dramatic writers. Not that this is the proper place of praising him, but because I would not omit any occasion of doing it.

If ever any author deserved the name of an *original*, it was Shakespear. Homer himself drew not his art so immediately from the fountains of Nature; it proceeded through Egyptian strainers and channels, and came to him not without some tincture of the learning, or some cast of the models, of those before him. The poetry of Shakespear was inspiration indeed: he is not so much an imitator, as an instrument, of Nature; and it is not so just to say that he speaks from her, as that she speaks through him.

His *characters* are so much Nature* herself, that it is a sort of injury to call them by so distant a name as copies of her. Those of other poets have a constant resemblance, which shews that they received them from one another, and were but multipliers of the same image; each picture, like a mock-rainbow, is but the reflection of a reflection. But every single character in Shakespear is as much an individual, as those in life itself: it is as impossible to find any two alike; and such as from their relation or affinity in any respect appear most to be twins, will, upon comparison, be found remarkably distinct. To this life and variety of character, we must add the wonderful preservation of it; which is such throughout his plays, that had

* See Mrs. Montagu's ingenious Essay on Shakespear, and her confutations of some of Voltaire's criticisms. *Warton.*

all the speeches been printed without the very names of the persons, I believe one might have applied them with certainty to every speaker.

The *power* over our *passions* was never possessed in a more eminent degree, or displayed in so different instances. Yet all along, there is seen no labour, no pains to raise them; no preparation to guide or guess to the effect, or be perceived to lead toward it: but the heart swells, and the tears burst out, just at the proper places: we are surprized at the moment we weep; and yet upon reflection, find the passion so just, that we should be surprized if we had not wept, and wept at that very moment.

How astonishing is it again, that the passions directly opposite to these, laughter and spleen, are no less at his command? that he is not more a master of the *great* than the *ridiculous** in human nature; of our noblest tendernesses, than of our vainest foibles; of our strongest emotions, than of our idlest sensations!

Nor does he only excel in the passions: in the

* On the astonishing idea of this double power over our passions, Gray has formed that exquisitely beautiful Prosopopœia of Nature appearing to him in his infancy, and saying:

"This pencil take, whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year;
Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of joy;
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears."

The Progress of Poetry, iii. 1.
Warton.

coolness of reflection and reasoning he is full as admirable. His *sentiments* are not only in general the most pertinent and judicious upon every subject; but by a talent very peculiar, something between penetration and felicity, he hits upon that particular point on which the bent of each argument turns, or the force of each motive depends. This is perfectly amazing, from a man of no education or experience in those great and public scenes of life which are usually the subject of his thoughts: so that he seems to have known the world by intuition, to have looked through human nature at one glance,* and to be the only author that gives ground for a very new opinion, that the philosopher, and even the man of the world, may be *born*, as well as the poet.

It must be owned, that with all these great excellences, he has almost as great defects; and that as he has certainly written better, so he has per-

* The truth of another of Dr. Johnson's assertions may, perhaps, be disputed; that Shakespear's peculiar and predominant excellence consisted in his having given just representations of *general* nature, and not characters of *individuals*. Can this be properly said of the characters of *Falstaff*, of *Benedict*, of *Shallow*, of *Pistol*, of *Malvolio*, of *Caliban*, of *Ariel*, and many others? It is finely observed by Sir *Joshua Reynolds*, "that a dash of individuality is sometimes necessary to give an interest, in poetry as well as painting." It seems an unwarrantable assertion of Dr. Johnson, "that the Tragedy of Macbeth has no nice discriminations of characters." Voltaire's censures of Shakespear are equally void of taste and judgment; and not one of them more so than his *Examen* of *Hamlet*, which he says is the best of all the plays of Shakespear.

Warton.

haps written worse than any other. But I think I can in some measure account for these defects, from several causes and accidents; without which it is hard to imagine that so large and so enlightened a mind could ever have been susceptible of them. That all these contingencies should unite to his disadvantage seems to me almost as singularly unlucky, as that so many various, nay, contrary talents should meet in one man, was happy and extraordinary.

It must be allowed that stage-poetry, of all other, is more particularly levelled to please the *populace*, and its success more immediately depending upon the *common suffrage*. One cannot therefore wonder, if Shakespear, having at his first appearance no other aim in his writings, than to procure a subsistence, directed his endeavours solely to hit the taste and humour that then prevailed. The audience was generally composed of the meaner sort of people; and therefore the images of life were to be drawn from those of their own rank; accordingly we find, that not our author's only, but almost all the old comedies have their scene among *tradesmen* and *mechanics;* and even their historical plays strictly follow the common *old stories* or *vulgar traditions* of that kind of people. In tragedy, nothing was so sure to *surprize* and cause *admiration*, as the most strange, unexpected, and consequently most unnatural, events and incidents; the most exaggerated thoughts; the most verbose and bombast expression; the most pompous rhymes,

and thundering versification. In comedy, nothing was so sure to *please*, as mean buffoonery, vile ribaldry, and unmannerly jests of fools and clowns. Yet even in these, our author's wit buoys up, and is borne above his subject: his genius in those low parts is like some prince of a romance in the disguise of a shepherd or peasant; a certain greatness and spirit now and then break out, which manifest his higher extraction and qualities.

It may be added, that not only the common audience had no notion of the rules of writing,* but few even of the better sort piqued themselves upon any great degree of knowledge or nicety that way; till Ben Jonson, getting possession of the stage, brought critical learning into vogue:† and that this was not done without difficulty, may appear from those frequent lessons (and indeed almost declamations) which he was forced to prefix to his first plays, and put into the mouth of his actors, the *grex*, *chorus*, &c. to remove the prejudices, and inform the judgment of his hearers.

* But Mr. Harris asserts, "that there never was a time when rules did not exist; and that they always made a part of that immutable *truth*, the natural object of every penetrating genius. So that there is hardly any thing we applaud in *Shakespear*, among his innumerable beauties, which will not be found strictly conformable to the rules of sound and ancient criticism."

Philological Inquiries, p. 225. *Warton.*

† In the *Discoveries* of Ben Jonson are several excellent remarks on dramatic composition, prior to any that had at that time appeared in France; and far beyond those of *Mesnardière*, published 1640, posterior to Jonson. *Warton.*

Till then, our authors had no thoughts of writing on the model of the ancients: their tragedies were only histories in dialogue; and their comedies followed the thread of any novel as they found it, no less implicitly than if it had been true history.

To judge, therefore, of Shakespear by Aristotle's rules,* is like trying a man by the laws of one country, who acted under those of another. He writ to the *people;* and writ at first without patronage from the better sort, and therefore without aims of pleasing them: without assistance or advice from the learned, as without the advantage of education or acquaintance among them; without that knowledge of the best of models, the ancients, to inspire him with an emulation of them: in a word, without any views of reputation, and of what poets are pleased to call immortality: some or all of which have encouraged the vanity, or animated the ambition, of other writers.

Yet it must be observed, that when his performances had merited the protection of his prince, and when the encouragement of the court had succeeded to that of the town, the works of his riper years are manifestly raised above those of his former. The dates of his plays † sufficiently

* This is applicable to those who judge in *this manner of Spenser, Ariosto,* and the Italian poets; as is the constant practice of the French critics and their numerous disciples, not excepting even Boileau and Addison. *Warton.*

† Which Mr. *Malone* has endeavoured to settle with great labour and accuracy. *Warton.*

evidence that his productions improved, in proportion to the respect he had for his auditors. And I make no doubt this observation would be found true in every instance, were but editions extant, from which we might learn the exact time when every piece was composed, and whether writ for the town or the court.

Another cause (and no less strong than the former) may be deduced from our author's being a *player*,* and forming himself first upon the judgments of that body of men whereof he was a member. They have ever had a standard to themselves, upon other principles than those of Aristotle. As they live by the majority, they know no rule but that of pleasing the present humour, and complying with the wit in fashion; a consideration which brings all their judgment to a short point. Players are just such judges of what is *right*, as tailors are of what is *graceful*. And in this view it will be but fair to allow, that most of our author's faults are less to be ascribed to his wrong judgment as a poet, than to his right judgment as a player.

By these men it was thought a praise to Shakespear, that he scarce ever *blotted a line*. This they industriously propagated, as appears from what we are told by Ben Jonson in his *Discoveries*, and from the preface of Heminges and Condell to the first folio edition. But in reality (however it has

* From which circumstance it happened, said Garrick, that his verses are easier to be spoken than any others. *Warton.*

prevailed) there never was a more groundless report, or to the contrary of which there are more undeniable evidences; as the comedy of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, which he entirely new writ; the *History of Henry* VI. which was first published under the title of *The Contention of York and Lancaster*, and that of *Henry* V. extremely improved: that of *Hamlet* enlarged to almost as much again as at first, and many others. I believe the common opinion of his want of learning proceeded from no better ground. This too might be thought a praise by some, and to this his errors have as injudiciously been ascribed by others. For it is certain, were it true, it could concern but a small part of them; the most are such as are not properly defects, but superfœtations; and arise not from want of learning or reading, but from want of thinking or judging: or rather (to be more just to our author) from a compliance to those wants in others. As to a wrong choice of the subject, a wrong conduct of the incidents, false thoughts, forced expressions, &c. if these are not to be ascribed to the aforesaid accidental reasons, they must be charged upon the poet himself, and there is no help for it. But I think the two disadvantages which I have mentioned, (to be obliged to please the lowest of people, and to keep the worst of company,) if the consideration be extended as far as it reasonably may, will appear sufficient to mislead and depress the greatest genius upon earth. Nay, the more modesty with which

such a one is endued, the more he is in danger of submitting and conforming to others against his own better judgment.

But as to his *want of learning*, it may be necessary to say something more: there is certainly a vast difference between *learning* and *languages*.* How far he was ignorant of the latter, I cannot determine; but it is plain he had much reading at least, if they will not call it learning. Nor is it any great matter, if a man has knowledge, whether he has it from one language or another. Nothing is more evident than that he had a taste of natural philosophy, mechanics, ancient and modern history, poetical learning, and mythology: we find him very knowing in the customs, rights, and manners of antiquity. In *Coriolanus* and *Julius Cæsar*,

* An end is put for ever to the dispute concerning the *learning* of Shakespear, by the masterly and convincing and unanswerable Essay of Dr. *Farmer*, on this subject. We are now acquainted from what sources Shakespear took every one of his Plots and Fables, except *Love's Labour Lost*, and the *Tempest*, which last I should think is from some Italian novel. And this was the opinion of my friend and schoolfellow, Mr. William Collins, who in the last visit I ever made him with my brother, told us, he had seen an Italian novel, in which was a chemical necromancer, who had bound a Spirit to obey his call and perform his services. He imagined it was the history of Aurelio and Isabella, printed at Lyons, in 1555. On examining this little book, now in my possession, this appears not to be the fact. The story does not resemble that of the Tempest. There is no allusion in Shakespear to any ancient classic author, but what had been translated into English, before, or in his time; as appears from the accurate list of these authors drawn up by Mr. Steevens, vol. ii. p. 89.

Warton.

not only the spirit, but manners of the Romans are exactly drawn; and still a nicer distinction is shown, between the manners of the Romans in the time of the former and of the latter. His reading in the ancient historians is no less conspicuous, in many references to particular passages: and the speeches copied from Plutarch in *Coriolanus* may, I think, as well be made an instance of his learning, as those copied from Cicero in *Catiline*, of Ben Jonson's. The manners of other nations in general, the Egyptians, Venetians, French, &c. are drawn with equal propriety. Whatever object of nature, or branch of science, he either speaks of or describes, it is always with competent, if not extensive knowledge: his descriptions are still exact; all his metaphors appropriated, and remarkably drawn from the true nature and inherent qualities of each subject. When he treats of ethic or politic, we may constantly observe a wonderful justness of distinction as well as extent of comprehension. No one is more a master of the poetical story, or has more frequent allusions to the various parts of it: Mr. Waller (who has been celebrated for this last particular) has not shewn more learning this way than Shakespear. We have translations from Ovid published in his name, among those poems which pass for his, and for some of which we have undoubted authority (being published by himself, and dedicated to his noble patron, the Earl of Southampton): he appears also to have been conversant in Plautus, from whom he

has taken the plot of one of his plays: he follows the Greek authors, and particularly Dares Phrygius, in another: although I will not pretend to say in what language he read them. The modern Italian writers of novels he was manifestly acquainted with; and we may conclude him to be no less conversant with the ancients of his own country, from the use he has made of Chaucer in *Troilus and Cressida*, and in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, if that play be his, as there goes a tradition it was; and indeed it has little resemblance of Fletcher, and more of our author than some of those that have been received as genuine.

I am inclined to think, this opinion proceeded originally from the zeal of the partisans of our author and Ben Jonson; as they endeavoured to exalt the one at the expense of the other. It is ever the nature of parties to be in extremes; and nothing is so probable, as that because Ben Jonson had much the more learning, it was said, on the one hand, that Shakespear had none at all; and because Shakespear had much the most wit and fancy, it was retorted, on the other, that Jonson wanted both. Because Shakespear borrowed nothing, it was said that Ben Jonson borrowed every thing. Because Jonson did not write extempore, he was reproached with being a year about every piece; and because Shakespear wrote with ease and rapidity, they cried, he never once made a blot. Nay, the spirit of opposition ran so high, that whatever those of the one side objected

to the other, was taken at the rebound, and turned into praises; as injudiciously as their antagonists before had made them objections.

Poets are always afraid of envy; but sure they have as much reason to be afraid of admiration. They are the Scylla and Charybdis of authors; those who escape one, often fall by the other. *Pessimum genus inimicorum laudantes,* says Tacitus: and Virgil desires to wear a charm against those who praise a poet without rule or reason:

> Si ultra placitum laudârit, baccare frontem
> Cingite, ne vati noceat.

But however this contention might be carried on by the partisans on either side, I cannot help thinking these two great poets were good friends,* and lived on amicable terms, and in offices of society with each other. It is an acknowledged fact that Ben Jonson was introduced upon the stage, and his first works encouraged by Shakespear. And after his death, that author writes *To the memory of his beloved Mr.* William Shakespear, which shews as if the friendship had continued

* But Mr. Malone has produced many mortifying and indisputable marks of their aversion to each other. And there is a tradition that the son of Sir *Walter Raleigh* perceiving *Ben Jonson*, who was his tutor, to be one day extremely in liquor, procured means to have him squeezed into a large buck-basket, and thrown into a river; and that *Ben Jonson* was irritated that this incident was introduced by Shakespear into the *Merry Wives of Windsor.* *Warton.*

through life. I cannot, for my own part, find any thing *invidious* or *sparing* in those verses, but wonder Mr. Dryden was of that opinion. He exalts him not only above all his contemporaries, but above Chaucer and Spenser, whom he will not allow to be great enough to be ranked with him; and challenges the names of Sophocles, Euripides, and Æschylus, nay, all Greece and Rome at once, to equal him; and (which is very particular) expressly vindicates him from the imputation of wanting *art*, not enduring that all his excellences should be attributed to *nature*. It is remarkable too, that the praise he gives him in his *Discoveries* seems to proceed from a *personal kindness*; he tells us, that he loved the man as well as honoured his memory; celebrates the honesty, openness, and frankness of his temper; and only distinguishes, as he reasonably ought, between the real merit of the author, and the silly and derogatory applauses of the players. Ben Jonson might indeed be sparing in his commendations, (though certainly he is not so in this instance,) partly from his own nature, and partly from judgment. For men of judgment think they do any man more service in praising him justly than lavishly. I say, I would fain believe they were friends, though the violence and ill-breeding of their followers and flatterers were enough to give rise to the contrary report. I would hope that it may be with *parties*, both in wit and state, as with those monsters described by the poets; and that their heads at least

may have something human, though their *bodies* and *tails* are wild beasts and serpents.

As I believe that what I have mentioned gave rise to the opinion of Shakespear's want of learning; so what has continued it down to us may have been the many blunders and illiteracies of the first publishers of his works. In these editions their ignorance shines almost in every page; nothing is more common than *Actus tertia. Exit omnes. Enter three witches solus.** Their French is as bad as their Latin, both in construction and spelling; their very Welsh is false. Nothing is more likely than that those palpable blunders of Hector's quoting Aristotle, with others of that gross kind, sprung from the same root: it not being at all credible that these could be the errors of any man who had the least tincture of a school, or the least conversation with such as had. Ben Jonson (whom they will not think partial to him) allows him at least to have had *some* Latin; which is utterly inconsistent with mistakes like these. Nay the constant blunders in proper names of persons and places, are such as must have proceeded from a man, who had not so much as read any history, in any language: so could not be Shakespear's.

I shall now lay before the reader some of those

* Mr. Steevens observes, that this blunder appears to be of Pope's own invention. It is not to be found in any one of the four folio copies of Macbeth, and there is no quarto edition of it extant. C. *Bowles.*

almost innumerable errors, which have risen from one source, the ignorance of the players, both as his actors, and as his editors. When the nature and kinds of these are enumerated and considered, I dare to say, that not Shakespear only, but Aristotle or Cicero, had their works undergone the same fate, might have appeared to want sense as well as learning.

It is not certain that any one of his plays was published by himself. During the time of his employment in the theatre, several of his pieces were printed separately in quarto. What makes me think that most of these were not published by him, is the excessive carelessness of the press: every page is so scandalously false spelt, and almost all the learned or unusual words so intolerably mangled, that it is plain there either was no corrector to the press at all, or one totally illiterate. If any were supervised by himself, I should fancy the two parts of *Henry* IV. and *Midsummer Night's Dream* might have been so: because I find no other printed with any exactness: and (contrary to the rest) there is very little variation in all the subsequent editions of them. There are extant two prefaces to the first quarto edition of *Troilus and Cressida* in 1609, and to that of *Othello;* by which it appears, that the first was published without his knowledge or consent, and even before it was acted, so late as seven or eight years before he died; and that the latter was not printed till after his death. The whole number

of genuine plays which we have been able to find printed in his lifetime, amounts but to eleven. And of some of these we meet with two or more editions by different printers, each of which has whole heaps of trash different from the other; which I should fancy was occasioned by their being taken from different copies, belonging to different playhouses.

The folio edition (in which all the Plays we now receive as his, were first collected) was published by two players, Heminges and Condell, in 1623, seven years after his decease. They declare, that all the other editions were stolen and surreptitious, and affirm theirs to be purged from the errors of the former. This is true as to the literal errors, and no other; for in all respects else it is far worse than the quartos.

First, because the additions of trifling and bombast passages are in this edition far more numerous. For whatever had been added since those quartos, by the actors, or had stolen from their mouths into the written parts, were from thence conveyed into the printed text, and all stand charged upon the author. He himself complained of this usage in *Hamlet*, where he wishes that *those who play the clowns would speak no more than is set down for them.* (Act iii. Sc. iv.) But as a proof that he could not escape it, in the old editions of *Romeo and Juliet*,* there is no hint of a great number of

* Travellers now visit their tombs at Verona; in which city are many sepulchres detached from one another, standing in different streets, not in church-yards. *Warton.*

the mean conceits and ribaldries now to be found there. In others, the low scenes of Mobs, Plebeians, and Clowns, are vastly shorter than at present: and I have seen one in particular (which seems to have belonged to their playhouse, by having the parts divided with lines, and the actors' names in the margin) where several of those very passages were added in a written hand, which are since to be found in the folio.

In the next place, a number of beautiful passages which are extant in the first single editions, are omitted in this: as it seems without any other reason, than their willingness to shorten some scenes: these men (as it was said of Procrustes) either lopping, or stretching an author, to make him just fit for their stage.

This edition is said to be printed from the *original copies.* I believe they meant those which had lain ever since the author's days in the playhouse, and had from time to time been cut, or added to, arbitrarily. It appears that this edition, as well as the quartos, was printed (at least partly) from no better copies than the *Prompter's book*, or *piecemeal parts*, written out for the use of the actors: for in some places their very names* are through carelessness set down instead of the *personæ dramatis:* and in others the notes of direction

* *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii. Enter Prince Leonato, Claudio, and *Jack Wilson*, instead of Balthasar. And in Act iv. *Cowley* and *Kemp*, constantly through a whole scene.

Edit. Fol. of 1623, and 1632.

Warton.

to the *property-men* for their *moveables*, and to the *players* for their *entries*, are inserted into the text, through the ignorance of the transcribers.

The Plays not having been before so much as distinguished by *Acts* and *Scenes*, they are in this edition divided according as they played them; often where there is no pause in the action, or where they thought fit to make a breach in it, for the sake of music, masques, or monsters.

Sometimes the scenes are transposed and shuffled backward and forward; a thing which could no otherwise happen, but by their being taken from separate and piecemeal written parts.

Many verses are omitted entirely, and others transposed; from whence invincible obscurities have arisen, past the guess of any commentator to clear up, but just where the accidental glimpse of an old edition enlightens us.

Some characters were confounded and mixed, or two put into one, for want of a competent number of actors. Thus in the quarto edition of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act v. Shakespear introduces a kind of a Master of the Revels called Philostrate; all whose part is given to another character (that of Egeus) in the subsequent editions: so also in *Hamlet* and *King Lear*. This too makes it probable, that the Prompter's books were what they called the original copies.

From liberties of this kind, many speeches also were put into the mouths of wrong persons, where the author now seems chargeable with makin

them speak out of character: or sometimes perhaps for no better reason, than that a governing player, to have the mouthing of some favourite speech himself, would snatch it from the unworthy lips of an underling.

Prose from verse they did not know, and they accordingly printed one for the other throughout the volume.

Having been forced to say so much of the Players, I think I ought in justice to remark, that the judgment, as well as condition, of that class of people was then far inferior to what it is in our days. As then the best Playhouses were inns and taverns, (the Globe, the Hope, the Red Bull, the Fortune, &c.) so the top of the profession were then mere Players, not Gentlemen of the stage: they were led into the buttery by the steward, not placed at the lord's table, or lady's toilet: and consequently were entirely deprived of those advantages they now enjoy, in the familiar conversation of our nobility, and an intimacy (not to say dearness) with people of the first condition.

From what has been said, there can be no question but had Shakespear published his works himself, (especially in his latter time, and after his retreat from the stage,) we should not only be certain which are genuine, but should find in those that are, the errors lessened by some thousands. If I may judge from all the distinguishing marks of his style, and his manner of thinking and writing, I make no doubt to declare that those wretched

Plays, *Pericles*, *Locrine*, *Sir John Oldcastle*, *Yorkshire Tragedy*, *Lord Cromwell*, *The Puritan*, and *London Prodigal*, cannot be admitted as his. And I should conjecture of some of the others* (particularly *Love's Labour Lost*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *Titus Andronicus*) that only some characters, single scenes, or perhaps a few particular passages, were of his hand. It is very probable, what occasioned some Plays to be supposed Shakespear's, was only this; that they were pieces produced by unknown authors, or fitted up for the theatre while it was under his administration: and no owner claiming them, they were adjudged to him, as they give strays to the lord of the manor: a mistake which (one may also observe) it was not for the interest of the house to remove. Yet the Players themselves, Heminges and Condell, afterwards did Shakespear the justice to reject those eight Plays in their edition; though they were then printed in his name, in every body's hands, and acted with some applause, as we learn from what Ben Jonson says of *Pericles*, in his Ode on the *New Inn*. That *Titus Andronicus* is one of this class I am the rather induced to believe, by finding the same author openly express his contempt of it in the *Induction* to *Bartholomew Fair*, in the year 1614, when Shakespear was yet living. And there is no better authority for these latter sort, than for the

* Mr. Malone has with much ingenuity attempted to prove that the three parts of King Henry the Sixth were not written by Shakespear; but Mr. Steevens thinks that he had as much hand in them as in many that pass under his name. *Warton.*

former, which were equally published in his lifetime.

If we give into this opinion, how many low and vicious parts and passages might no longer reflect upon this great genius, but appear unworthily charged upon him? And even in those which are really his, how many faults may have been unjustly laid to his account from arbitrary additions, expunctions, transpositions of scenes and lines, confusion of characters and persons, wrong application of speeches, corruptions of innumerable passages by the ignorance, and wrong corrections of them again by the impertinence of his first editors? From one or other of these considerations, I am verily persuaded, that the greatest and the grossest part of what are thought his errors would vanish; and leave his character in a light very different from that disadvantageous one in which it now appears to us.

This is the state in which Shakespear's writings lie at present; for, since the above-mentioned folio edition, all the rest have implicitly followed it, without having recourse to any of the former, or ever making the comparison between them. It is impossible to repair the injuries already done him; too much time has elapsed, and the materials are too few. In what I have done, I have rather given a proof of my willingness and desire, than of my ability, to do him justice. I have discharged the dull duty of an editor, to my best judgment, with more labour than I expect thanks, with a religious abhorrence of all innovation, and without any in-

dulgence to my private sense or conjecture. The method taken in this edition will shew itself. The various readings are fairly put in the margin, so that every one may compare them; and those I have preferred into the text, are constantly *ex fide codicum*, upon authority. The alterations or additions which Shakespear himself made, are taken notice of as they occur. Some suspected passages which are excessively bad (and which seem interpolations, by being so inserted that one can entirely omit them without any chasm, or deficience in the context) are degraded to the bottom of the page; with an asterisk referring to the places of their insertion. The scenes are marked so distinctly, that every removal of place is specified; which is more necessary in this author than in any other, since he shifts them more frequently: and sometimes without attending to this particular, the reader would have met with obscurities. The more obsolete or unusual words are explained. Some of the most shining passages are distinguished by commas in the margin: and where the beauty lay not in particulars, but in the whole, a star is prefixed to the scene. This seems to me a shorter and less ostentatious method of performing the better half of criticism (namely, the pointing out an author's excellences) than to fill a whole paper with citations of fine passages, with *general applauses*, or *empty exclamations* at the tail of them. There is also subjoined a catalogue of those first editions by which the greater part of the various readings and of the corrected passages are autho-

rised, most of which are such as carry their own evidence along with them. These editions now hold the place of originals, and are the only materials left to repair the deficiencies, or restore the corrupted sense, of the author: I can only wish that a greater number of them (if a greater were ever published) may yet be found, by a search more successful than mine, for the better accomplishment of this end.

I will conclude by saying of Shakespear, that with all his faults, and with all the irregularity of his *drama*, one may look upon his works, in comparison of those that are more finished and regular, as upon an ancient majestic piece of Gothic architecture, compared with a neat modern building: the latter is more elegant and glaring, but the former is more strong and more solemn. It must be allowed, that in one of these there are materials enough to make many of the other. It has much the greater variety, and much the nobler apartments; though we are often conducted to them by dark, odd, and uncouth passages. Nor does the whole fail to strike us with greater reverence, though many of the parts are childish, ill-placed, and unequal to its grandeur.*

* Of *all* the many eulogiums on the character of our inimitable old bard, that of *Addison* is perhaps the most beautiful and brilliant. "Shakespear was indeed born with all the seeds of poetry, and may be compared to the stone in *Pyrrhus*'s ring, which, as *Pliny* tells us, had the figure of *Apollo*, and the nine muses in the veins of it, produced by the spontaneous hand of nature, without any help from art." *Warton.*

PREFACE

TO

HOMER'S ILIAD.

PREFACE

TO

HOMER'S ILIAD.

HOMER is universally allowed to have had the greatest *invention* of any writer whatever. The praise of judgment Virgil has justly contested with him, and others may have their pretensions as to particular excellences; but his invention remains yet unrivalled. Nor is it a wonder if he has ever been acknowledged the greatest of poets, who most excelled in that which is the very foundation of poetry. It is the invention that, in different degrees, distinguishes all great geniuses: the utmost stretch of human study, learning, and industry, which master every thing besides, can never attain to this. It furnishes art with all her materials, and without it, judgment itself can at best but *steal wisely:* for art is only like a prudent steward that lives on managing the riches of nature. Whatever praises may be given to works of judgment, there is not even a single beauty in them, to which the invention must not contribute. As in the most regular gardens, art can only reduce the beauties of nature to more regularity, and such a figure, which the common eye may better take in, and is therefore more entertained with. And perhaps

the reason why common critics are inclined to prefer a judicious and methodical genius to a great and fruitful one, is, because they find it easier for themselves to pursue their observations through an uniform and bounded walk of art, than to comprehend the vast and various extent of nature.

Our author's work is a wild paradise,* where if we cannot see all the beauties so distinctly as in an ordered garden, it is only because the number of them is infinitely greater. It is like a copious nursery which contains the seeds and first productions of every kind, out of which those who followed him have but selected some particular plants, each according to his fancy, to cultivate and beautify. If some things are too luxuriant, it is owing to the richness of the soil; and, if others are not arrived to perfection or maturity, it is only because they are overrun and oppressed by those of a stronger nature.

It is to the strength of this amazing invention

* These words seem to imply that the *Iliad* is deficient in point of *regularity* and *conduct* of the fable. Whereas one of its most transcendent and unparalleled excellences is the *coherence*, the *consistency*, the *simplicity*, and the *perspicuity* of its plan; all which qualities are the result of *judgment* as well as of *invention;* and all which the best critics, from *Aristotle* to *Clarke*, have joined in admiring and applauding. Let *Quintilian* speak for all the rest; *in dispositione totius operis nonne humani generis modum excessit?* And he excels Virgil as much in *judgment* as *invention;* and in exact *disposition, just thought, correct elocution*, and *polished numbers*, as in *poetical fire*. Mad. *Dacier* was vehemently angry at Mr. *Pope* for this paragraph. In fact, we *do see* the beauties of this *well ordered garden;* which is *not* a mere *nursery;* its plants are *not too luxuriant*, and are *arrived* to *perfection* and *maturity*. *Warton.*

we are to attribute that unequalled fire and rapture, which is so forcible in Homer, that no man of a true poetical spirit is master of himself while he reads him. What he writes, is of the most animated nature imaginable; every thing moves, every thing lives, and is put in action. If a council be called, or a battle fought, you are not coldly informed of what was said or done as from a third person; the reader is hurried out of himself by the force of the poet's imagination, and turns in one place to a hearer, in another to a spectator. The course of his verses resembles that of the army he describes,

Οἱ δ' ἀξ ἴσαν, ὡσεί τε πυρὶ χθὼν πᾶσα νίμοιτο.

They pour along like a fire that sweeps the whole earth before it. It is however remarkable, that his fancy, which is every where vigorous, is not discovered immediately at the beginning of his poem in its fullest splendor: it grows in the progress both upon himself and others, and becomes on fire like a chariot-wheel, by its own rapidity. Exact disposition, just thought, correct elocution, polished numbers, may have been found in a thousand; but this poetical fire, this *Vivida vis animi*, in a very few. Even in works where all those are imperfect or neglected, this can over-power criticism, and make us admire even while we disapprove. Nay, where this appears, though attended with absurdities, it brightens all the rubbish about it, till we see nothing but its own splendor. This

fire is discerned in Virgil, but discerned as through a glass, reflected from Homer, more shining than fierce, but every where equal and constant: in Lucan and Statius, it bursts out in sudden, short, and interrupted flashes: in Milton* it glows like a fur-

* Of all passages in our author's works, I most wish he had never written this tasteless and unjust comparison. But indeed he never speaks of our divine bard, *con amore*. This has lately been done by Mr. *Hayley*, in his curious and animated Life of Milton. I do not honour Sir John Denham so much for his writing Cooper's Hill, as I do for being the very first person that spoke highly of Paradise Lost; who coming one day into the House of Commons with a proof sheet of this poem, wet from the press, and being asked what paper he held in his hand, replied: "It is part of the noblest poem that was ever written in any language, or in any age."

"Milton," says Warburton, with his usual love of bringing every thing into system, "found Homer possessed of the province of Morality; Virgil, of Politics; and nothing left for him, but that of Religion. This he seized, as aspiring to share with them in the government of the poetic world; and by means of the superior dignity of his subject, hath gotten to the head of that triumvirate, which took so many ages in forming. These are the three species of the epic poem; for its largest sphere is human action, which can be considered but in a MORAL, POLITICAL, or RELIGIOUS View; and these the three makers; for each of their poems was struck at a heat, and came to perfection from its first essay. Here then the grand scene was closed, and all farther improvements of the epic at an end." A cruel sentence indeed, and a very severe statute of *limitation!* enough, if it had any foundation, to destroy every future attempt of any exalted genius that might arise. But, in truth, the assertion is totally groundless and chimerical. Each of the three poets might change the stations here assigned to them. Homer might assume to himself the province of politics; Virgil of morality; and Milton of both; who is also a strong proof that human action is not the largest sphere of epic poetry. But of all Dr. Warburton's forced and fanciful interpretations, next to his

nace kept up to an uncommon ardour by the force of art: in Shakespear, it strikes before we are aware, like an accidental fire from heaven: but in Homer, and in him only, it burns every where clearly, and every where irresistible.

I shall here endeavour to show, how this vast *Invention* exerts itself in a manner superior to that of any poet, through all the main constituent parts* of his work, as it is the great and peculiar

extraordinary interpretation of the Sixth Book of the Æneid, is the supposition that Virgil, by the episode of Nisus and Euryalus, meant to recommend the Grecian institution of the band of Lovers and Friends that fought at each others' sides: and, also, that by the behaviour and death of Amata, and her celebration of the Bacchic Rites in the Seventh Book, Virgil meant to proscribe and expose the abominable abuses that had crept into the *mysteries*. I lament that Mr. Gibbon, in his able confutation of the notion of Augustus's Initiation, has not touched on this topic. *Warton.*

* Convinced that this Translation is the most spirited and the best ever given of any ancient poet, and most suited to modern times and readers; yet I have always been of opinion, that Pope would have made it still more excellent, and would have profited much, if he could have seen *Blackwell's Enquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer;* a work, though written indeed with some affectation of style, that abounds in curious researches and observations, and places Homer in a new light; by endeavouring to shew *how it has happened* that no poet has ever equalled him for upwards of two thousand years; namely, by the *united influence* of the happiest *climate;* the most natural *manners* to paint; the boldest *language* to use; the most expressive *religion;* and the richest *subject* to work upon. *Nature*, after all, is the surest rule, and *real* characters the best ground of *fiction*. The passions of the human mind, if truly awaked, and kept up by objects fitted to them, dictate a language peculiar to themselves. *Homer* has copied it, and done justice to nature. We see her image in his draft; and this work is the *great Drama of Life*, acted in our view. A most ingenious theory, if not solid, in every respect. *Warton.*

characteristic which distinguishes him from all other authors.

This strong and ruling faculty was like a powerful star, which, in the violence of its course, drew all things within its *vortex*. It seemed not enough to have taken in the whole circle of arts, and the whole compass of nature, to supply his maxims and reflections; all the inward passions and affections of mankind, to furnish his characters; and all the outward forms and images of things for his descriptions: but wanting yet an ampler sphere to expatiate in, he opened a new and boundless walk for his imagination, and created a world for himself in the invention of *Fable*. That which Aristotle calls the *soul of poetry*, was first breathed into it by Homer. I shall begin with considering him in this part, as it is naturally the first, and I speak of it both as it means the design of a poem, and as it is taken for fiction.

Fable may be divided into the *probable*, the *allegorical*, and the *marvellous*. The *probable fable* is the recital of such actions as, though they did not happen, yet might, in the common course of nature: or of such as though they did, become fables by the additional episodes and manner of telling them. Of this sort is the main story of an epic poem, *the return of* Ulysses, *the settlement of the* Trojans *in* Italy, or the like. That of the *Iliad* is the *anger* of Achilles, the most short and single subject that was ever chosen by any poet. Yet this he has supplied with a vaster variety of incidents

and events, and crowded with a greater number of councils, speeches, battles, and episodes of all kinds, than are to be found even in those poems whose schemes are of the utmost latitude and irregularity. The action is hurried on with the most vehement spirit, and its whole duration employs not so much as fifty days. Virgil, for want of so warm a genius, aided himself by taking in a more extensive subject, as well as a greater length of time, and contracting the design of both Homer's poems into one, which is yet but a fourth part as large as his. The other epic poets have used the same practice, but generally carried it so far as to superinduce a multiplicity of fables, destroy the unity of action, and lose their readers in an unreasonable length of time. Nor is it only in the main design that they have been unable to add to his invention, but they have followed him in every episode and part of story. If he has given a regular *catalogue* of an *army*, they all draw up their forces in the same order. If he has funeral games for Patroclus, Virgil has the same for Anchises, and Statius (rather than omit them) destroys the unity of his action for those of Archemorus. If Ulysses visits the shades, the Æneas of Virgil and Scipio of Silius are sent after him. If he be detained from his return by the allurements of Calypso, so is Æneas by Dido, and Rinaldo by Armida. If Achilles be absent from the army on the score of a quarrel through half the poem, Rinaldo

must absent himself just as long, on the like account. If he gives his hero a suit of celestial armour, Virgil and Tasso make the same present to theirs. Virgil has not only observed this close imitation of Homer, but where he had not led the way, supplied the want from other Greek authors. Thus the story of Sinon and the taking of Troy was copied (says Macrobius) almost word for word from Pisander, as the loves of Dido and Æneas are taken from those of Medea and Jason in Apollonius, and several others in the same manner.

To proceed to the *allegorical fable*: If we reflect upon those innumerable knowledges, those secrets of nature and physical philosophy, which Homer is generally supposed to have wrapped up in his *allegories*, what a new and ample scene of wonder may this consideration afford us! How fertile will that imagination appear, which was able to clothe all the properties of elements, the qualifications of the mind, the virtues and vices, in forms and persons; and to introduce them into actions agreeable to the nature of the things they shadowed! This is a field in which no succeeding poets could dispute with Homer; and whatever commendations have been allowed them on this head, are by no means for their invention in having enlarged his circle, but for their judgment in having contracted it. For when the mode of learning changed in following ages, and science was delivered in a plainer manner; it then became as rea-

sonable in the more modern poets to lay it aside, as it was in Homer to make use of it. And perhaps it was no unhappy circumstance for Virgil, that there was not in his time that demand upon him of so great an invention, as might be capable of furnishing all those allegorical parts of a poem.

The *marvellous fable* includes whatever is supernatural, and especially the machines of the Gods. He seems the first who brought them into a system of machinery for poetry,* and such a one as makes its greatest importance and dignity. For we find those authors who have been offended at the literal notion of the Gods, constantly laying their accusation against Homer as the chief support of it. But whatever cause there might be to blame his *machines* in a philosophical or a religious view, they are so perfect in the poetic, that mankind have been ever since contented to follow them: none have been able to enlarge the sphere of poetry beyond the limits he has set: every attempt of this nature has proved unsuccessful; and after all the various changes of times and religions, his Gods continue to this day the Gods of poetry.

We come now to the *characters* of his persons: and here we shall find no author has ever drawn so many, with so visible and surprizing a variety, or

* In the former editions this sentence stood thus: "If Homer was not the first who introduced the Deities into the religion of Greece, (as Herodotus imagines), he seems the first who brought them into a system of machinery for poetry." *Warton.*

given us such lively and affecting impressions of them. Every one has something so singularly his own, that no painter could have distinguished them more by their features, than the poet has by their manners. Nothing can be more exact than the distinctions he has observed in the different degrees of virtues and vices. The single quality of *courage* is wonderfully diversified in the several characters of the Iliad. That of Achilles is furious and intractable; that of Diomede forward, yet listening to advice and subject to command: that of Ajax is heavy and self-confiding; of Hector active and vigilant: the courage of Agamemnon is inspirited by love of empire and ambition, that of Menelaus mixed with softness and tenderness for his people: we find in Idomeneus a plain, direct soldier; in Sarpedon, a gallant and generous one. Nor is this judicious and astonishing diversity to be found only in the principal quality which constitutes the main of each character, but even in the underparts of it, to which he takes care to give a tincture of that principal one. For example, the main characters of Ulysses and Nestor consist in *wisdom;* and they are distinct in this, that the wisdom of one is *artificial* and *various,* of the other *natural, open,* and *regular.* But they have, besides, characters of *courage;* and this quality also takes a different turn in each from the difference of his prudence: for one in the war depends still upon *caution,* the other upon *experience.* It would be

endless to produce instances of these kinds. The characters of Virgil* are far from striking us in this open manner; they lie in a great degree hidden and undistinguished, and where they are marked most evidently affect us not in proportion to those of Homer. His characters of valour are much alike; even that of Turnus seems no way peculiar but as it is in a superior degree; and we see nothing that differences the courage of Mnes-

* "Virgil had been accustomed to the splendor of a court, the magnificence of a palace, and the grandeur of a royal equipage; accordingly his representations of that part of life are more august and stately than Homer's. He has a greater regard to decency, and those polished manners which render men so much of a piece, and make them all resemble one another in their conduct and behaviour. His state designs and political managements are finely laid, and carried on much in the spirit of a courtier. The eternity of a government, the forms of magistrature, and plan of dominion, ideas to which Homer was a stranger, are familiar with the Roman poet. But the Grecian's wiles are plain and natural; either stratagems of war, or such designs in peace, as depend not upon forming a party for their execution. He excels in the simple, instructive parts of life; the play of the passions, the prowess of bodies, and those single virtues of persons and characters, that arise from untaught, undisguised nature. And afterwards, even the stately Agamemnon is not ashamed to own his passion for a captive maid before the whole army. He is, besides, now and then a little covetous, and tortured with fear to such a degree, that his teeth chatter and knees knock against each other; he groans and weeps and rends his hair, and is in such piteous plight, that, if we were not well assured of his personal bravery, we should take him for a downright coward. But Virgil durst make no condescension to nature, nor represent the human frailties in their genuine light."

These fine and judicious remarks of Blackwell seem to have been borrowed from an Epistle of *Gravina* to *Maffei*, p. 248. In Napoli, 1716. *Warton.*

theus from that of Sergestus, Cloanthus, or the rest. In like manner it may be remarked of Statius's heroes, that an air of impetuosity runs through them all; the same horrid and savage courage appears in his Capaneus, Tydeus, Hippomedon, &c. They have a parity of character, which makes them seem brothers of one family. I believe when the reader is led into this tract of reflection, if he will pursue it through the *Epic* and *Tragic* writers, he will be convinced how infinitely superior in this point the invention of Homer was to that of all others.

The *speeches* are to be considered as they flow from the characters, being perfect or defective as they agree or disagree with the manners of those who utter them. As there is more variety of characters in the *Iliad*, so there is of speeches, than in any other poem. *Every thing in it has manners* (as Aristotle expresses it); that is, every thing is acted or spoken. It is hardly credible, in a work of such length, how small a number of lines are employed in narration. In Virgil the dramatic part is less in proportion to the narrative; and the speeches often consist of general reflections or thoughts,* which might be equally just in any person's mouth upon the same occasion. As many

* This censure is too general; many of the speeches are appropriated and adapted to the character that speaks; none more so, than one, not so frequently noticed as it ought to be, that of Æneas to the Ghost of Hector, in which the confusion and obscure ideas of a man in a dream are finely represented by the questions he asks. Lib. ii. v. 281. *Warton.*

of his persons have no apparent characters, so many of his speeches escape being applied and judged by the rule of propriety. We oftener think of the author himself when we read Virgil, than when we are engaged in Homer: all which are the effects of a colder invention, that interests us less in the action described. Homer makes us hearers, and Virgil leaves us readers.

If in the next place we take a view of the *sentiments*, the same presiding faculty is eminent in the sublimity and spirit of his thoughts. Longinus has given his opinion, that it was in this part Homer principally excelled. What were alone sufficient to prove the grandeur and excellence of his sentiments in general, is, that they have so remarkable a parity with those of the Scripture: Duport, in his Gnomologia Homerica, has collected innumerable instances of this sort. And it is with justice an excellent modern writer allows, that if Virgil has not so many thoughts that are low and vulgar, he has not so many that are sublime and noble; and that the Roman author seldom rises into very astonishing sentiments where he is not fired by the *Iliad*.

If we observe his *descriptions, images*, and *similes*, we shall find the invention still predominant. To what else can we ascribe that vast comprehension of images of every sort, where we see each circumstance of art,* and individual of nature sum-

* "Dans Homère," says Winkelman, "tout est image, tout est fait pour être peint; disons mieux, tout y est peint."

Circumstantial

moned together, by the extent and fecundity of his imagination; to which all things, in their various views, presented themselves in an instant, and had their impressions taken off to perfection at a heat? Nay, he not only gives us the full prospects of things, but several unexpected peculiarities and side views, unobserved by any painter but Homer. Nothing is so surprising as the description of his battles, which take up no less than half the *Iliad*, and are supplied with so vast a variety of incidents, that no one bears a likeness to another; such different kinds of deaths, that no two heroes are wounded in the same manner; and such a profusion of noble ideas, that every battle rises above the last in greatness, horror, and confusion. It is certain there is not near that number of images and descriptions in any epic poet; though every one has assisted himself with a great quantity out of him: and it is evident of Virgil especially, that he has scarce any comparisons which are not drawn from his master.

If we descend from hence to the *expression*, we see the bright imagination of Homer shining out in the most enlivened forms of it. We acknowledge him the father of poetical diction, the first

Circumstantial description is, after all, the true test of a vivid imagination. It is not intended by this remark, nor by what is said before in these notes, to commend or justify *useless* or *trifling* circumstances in any description. What Demetrius Phalereus has said, from page 124 to page 130 of Gale's edition, περὶ ἐναργείας, is well worth an attentive perusal, and shews the true use of circumstantial description. *Warton.*

who taught that *language of the Gods* to men. His expression * is like the colouring of some great masters, which discovers itself to be laid on boldly, and executed with rapidity. It is indeed the strongest and most glowing imaginable, and touched with the greatest spirit. Aristotle had reason to say, He was the only poet who had found out *living words;* there are in him more daring figures and metaphors than in any good author whatever. An arrow is *impatient* to be on the wing, a weapon *thirsts* to drink the blood of an enemy, and the like. Yet his expression is never too big for the sense, but justly great in proportion to it. It is the sentiment that swells and fills out the diction, which rises with it, and forms itself about it: and in the same degree that a thought is warmer, an expression will be brighter; as that is more strong, this will become more conspicuous: like glass in the furnace, which grows to a greater magnitude

* Of all the excellences of Homer's style, Clarke is of opinion that its *perspicuity* is the most peculiar and predominant; and says, no writer whatever, not of verse only but *prose*, in any language, is so uniformly *perspicuous*. This testimony of a philosopher and mathematician, remarkable for a *clear head* himself, is worth remembering and regarding. This matchless perspicuity, on which Pope has not sufficiently dwelt, is owing to the clearness of his images, and the truth of his sentiments; in short, to his copying nature exactly. It is mortifying to hear an eminent critic and scholar declare, that, "among the readers of Homer, the number is very small of those who find much in the Greek more than in the common Latin translation, except the music of his versification." Pope would have profited much if Clarke's admirable notes had preceded his translation. *Warton.*

and refines to a greater clearness, only as the breath within is more powerful, and the heat more intense.

To throw his language more out of prose, Homer seems to have affected the *compound epithets*. This was a sort of composition peculiarly proper to poetry, not only as it heightened the *diction*, but as it assisted and filled the *numbers* with greater sound and pomp, and likewise conduced in some measure to thicken the *images*. On this last consideration I cannot but attribute these also to the fruitfulness of his invention, since (as he managed them) they are a sort of supernumerary pictures of the persons or things to which they are joined. We see the motion of Hector's plumes in the epithet of Κορυθαίολος, the landscape of mount Neritus in that of Εἰνοσίφυλλος, and so of others, which particular images could not have been insisted upon so long as to express them in a description (though but of a single line) without diverting the reader too much from the principal action or figure. As a metaphor is a short simile, one of these epithets is a short description.

Lastly, if we consider his *versification*, we shall be sensible what a share of praise is due to his invention in that. He was not satisfied with his language as he found it settled in any one part of Greece, but searched through its different *dialects**

* Clarke has given the true, rational account of the *dialects* of Homer; a thing so frequently misunderstood, and as appears by

with this particular view, to beautify and perfect his numbers: he considered these as they had a greater mixture of vowels or consonants, and accordingly employed them as the verse required either a greater smoothness or strength. What he most affected was the *Ionic*, which has a peculiar sweetness from its never using contractions, and from its custom of resolving the diphthongs into two syllables; so as to make the words open themselves with a more spreading and sonorous fluency. With this he mingled the *Attic* contractions, the broader *Doric*, and the feeble *Æolic*, which often rejects its aspirate, or takes off its accent; and completed this variety by altering some letters with the licence of poetry. Thus his measures, instead of being fetters to his sense, were always in readiness to run along with the warmth of his rapture, and even to give a further representation of his notions, in the correspondence of their sounds to what they signified. Out of all these he has derived that harmony, which makes us confess he had not only the richest head, but the finest ear in the world. This is so great a truth, that whoever will but consult the tune of his verses, even without understanding

our author: "Homerus *non* dialectis *omnibus* promiscuè et ἀλόγως, sed eâ solummodo usus est, quæ inter suos erat, *Ionico*-Poeticâ; ex variis quidem illa dialectis existens, non communiter et universè, sed certâ quâdam et constanti ratione, poetis Ionicis (ut credere equum est) usitatâ." Lib. ii. ad ver. 43.

Homer did not use such a jargon as Fontenelle idly imagines; as if a French poet was to introduce in the same page, *Gascon*, *Norman*, *Breton*, &c. words. See *Monboddo*, vol. iii. and *Burgess's* Edition of *Dawes*, Preface, p. 21. *Warton.*

them, (with the same sort of diligence as we daily see practised in the case of Italian Operas,) will find more sweetness, variety, and majesty of sound, than in any other language or poetry. The beauty of his numbers is allowed by the critics to be copied but faintly by Virgil himself, though they are so just to ascribe it to the nature of the Latin tongue: indeed the Greek* has some advantages both from the natural *sound* of its *words*, and the turn and *cadence* of its *verse*, which agree with the genius of no other language. Virgil was very sensible of this, and used the utmost diligence in working up a more intractable language to whatsoever graces it was capable of; and in particular never failed to bring the sound of his line to a beautiful agreement with its sense. If the Grecian poet has not been so frequently celebrated on this account as the Roman, the only reason is, that fewer critics have understood one language than the other. Dionysius of Halicarnassus has pointed out many of our author's beauties in this kind, in his treatise of the *Composition of Words*, and others will be taken notice of in the course of my Notes. It suffices at present to observe of his numbers, that they flow with so much ease, as to make one imagine Homer had no other care than to transcribe as fast as the *Muses* dictated; and at the same time with so much force and inspirited vigour, that they awaken and raise us like the

* Such is the sweetness of this language, that it admits of no word ending with these three harsh letters, Θ, Φ, Χ. *Warton.*

sound of a trumpet. They roll along as a plentiful river, always in motion, and always full; while we are borne away by a tide of verse, the most rapid, and yet the most smooth imaginable.

Thus, on whatever side we contemplate Homer, what principally strikes us is his *invention*. It is that which forms the character of each part of his work; and accordingly we find it to have made his fable more *extensive* and *copious* than any other, his manners more *lively* and *strongly marked*, his speeches more *affecting* and *transporting*, his sentiments more *warm* and *sublime*, his images and descriptions more *full* and *animated*, his expression more *raised* and *daring*, and his numbers more *rapid* and *various*. I hope, in what has been said of Virgil, with regard to any of these heads, I have no way derogated from his character. Nothing is more absurd or endless, than the common method of comparing eminent writers by an opposition of particular passages in them, and forming a judgment from thence of their merit upon the whole. We ought to have a certain knowledge of the principal character and distinguished excellence of each: it is in *that* we are to consider him, and in proportion to his degree in *that* we are to admire him. No author or man ever excelled all the world in more than one faculty: and as Homer has done this in *invention*, Virgil has in *judgment*.* Not

* This is a commonly received opinion. It might, perhaps, however be proved, as has been hinted before, that the *judgment* of Homer was equal to his invention. But there is a set of notions

that we are to think Homer wanted judgment, because Virgil had it in a more eminent degree; or

and doctrines, concerning the characters of great writers, handed down from critic to critic, and implicitly adopted without due consideration. This is one of that kind. Another, relating also to Virgil, is, that his chief excellence lay in describing what is beautiful. But he appears to be equally excellent in painting the *terrible*. What images are exhibited in the following passages!

Armorum sonitum toto Germania cœlo
Audiit; insolitis tremuerunt motibus Alpes.—
—caligantem nigrâ formidine lucum——
—terque fragor stagnis auditus Avernis—
—tenuitque inhians tria Cerberus ora—
—ipsæ stupuere domus, atque intima leti
Tartara———
—stygiis emissa tenebris
Pallida Tisiphone, Morbos agit ante Metumque,
Inque dies avidum surgens caput altius effert.—
Noctem illam tecti sylvis immânia monstra
Perferimus: nec quæ sonitum det causa videmus.
——fessum quoties mutat latus, intremere omnem
Murmure Trinacriam———
Cernimus astantes nequicquam lumine torvo
Ætnæos fratres, cœlo capita alta ferentes
Concilium horrendum———
——terque ipsa solo, mirabile dictu
Emicuit——
Pectora quorum inter fluctus arrecta, jubæque
Sanguineæ exsuperant undas——
——vastos a rupe Cyclopas
Prospicio, sonitumque pedum, vocemque tremisco.—
Hinc exaudiri voces et verba vocantis
Sæpe viri——
——Latices nigrescere sacros,
Fusaque in obscœnum se vertere vina cruorem,
Hoc visum nulli, non ipsi effata sorori.
——Furiarum maxima juxta
Accubat——

that Virgil wanted invention, because Homer possessed a larger share of it: each of these great authors had more of both than perhaps any man besides, and are only said to have less in comparison with one another. Homer was the greater genius; Virgil, the better artist. In one we most admire the man; in the other, the work. Homer hurries and transports us with a commanding impetuosity; Virgil leads us with an attractive majesty: Homer scatters with a generous profusion; Virgil bestows with a careful magnificence: Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a boundless overflow; Virgil, like a river in its banks, with a gentle and constant stream. When we behold their battles, methinks the two Poets resemble the heroes they celebrate: Homer, boundless and irresistible as Achilles, bears all before him, and shines more and more as the tumult increases; Virgil, calmly dar-

Tisiphoneque sedens pallâ succincta cruentâ
Vestibulum insomnis servat noctesque diesque——
Hinc exaudiri gemitus, et sæva sonare
Verbera, tum stridor ferri, tractæque catenæ:
Constitit Æneas, strepitumque exterritus hausit.
Sævior intus habet sedem——
Quantus Athos, aut quantus Eryx ——
——quærentem dicere plura
Repulit, et geminos erexit crinibus angues,
Verberaque insonuit——
——Turni se pestis ad ora,
Fertque refertque sonans, clypeumque everberat alis.

All these bold and masterly strokes, to which many may be added, are certainly more in the manner of MICHAEL ANGELO, than of Raphael. *Warton.*

ing like Æneas, appears undisturbed in the midst of the action; disposes all about him, and conquers with tranquillity. And when we look upon their machines, Homer seems like his own Jupiter in his terrors, shaking Olympus, scattering the lightnings, and firing the heavens; Virgil, like the same power in his benevolence, counselling with the Gods, laying plans for empires, and regularly ordering his whole creation.

But after all, it is with great parts as with great virtues, they naturally border on some imperfection; and it is often hard to distinguish exactly where the virtue ends, or the fault begins. As prudence may sometimes sink to suspicion, so may a great judgment decline to coldness; and as magnanimity may run up to profusion or extravagance, so may a great invention to redundancy or wildness. If we look upon Homer in this view, we shall perceive the chief *objections* against him to proceed from so noble a cause as the excess of this faculty.

Among these we may reckon some of his *marvellous fictions*, upon which so much criticism has been spent, as surpassing all the bounds of probability. Perhaps it may be with great and superior souls, as with gigantic bodies, which, exerting themselves with unusual strength, exceed what is commonly thought the due proportion of parts, to become miracles in the whole; and like the old heroes of that make, commit something near extravagance, amidst a series of glorious and inimitable

performances. Thus Homer has his *speaking horses*, and Virgil his *myrtles distilling blood*, where the latter has not so much as contrived the easy intervention of a Deity to save the probability.

It is owing to the same vast invention, that his *similes* have been thought too exuberant and full of circumstances. The force of this faculty is seen in nothing more, than in its inability to confine itself to that single circumstance upon which the comparison is grounded: it runs out into embellishments of additional images, which however are so managed as not to overpower the main one. His similes are like pictures, where the principal figure has not only its proportion given agreeable to the original, but is also set off with occasional ornaments and prospects. The same will account for his manner of heaping a number of comparisons together in one breath, when his fancy suggested to him at once so many various and correspondent images. The reader will easily extend this observation to more objections of the same kind.

If there are others which seem rather to charge him with a defect or narrowness of genius, than an excess of it; those seeming defects will be found upon examination to proceed wholly from the nature of the times he lived in. Such are his *grosser representations* of the *Gods*, and the vicious and *imperfect manners* of his *heroes*, which will be

treated of in the following *essay*:* but I must here speak a word of the latter, as it is a point generally carried into extremes, both by the censurers and defenders of Homer. It must be a strange partiality to antiquity, to think with Madame Dacier,† "that those times and manners‡ are so much the more excellent, as they are more contrary to ours." Who can be so prejudiced in their favour as to magnify the felicity of those ages, when a spirit of revenge and cruelty, joined with the practice of rapine and robbery, reigned through the world; when no mercy was shewn but for

* See the articles of Theology and Morality, in the third part of the Essay. *Warburton.*

† Preface to her Homer. *Warburton.*

‡ In that *progression* of manners that happens in every age and every country, there is a *certain* period more *proper* for poetical description than another. The more any nation becomes polished, the more the genuine feelings of nature are disguised and suppressed, and their manners are consequently less adapted to bear a faithful representation. The little forms and ceremonies which have been introduced into civil life by modern governments, are not suited to the dignity and simplicity of the *Epic* Muse. Our present modes must be forgotten, when we attempt any thing in the serious or sublime poetry; for heroism disdains the luxurious refinements, the false delicacy, the fictitious grandeur, and idle state of modern ages. What our author replies here to Madame Dacier, relates to the circumstance of manners being *morally*, not *poetically* good: and he should have insisted more on the *latter* circumstance. The lovers of Homer cannot but read with great pleasure the comparison Mr. Wood has made of the *Heroic*, *Patriarchal*, and *Bedouin manners*, dividing their similarities, with much judgment and acuteness, into six general classes, and shewing their exact conformity to what he observed in his travels. *Essay on the Original Genius of Homer*, p. 158. *Warton.*

the sake of lucre, when the greatest princes were put to the sword, and their wives and daughters made slaves and concubines? On the other side, I would not be so delicate as those modern critics, who are shocked at the *servile offices* and mean employments in which we sometimes see the heroes of Homer engaged. There is a pleasure in taking a view of that simplicity in opposition to the luxury of succeeding ages, in beholding monarchs without their guards, princes tending their flocks, and princesses drawing water from the springs. When we read Homer, we ought to reflect that we are reading the most ancient author in the heathen world; and those who consider him in this light, will double their pleasure in the perusal of him. Let them think they are growing acquainted with nations and people that are now no more; that they are stepping almost three thousand years back into the remotest antiquity, and entertaining themselves with a clear and surprizing vision of things no where else to be found, the only true mirror of that ancient world. By this means alone their greatest obstacles will vanish; and what usually creates their dislike, will become a satisfaction.

This consideration may further serve to answer for the constant use of the same *epithets* to his Gods and heroes, such as the *far-darting* Phœbus, the *blue-eyed* Pallas, the *swift-footed* Achilles, &c. which some have censured as impertinent and tediously repeated. Those of the Gods depended

upon the powers and offices then believed to belong to them, and had contracted a weight and veneration from the rites and solemn devotions in which they were used: they were a sort of attributes with which it was a matter of religion to salute them on all occasions, and which it was an irreverence to omit. As for the epithets of great men, Mons. Boileau is of opinion, that they were in the nature of *surnames*, and repeated as such; for the Greeks, having no names derived from their fathers, were obliged to add some other distinction of each person; either naming his parents expressly, or his place of birth, profession, or the like; as, Alexander the son of Philip, Herodotus of Halicarnassus, Diogenes the Cynic, etc. Homer therefore, complying with the custom of his country, used such distinctive additions as better agreed with poetry. And indeed we have something parallel to these in modern times, such as the names of Harold Harefoot, Edmund Ironside, Edward Long-shanks, Edward the Black Prince, etc. If this be thought to account better for the propriety than for the repetition, I shall add a further conjecture. Hesiod, dividing the world into its different ages, has placed a fourth age between the brazen and the iron one, of *heroes distinct from other men, a divine race, who fought at* Thebes *and* Troy, *are called demi-gods, and live by the care of* Jupiter *in the islands of the blessed.** Now among the divine honours which were paid

* Hesiod, Op. et Dier. lib. i. ver. 155, etc. *Warburton.*

them, they might have this also in common with the gods, not to be mentioned without the solemnity of an epithet, and such as might be acceptable to them by its celebrating their families, actions, or qualities.

What other cavils have been raised against Homer, are such as hardly deserve a reply, but will yet be taken notice of as they occur in the course of the work. Many have been occasioned by an injudicious endeavour to exalt Virgil; which is much the same, as if one should think to raise the superstructure by undermining the foundation. One would imagine by the whole course of their parallels, that these critics never so much as heard of Homer's having written first; a consideration which whoever compares these two poets, ought to have always in his eye. Some accuse him for the same things which they overlook or praise in the other; as when they prefer the fable and moral of the Æneis to those of the Iliad, for the same reasons which might set the Odyssey above the Æneis: as that the hero is a wiser man; and the action of the one more beneficial to his country than that of the other: or else they blame him for not doing what he never designed; as because Achilles is not as good and perfect a prince as Æneas, when the very moral of his poem required a contrary character. It is thus that Rapin judges in his comparison of Homer and Virgil. Others select those particular passages of Homer which are not so laboured as some that Virgil drew out of

them. This is the whole management of Scaliger in his Poetics. Others quarrel with what they take for low and mean expressions, sometimes through a false delicacy and refinement, oftener from an ignorance of the graces of the original; and then triumph in the awkwardness of their own translations. This is the conduct of Perrault in his parallels. Lastly, there are others, who, pretending to a fairer proceeding, distinguish between the personal merit of Homer, and that of his *works*; but when they come to assign the causes of the great reputation of the Iliad, they found it upon the ignorance of his times, and the prejudice of those that followed. And in pursuance of this principle, they make those accidents (such as the contention of the cities, &c.) to be the causes of his fame, which are in reality the consequences of his merit. The same might as well be said of Virgil, or any great author, whose general character will infallibly raise many casual additions to their reputation. This is the method of Mons. de la Motte; who yet confesses upon the whole, that in whatever age Homer had lived, he must have been the greatest poet of his nation, and that he may be said in this sense to be the master even of those who surpassed him.

In all these objections we see nothing that contradicts his title to the honour of the chief *invention;* and as long as this (which is indeed the characteristic of poetry itself) remains unequalled by his followers, he still continues superior to them.

A cooler judgment may commit fewer faults, and be more approved in the eyes of *one sort* of critics; but that warmth of fancy will carry the loudest and most universal applauses, which holds the heart* of a reader under the strongest enchantment. Homer not only appears the inventor of poetry, but excels all the inventors of other arts in this, that he has swallowed up the honour of those who succeeded him. What he has done admitted no increase; it only left room for contraction or regulation. He shewed all the stretch of fancy at once; and if he has failed in some of his flights, it was but because he attempted every thing. A work of this kind seems like a mighty tree which rises from the most vigorous seed, is improved with industry, flourishes, and produces the finest fruit; nature and art conspire to raise it; pleasure and profit join to make it valuable: and they who find the justest faults, have only said, that a few branches (which run luxuriant through a richness of nature) might be lopped into form to give it a more regular appearance.

Having now spoken of the beauties and defects of the original, it remains to treat of the translation,† with the same view to the chief characte-

* In reading Homer, says *Dionysius*, ἐνθουσιῶ τε, καὶ δεῦρο κἀκεῖσε ἄγομαι.

A curious reader will be entertained by perusing the animated letter which *Petrarch* wrote to the *Byzantine* Ambassador, his friend, from whom he first received a copy of *Homer* in Greek. *Epist. Famil.* 9. *Warton.*

† That man must be void of all sensibility and feeling, who is

ristic. As far as *that* is seen in the main parts of the poem, such as the fable, manners, and sentiments, no translator can prejudice it but by wilful omissions or contractions. As it also breaks out in every particular image, description and simile, whoever lessens or too much softens those, takes off from this chief character. It is the first grand duty of an interpreter to give his author entire and unmaimed; and for the rest, the diction and versification only are his proper province;

not delighted with the *spirit, fire,* and *harmony* of this translation; but at the same time, he must be void also of all taste and knowledge of the *majesty* and *simplicity* of the original, which are *disguised* and *diminished* by a profusion of *florid* and *figurative* epithets and expressions, and a *variety* of gaudy, glittering, and modern ornaments, with which our English Iliad so much abounds, as to set at variance the *sentiment* and *imagery,* with the *diction* and *style.*

No composition of any kind should be equally laboured and ornamented in every part. " Id non debet esse fusum æquabiliter per omnem orationem, sed ita distinctum, ut sint quasi in ornatû disposita quædam insignia et lumina. Genus igitur dicendi est eligendum, quod maximè teneat eos qui audiant, et quod non solùm delectet, sed etiam sine satietate delectet. Quanto colorum pulchritudine et varietate floridiora sunt in picturis novis pleraque, quàm in veteribus? quæ tamen etiamsi primo adspectû nos ceperunt, diutius non delectant; cum iidem nos in antiquis Tabulis illo ipso horrido obsoletoque teneamur." *De Oratore,* l. 3.

We should always carefully remember, " that Homer's poems were made to be *recited* or *sung* to a *company,* and not *read* in private, or perused in a *book;* which few were then capable of doing." Whoever reads not Homer in *this view,* loses a great part of the delight he might receive from the poet. A lover of ancient simplicity blamed our translator by saying:

——Niveam Tyrio murice tinget ovem.

" If he had not done so, nobody would have worn it:" replied a defender of Pope's modern elegances. *Warton.*

since these must be his own, but the others he is to take as he finds them.

It should then be considered what methods may afford some equivalent in our language for the graces of these in the Greek. It is certain no literal translation can be just to an excellent original in a superior language: but it is a great mistake to imagine (as many have done) that a rash paraphrase can make amends for this general defect; which is no less in danger to lose the spirit of an ancient, by deviating into the modern manners of expression. If there be sometimes a darkness, there is often a light in antiquity, which nothing better preserves than a version almost literal. I know no liberties one ought to take, but those which are necessary for transfusing the spirit of the original, and supporting the poetical style of the translation: and I will venture to say, there have not been more men misled in former times by a servile dull adherence to the letter, than have been deluded in ours by a chimerical insolent hope of raising and improving their author. It is not to be doubted that the *fire* of the poem is what a translator should principally regard, as it is most likely to expire in his managing: however it is the safest way to be content with preserving this to his utmost in the whole, without endeavouring to be more than he finds his author is, in any particular place. It is a great secret in writing to know when to be plain, and when poetical and figurative; and it is what Homer will teach us, if we will but

follow modestly in his footsteps. Where his diction is bold and lofty, let us raise ours as high as we can; but where his is plain and humble, we ought not to be deterred from imitating him by the fear of incurring the censure of a mere English critic. Nothing that belongs to Homer seems to have been more commonly mistaken than the just pitch of his style: some of his translators having swelled into fustian in a proud confidence of the *sublime*: others sunk into flatness in a cold and timorous notion of *simplicity*. Methinks I see these different followers of Homer, some sweating and straining after him by violent leaps and bounds (the certain signs of false mettle), others slowly and servilely creeping in his train, while the poet himself is all the time proceeding with an unaffected and equal majesty before them. However, of the two extremes one could sooner pardon frenzy than frigidity; no author is to be envied for such commendations as he may gain by that character of style, which his friends must agree together to call *simplicity*, and the rest of the world will call *dulness*. There is a graceful and dignified simplicity, as well as a bald and sordid one, which differ as much from each other as the air of a plain man from that of a sloven: it is one thing to be tricked up, and another not to be dressed at all. Simplicity is the mean between ostentation and rusticity.

This pure and noble simplicity is no where in such perfection as in the *Scripture* and our author. One may affirm, with all respect to the inspired

writings, that the *divine Spirit* made use of no other words than what were intelligible and common to men at that time, and in that part of the world; and as Homer is the author nearest to those, his style must of course bear a greater resemblance to the sacred books than that of any other writer. This consideration (together with what has been observed of the parity of some of his thoughts) may methinks induce a translator on the one hand, to give into several of those general phrases and manners of expression, which have attained a veneration even in our language from being used in the Old Testament; as on the other, to avoid those which have been appropriated to the Divinity, and in a manner consigned to mystery and religion.

For a further preservation of this air of simplicity, a particular care should be taken to express with all plainness those *moral sentences* and *proverbial speeches* which are so numerous in this Poet. They have something venerable, and as I may say oracular, in that unadorned gravity and shortness with which they are delivered: a grace which would be utterly lost by endeavouring to give them what we call a more ingenious (that is, a more modern) turn in the paraphrase.

Perhaps the mixture of some Grecisms and old words after the manner of Milton, if done without too much affectation, might not have an ill effect in a version of this particular work, which most of any other seems to require a venerable, antique

cast. But certainly the use of modern terms of war and government, such as *platoon*, *campaign*, *junto*, or the like, (into which some of his translators have fallen,) cannot be allowable; those only excepted, without which it is impossible to treat the subjects in any living language.

There are two peculiarities in Homer's diction, which are a sort of *marks* or *modes* by which every common eye distinguishes him at first sight; those who are not his greatest admirers look upon them as defects, and those who are, seem pleased with them as beauties. I speak of his *compound epithets*, and of his *repetitions*.* Many of the former cannot be done literally into English without destroying the purity of our language. I believe such should be retained as slide easily of themselves into an English compound, without violence to the ear or to the received rules of composition; as well as those which have received a sanction from the authority of our best poets, and are become familiar through their use of them; such as the *cloud-compelling* Jove, etc. As for the rest, whenever any can be as fully and significantly expressed in a single word as in a compounded one, the course to be taken is obvious.

Some that cannot be so turned as to preserve their full image by one or two words, may have justice done them by circumlocution; as the epi-

* Of which there is a judicious defence in the Epistolæ Homericæ of Klotzius, p. 145, and in a Dissertation of Schulzius.

Warton.

thet εἰνοσίφυλλος to a mountain, would appear little or ridiculous translated literally *leaf-shaking*, but affords a majestic idea in the *periphrasis: The lofty mountain shakes his waving woods.* Others that admit of differing significations, may receive an advantage by a judicious variation, according to the occasions on which they are introduced. For example, the epithet of Apollo, ἑκηβόλος, or *far-shooting*, is capable of two explications; one literal in respect of the darts and bow, the ensign of that God; the other allegorical with regard to the rays of the sun: therefore in such places where Apollo is represented as a God in person, I would use the former interpretation; and where the effects of the sun are described, I would make choice of the latter. Upon the whole, it will be necessary to avoid that perpetual repetition of the same epithets which we find in Homer, and which, though it might be accommodated (as has been already shewn) to the ear of those times, is by no means so to ours: but one may wait for opportunities of placing them, where they derive an additional beauty from the occasions on which they are employed; and in doing this properly, a translator may at once shew his fancy and his judgment.

As for Homer's *Repetitions*,* we may divide

* Which are absurdly censured by *Rapin*; to whom *Clarke* answers: "At verò erant hæc omnino *simplicissimè* et sine *ornatû* dicenda, ut raptim, ac velut in transitû legendi, percurrentur." I recollect only one note in Clarke but what contains sense and judgment; and that is a note in the taste of those of Warburton,

them into three sorts: of whole narrations and speeches, of single sentences, and of one verse or hemistich. I hope it is not impossible to have such a regard to these, as neither to lose so known a mark of the author on the one hand, nor to offend the reader too much on the other. The repetition is not ungraceful in those speeches where the dignity of the speaker renders it a sort of insolence to alter his words; as in the messages from Gods to men, or from higher powers to inferiors in concerns of state, or where the ceremonial of religion seems to require it, in the solemn forms of prayers, oaths, or the like. In other cases, I believe the best rule is to be guided by the nearness, or distance, at which the repetitions are placed in the original: when they follow too close, one may vary the expression, but it is a question whether a professed translator be authorised to omit any: if they be tedious, the author is to answer for it.

It only remains to speak of the *versification*. Homer (as has been said) is perpetually applying the sound to the sense, and varying it on every new subject. This is indeed one of the most exquisite beauties of poetry, and attainable by very few: I know only of Homer eminent for it in the Greek, and Virgil in Latin. I am sensible it is what may sometimes happen by chance, when a writer is warm, and fully possessed of his image:

which we have ventured so often to censure. It is on the 49th line of Book i. on the sound of Apollo's bow-string. "Pestis scilicet ingruentis, primus rumor terribilis." *Warton.*

however, it may be reasonably believed they designed this, in whose verse it so manifestly appears in a superior degree to all others. Few readers have the ear to be judges of it; but those who have, will see I have endeavoured at this beauty.

Upon the whole, I must confess myself utterly incapable of doing justice to Homer. I attempt him in no other hope, but that which one may entertain without much vanity, of giving a more tolerable copy of him than any entire translation in verse has yet done. We have only those of Chapman, Hobbes, and Ogilby. Chapman* has taken

* In the History of English Poetry, vol. iii. p. 441, an account is given of *Chapman's* Homer; from which our author condescended to borrow, and to read with attention, as appears from my copy of this Work, which once belonged to *Pope*, and in which he has noted many of *Chapman's* improper interpolations, extending sometimes to ten and twelve lines. But there was a translation of Homer, little known, by an *Arthur Hall*, 1581, which *Hall* copied from a French translation of *Hugues Sald*, Abbé of St. Cheron, 1555. This *Sald* had eventually the power of misleading Pope. For in Book iii. v. 386, it is said,

Γρηΐ δε μιν εἰκυῖα,

which *Sald* translates,

C'est de *Grea* la bonne chambrère,

mistaking *Grea* for a proper name; which Hall follows, p. 57.

In Grea's forme, the good handmaid;—

followed again by *Chapman*,

She tooke on her the shape
Of beldam *Grea*;—

after whom comes Pope in his first Edition, 1715, v. 476.

In Græa's form——
Grea, her favourite maid. STEEPHENS.

the advantage of an immeasurable length of verse, notwithstanding which, there is scarce any paraphrase more loose and rambling than his. He has frequent interpolations of four or six lines, and I remember one in the thirteenth Book of the Odyssey, verse 312, where he has spun twenty verses out of two. He is often mistaken in so bold a manner, that one might think he deviated on purpose, if he did not in other places of his notes insist so much upon verbal trifles. He appears to have had a strong affectation of extracting new meanings out of his author, insomuch as to promise in his rhyming preface, a poem of the mysteries he has revealed in Homer: and perhaps he endeavoured to restrain the obvious sense to this end. His expression is involved in fustian, a fault for which he was remarkable in his original writings, as in the tragedy of Bussy d'Amboise, &c. In a word, the nature of the man may account for his whole performance; for he appears from his preface and remarks to have been one of an arrogant turn, and an enthusiast in poetry. His own boast of having finished half the Iliad in less than fifteen weeks, shews with what negligence his version was performed. But that which is to be allowed him, and which very much contributed to cover his defects, is a daring fiery spirit that animates his translation, which is something like what one might imagine Homer himself would have writ before he arrived at years of discretion.

Hobbes has given us* a correct explanation of the sense in general, but for particulars and circumstances he continually lops them, and often omits the most beautiful. As for its being esteemed a close translation, I doubt not many have been led into that error by the shortness of it, which proceeds not from his following the original line by line, but from the contractions above-mentioned. He sometimes omits whole similes and sentences, and is now and then guilty of mistakes, into which no writer of his learning could have fallen, but through carelessness. His poetry, as well as Ogilby's, is too mean for criticism.

It is a great loss to the poetical world, that Mr. Dryden did not live to translate the Iliad. He has left us only the first book, and a small part of the sixth; in which if he has in some places not truly interpreted the sense, or preserved the antiquities, it ought to be excused on account of the haste he was obliged to write in. He seems to have had too much regard to Chapman, whose words he sometimes copies, and has unhappily fol-

* Though this translation of *Hobbes*, made in the eighty-seventh year of his age, be so contemptible and tedious, yet his *prose*, for *precision*, *terseness*, and *elegance*, is some of the best in our language. And when we read his fine *critical* Letter to *Davenant*, on his *Gondibert*, we are surprized at his bad verses. With his principles, *religious* or *political*, I have nothing to do at present. A very curious Letter of *Waller* to *Hobbes*, highly commending the *Leviathan*, is published in the entertaining *Anecdotes of Distinguished Persons*, vol. ii. p. 94. We know how highly he was celebrated by Ralph Bathurst and Cowley; and even by Lord Clarendon, in his answer to the Leviathan. *Warton.*

lowed him in passages where he wanders from the original. However, had he translated the whole work, I would no more have attempted Homer after him than Virgil, his Version of whom (notwithstanding some human errors) is the most noble and spirited translation I know in any language. But the fate of great geniuses is like that of great ministers, though they are confessedly the first in the commonwealth of letters, they must be envied and calumniated only for being at the head of it.

That which in my opinion ought to be the endeavour of any one who translates Homer, is above all things to keep alive that spirit and fire which makes his chief character: in particular places, where the sense can bear any doubt, to follow the strongest and most poetical, as most agreeing with that character; to copy him in all the variations of his style, and the different modulations of his numbers; to preserve in the more active or descriptive parts, a warmth and elevation; in the more sedate or narrative, a plainness and solemnity; in the speeches, a fulness and perspicuity; in the sentences, a shortness and gravity: not to neglect even the little figures and turns on the words, nor sometimes the very cast of the periods; neither to omit nor confound any rites or customs of antiquity: perhaps too he ought to include the whole in a shorter compass than has hitherto been done by any translator, who has tolerably preserved either the sense or poetry. What I would further recommend to him is to study his author

rather from his own text, than from any commentaries, how learned soever, or whatever figure they may make in the estimation of the world; to consider him attentively in comparison with Virgil above all the ancients, and with Milton above all the moderns. Next these, the Archbishop of Cambray's Telemachus* may give him the truest idea of the spirit and turn of our author, and Bossu's admirable treatise of the epic poem the justest notion of his design and conduct. But after all, with whatever judgment and study a man may proceed, or with whatever happiness he may perform such a work, he must hope to please but a few; those only who have at once a taste of poetry, and competent learning. For to satisfy such as want either, is not in the nature of this undertaking; since a mere modern wit can like nothing that is not *modern*, and a pedant nothing that is not Greek.

What I have done is submitted to the public, from whose opinions I am prepared to learn; though I fear no judges so little as our best poets, who are most sensible of the weight of this task. As for the worst, whatever they shall please to say, they may give me some concern as they are unhappy men, but none as they are malignant writers. I was guided in this translation by judgments very different from theirs, and by persons for whom they can have no kindness, if an old ob-

* The chief fault of which is, the mixture of ancient and modern manners; and an introduction of sentiments too pure and refined for old heroes to utter and think of. *Warton.*

servation be true, that the strongest antipathy in the world is that of fools to men of wit. Mr. Addison was the first whose advice determined me to undertake this task, who was pleased to write to me upon that occasion in such terms as I cannot repeat without vanity. I was obliged to Sir Richard Steele for a very early recommendation of my undertaking to the public. Dr. Swift promoted my interest with that warmth with which he always serves his friend. The humanity and frankness of Sir Samuel Garth are what I never knew wanting on any occasion. I must also acknowledge with infinite pleasure, the many friendly offices, as well as sincere criticisms of Mr. Congreve, who had led me the way in translating some parts of Homer.* I must add the names of Mr. Rowe and Dr. Parnell, though I shall take a further opportunity of doing justice to the last, whose good-nature (to give it a great panegyric) is no less extensive than his learning. The favour of these gentlemen is not entirely undeserved by one who bears them so true an affection. But what can I say of the ho-

* In former editions it followed, "*as I wish for the sake of the world, he had prevented me in the rest;*" also in page 472, in former editions, speaking of Lord Lansdown, it was said, "*that so excellent an imitator of Homer as the author,*"—which words are now omitted. Several other expressions are altered, up and down, as in page 429, "*must not contribute,*" instead of "*owing to the insertion*; and in page 430, "*common* critics," for "*most*;" page 434, "*to furnish,*" instead of "*supply*;" page 438, "*that of Ajax,*" instead of "*we see in Ajax.*" These alterations, it is presumed, were made by Dr. Warburton, who tells us, Pope desired him to *correct* this Preface: such was the partiality of Pope to his friend! *Warton.*

nour so many of the *Great* have done me, while the *first names* of the age appear as my subscribers, and the most distinguished patrons and ornaments of learning as my chief encouragers? Among these it is a particular pleasure to me to find that my highest obligations are to such who have done most honour to the name of poet: that his Grace the Duke of Buckingham was not displeased I should undertake the author to whom he has given (in his excellent *Essay*) so complete a praise:*

> Read *Homer once*, and you can read no more;
> For all books else appear so mean, so poor,
> Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read,
> And *Homer* will be all the books you need.

That the Earl of Halifax was one of the first to

* In the former editions it was, "*the finest praise he ever received;*" and the two last lines here quoted from Buckingham stood thus:

> Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read,
> And Homer will be all the books you need.

But Buckingham was for ever altering and revising his Essay. It concluded with these lines:

> Must above Milton's lofty flights prevail,
> Succeed where great Torquato, and where greater Spenser fail;

which he thus at last corrected:

> Must above Tasso's lofty flights prevail,
> Succeed where Spenser, and e'en Milton fail.

Boileau's praise of Homer is surely far more *complete* than these *prosaic* lines of Buckingham, so much extolled by our author:

> "On diroit que pour plaire, instruit par la nature,
> Homère ait à Venus dérobé sa ceinture;
> Son livre est d'agrémens une fertile trésor,
> Tout ce qu'il a touché se convertit en or,

favour me, of whom it is hard to say whether the advancement of the polite arts is more owing to his generosity or his example. That such a genius as my Lord Bolingbroke, not more distinguished in the great scenes of business, than in all the useful and entertaining parts of learning, has not refused to be the critic of these sheets, and the patron of their writer. And that the noble author of the Tragedy of *Heroic Love*, has continued his partiality to me, from my writing Pastorals, to my attempting the Iliad. I cannot deny myself the pride of confessing, that I have had the advantage, not only of their advice for the conduct in general, but their correction of several particulars of this translation.

I could say a great deal of the pleasure of being distinguished by the Earl of Carnarvon, but it is almost absurd to particularize any one generous action in a person whose whole life is a continued

Tout recoit dans ses mains une nouvelle grace,
Par tout il divertit, et jamais il ne lasse;
Une heureuse chaleur anime ses discours,
Il ne s'égare point en de trop longs detours;
Sans garder dans ses vers un ordre méthodique
Son sujet de soi-même et s'arrange et s'explique;
Tout, sans faire d'apprêts, s'y prepare aisément,
Chaque vers, chaque mot, court à l'évènement;
Aimez donc ses écrits, mais d'un amour sincère,
C'est avoir profité que de sçavoir s'y plaire."

No nation in Europe can boast of having such excellent translations of the more eminent Greek Poets, as the Homer of Pope, the Pindar of West, the Sophocles of Franklin the Æschylus and Euripides of Potter. *Warton.*

series of them. Mr. Stanhope, the present Secretary of State, will pardon my desire of having it known that he was pleased to promote this affair. The particular zeal of Mr. Harcourt (the son of the late Lord Chancellor) gave me a proof how much I am honoured in a share of his friendship. I must attribute to the same motive that of several others of my friends, to whom all acknowledgments are rendered unnecessary by the privileges of a familiar correspondence: and I am satisfied I can no way better oblige men of their turn, than by my silence.

In short, I have found more patrons than ever Homer wanted. He would have thought himself happy to have met the same favour at Athens that has been shewed me by its learned rival, the University of Oxford.* And I can hardly envy him those pompous honours he received after death, when I reflect on the enjoyment of so many agreeable obligations, and easy friendships, which make the satisfaction of life. This distinction is the more to be acknowledged, as it is shewn to one whose pen has never gratified the prejudices of particular *parties*, or the vanities of particular *men*. Whatever the success may prove, I shall

* It is remarkable, that in the long list of his Subscribers prefixed to the first quarto Edition, ten Colleges in Oxford subscribed for their respective Libraries, and not a single College in Cambridge. *Warton.*

And equally remarkable, that when Cowper translated the same, the case was exactly reversed. Many Colleges in Cambridge subscribed, and not one, I believe, in Oxford. *Bowles.*

never repent of an undertaking in which I have experienced the candour and friendship of so many persons of merit; and in which I hope to pass some of those years of youth that are generally lost in a circle of follies, after a manner neither wholly unuseful to others, nor disagreeable to myself.

POSTSCRIPT

TO THE

ODYSSEY.

It was thought improper to omit this Postscript to the Odyssey, as it is apparently one of our author's most elegant and finished compositions in prose. It were to be wished he had enlarged on the subject; for a critical treatise on the nature and conduct of the Odyssey, is as yet wanting in our language; the discourse prefixed to Pope's translation, by Broome, being but a meagre and defective extract from Bossu. More than forty years ago, three Essays were printed in the third volume of the *Adventurer*, on the excellence of the *Odyssey*. They were designed to shew this excellence in the manner of conducting the fable, which is of the *complex* kind; in the extensive utility of its *moral;* in the vast and entertaining variety of scenes, objects, and events, which it contains; in the strokes of nature, and pathos; in the true and accurate delineation of ancient manners, customs, and habits; and the lively pictures of civil and domestic life, more calculated to keep our attention alive and active, than the *martial uniformity* of the Iliad; and in its exhibiting the most perfect pattern of a legitimate *Epopée*. But the author of these Essays confined himself to too short a compass for a subject of such utility and importance; and may perhaps, in some future day, lengthen them into a more formal Treatise. *Warton.*

POSTSCRIPT

TO THE

ODYSSEY.

fall into this mistake, when so great a critic as *Longinus* seems not wholly free from it. Although what he has said has been generally understood to import a severer censure of the Odyssey than it really does, if we consider the occasion on which it is introduced, and the circumstances to which it is confined.

"The Odyssey (says he) is an instance, how natural it is to a great genius, when it begins to grow old and decline, to delight itself in *narrations* and *fables*. For, that *Homer* composed the Odyssey after the Iliad, many proofs may be given, &c. From hence in my judgment it proceeds, that as the Iliad was written while his genius was in its greatest vigour, the whole structure of that work is dramatic and full of action; whereas the greater part of the Odyssey is employed in narration, which is the taste of *old age*: so that in this latter piece we may compare him to the setting sun, which has still the same greatness but not the same ardor or force. He speaks not in the same strain; we see no more that *sublime* of the Iliad which marches on with a constant pace, without ever being stopped, or retarded: there appears no more that hurry and that strong tide of motions and passions, pouring one after another; there is no more the same fury, or the same volubility of diction, so suitable to action, and all along drawing in such innumerable images of nature. But *Homer*, like the ocean, is always great, even when he ebbs and retires; even when he is lowest and

loses himself most in narrations and incredible fictions: as instances of this, we cannot forget the descriptions of tempests, the adventures of *Ulysses* with the *Cyclops*, and many others. But though all this be *age*, it is the *age of Homer*——And it may be said for the credit of these fictions, that they are *beautiful dreams*, or if you will, the *dreams of* Jupiter *himself*. I spoke of the Odyssey only to shew, that the greatest poets, when their genius wants strength and warmth for the *pathetic*, for the most part employ themselves in painting the *manners*. This *Homer* has done in characterising the suitors, and describing their way of life; which is properly a branch of comedy, whose peculiar business it is to represent the manners of men."

We must first observe, it is the *sublime* of which *Longinus* is writing: that, and not the nature of *Homer*'s poem, is his subject. After having highly extolled the sublimity and fire of the Iliad, he justly observes the Odyssey to have less of those qualities, and to turn more on the side of moral, and reflections on human life. Nor is it his business here to determine, whether the *elevated spirit* of the one, or the *just moral* of the other, be the greater excellence in itself.

Secondly, that fire and fury of which he is speaking, cannot well be meant of the general spirit and inspiration which is to run through a whole Epic Poem, but of that particular warmth and impetuosity necessary in some parts, to image or repre-

sent actions or passions, of haste, tumult, and violence. It is on occasion of citing some such particular passages in *Homer*, that *Longinus* breaks into this reflection; which seems to determine his meaning chiefly to that sense.

Upon the whole, he affirms the Odyssey to have less sublimity and fire than the Iliad, but he does not say it wants the sublime, or wants fire. He affirms it to be narrative, but not that the narration is defective. He affirms it to abound in fictions, not that those fictions are ill invented, or ill executed. He affirms it to be nice and particular in painting the manners, but not that those manners are ill painted. If *Homer* has fully in these points accomplished his own design, and done all that the nature of his poem demanded or allowed, it still remains perfect in its kind, and as much a master-piece as the Iliad.

The amount of the passage is this; that in his own particular taste, and with respect to the *sublime*, *Longinus* preferred the Iliad: and because the Odyssey was less active and lofty, he judged it the work of the old age of *Homer*.

If this opinion be true, it will only prove, that *Homer*'s age might determine him in the choice of his subject, not that it affected him in the execution of it: and that which would be a very wrong instance to prove the decay of his imagination, is a very good one to evince the strength of his judgment. For had he (as Madame *Dacier* observes) composed the Odyssey in his youth, and the Iliad

in his age, both must in reason have been exactly the same as they now stand. To blame *Homer* for his choice of such a subject, as did not admit the same incidents and the same pomp of style as his former, is to take offence at too much variety, and to imagine, that when a man has written one good thing, he must ever after only copy himself.

The *Battle of Constantine*, and the *School of Athens*, are both pieces of *Raphael:* shall we censure the *School of Athens* as faulty, because it has not the fury and fire of the other? Or shall we say, that *Raphael* was grown grave and old, because he chose to represent the manners of old men and philosophers? There is all the silence, tranquillity, and composure in the one, and all the warmth, hurry, and tumult in the other, which the subject of either required: both of them had been imperfect, if they had not been as they are. And let the painter or poet be young or old, who designs and performs in this manner, it proves him to have made the piece at a time of life when he was master not only of his art, but of his discretion.

Aristotle makes no such distinction between the two poems: he constantly cites them with equal praise, and draws the rules and examples of Epic writing equally from both. But it is rather to the Odyssey that *Horace* gives the preference, in the epistle to *Lollius*, and in the Art of Poetry. It is remarkable how opposite his opinion is to that of *Longinus;* and that the particulars he chooses

never repent of an undertaking in which I have experienced the candour and friendship of so many persons of merit; and in which I hope to pass some of those years of youth that are generally lost in a circle of follies, after a manner neither wholly unuseful to others, nor disagreeable to myself.

POSTSCRIPT

TO THE

ODYSSEY.

It was thought improper to omit this Postscript to the Odyssey, as it is apparently one of our author's most elegant and finished compositions in prose. It were to be wished he had enlarged on the subject; for a critical treatise on the nature and conduct of the Odyssey, is as yet wanting in our language; the discourse prefixed to Pope's translation, by Broome, being but a meagre and defective extract from Bossu. More than forty years ago, three Essays were printed in the third volume of the *Adventurer*, on the excellence of the *Odyssey*. They were designed to shew this excellence in the manner of conducting the fable, which is of the *complex* kind; in the extensive utility of its *moral;* in the vast and entertaining variety of scenes, objects, and events, which it contains; in the strokes of nature, and pathos; in the true and accurate delineation of ancient manners, customs, and habits; and the lively pictures of civil and domestic life, more calculated to keep our attention alive and active, than the *martial uniformity* of the Iliad; and in its exhibiting the most perfect pattern of a legitimate *Epopée*. But the author of these Essays confined himself to too short a compass for a subject of such utility and importance; and may perhaps, in some future day, lengthen them into a more formal Treatise. *Warton.*

And that the propriety of style and the numbers in the narrations of each are equal, will appear to any who compare them.

To form a right judgment, whether the genius of *Homer* had suffered any decay, we must consider, in both his poems, such parts as are of a similar nature, and will bear comparison. And it is certain we shall find in each, the same vivacity and fecundity of invention, the same life and strength of imaging and colouring, the particular descriptions as highly painted, the figures as bold, the metaphors as animated, and the numbers as harmonious and as various.

The Odyssey is a perpetual source of poetry: the stream is not the less full, for being gentle; though it is true (when we speak only with regard to the *sublime*) that a river foaming and thundering in cataracts from rocks and precipices, is what more strikes, amazes, and fills the mind, than the same body of water, flowing afterwards through peaceful vales and agreeable scenes of pasturage.

The Odyssey (as I have before said) ought to be considered according to its own nature and design, not with an eye to the Iliad. To censure *Homer* because it is unlike what it was never meant to resemble, is, as if a gardener who had purposely cultivated two beautiful trees of contrary natures, as a specimen of his skill in the several kinds, should be blamed for not bringing them into *pairs*; when in root, stem, leaf, and flower, each

fall into this mistake, when so great a critic as *Longinus* seems not wholly free from it. Although what he has said has been generally understood to import a severer censure of the Odyssey than it really does, if we consider the occasion on which it is introduced, and the circumstances to which it is confined.

"The Odyssey (says he) is an instance, how natural it is to a great genius, when it begins to grow old and decline, to delight itself in *narrations* and *fables*. For, that *Homer* composed the Odyssey after the Iliad, many proofs may be given, &c. From hence in my judgment it proceeds, that as the Iliad was written while his *spirit* was in its greatest vigour, the whole structure of that work is dramatic and full of action; whereas the greater part of the Odyssey is employed in narration, which is the taste of *old age*: so that in this latter piece we may compare him to the setting sun, which has still the same greatness but not the same ardor or force. He speaks not in the same strain; we see no more that *sublime* of the Iliad which marches on with a constant pace, without ever being stopped, or retarded: there appears no more that hurry and that strong tide of motions and passions, pouring one after another; there is no more the same fury, or the same volubility of diction, so suitable to action, and all along drawing in such innumerable images of nature. But *Homer*, like the ocean, is always great, even when he ebbs and retires; even when he is lowest and

loses himself most in narrations and incredible fictions: as instances of this, we cannot forget the descriptions of tempests, the adventures of *Ulysses* with the *Cyclops*, and many others. But though all this be *age*, it is the *age of Homer*——And it may be said for the credit of these fictions, that they are *beautiful dreams*, or if you will, the *dreams of* Jupiter *himself*. I spoke of the Odyssey only to shew, that the greatest poets, when their genius wants strength and warmth for the *pathetic*, for the most part employ themselves in painting the *manners*. This *Homer* has done in characterising the suitors, and describing their way of life; which is properly a branch of comedy, whose peculiar business it is to represent the manners of men."

We must first observe, it is the *sublime* of which *Longinus* is writing: that, and not the nature of *Homer*'s poem, is his subject. After having highly extolled the sublimity and fire of the Iliad, he justly observes the Odyssey to have less of those qualities, and to turn more on the side of moral, and reflections on human life. Nor is it his business here to determine, whether the *elevated spirit* of the one, or the *just moral* of the other, be the greater excellence in itself.

Secondly, that fire and fury of which he is speaking, cannot well be meant of the general spirit and inspiration which is to run through a whole Epic Poem, but of that particular warmth and impetuosity necessary in some parts, to image or repre-

sent actions or passions, of haste, tumult, and violence. It is on occasion of citing some such particular passages in *Homer*, that *Longinus* breaks into this reflection; which seems to determine his meaning chiefly to that sense.

Upon the whole, he affirms the Odyssey to have less sublimity and fire than the Iliad, but he does not say it wants the sublime, or wants fire. He affirms it to be narrative, but not that the narration is defective. He affirms it to abound in fictions, not that those fictions are ill invented, or ill executed. He affirms it to be nice and particular in painting the manners, but not that those manners are ill painted. If *Homer* has fully in these points accomplished his own design, and done all that the nature of his poem demanded or allowed, it still remains perfect in its kind, and as much a master-piece as the Iliad.

The amount of the passage is this; that in his own particular taste, and with respect to the *sublime*, *Longinus* preferred the Iliad: and because the Odyssey was less active and lofty, he judged it the work of the old age of *Homer*.

If this opinion be true, it will only prove, that *Homer*'s age might determine him in the choice of his subject, not that it affected him in the execution of it: and that which would be a very wrong instance to prove the decay of his imagination, is a very good one to evince the strength of his judgment. For had he (as Madame *Dacier* observes) composed the Odyssey in his youth, and the Iliad

in his age, both must in reason have been exactly the same as they now stand. To blame *Homer* for his choice of such a subject, as did not admit the same incidents and the same pomp of style as his former, is to take offence at too much variety, and to imagine, that when a man has written one good thing, he must ever after only copy himself.

The *Battle of Constantine*, and the *School of Athens*, are both pieces of *Raphael:* shall we censure the *School of Athens* as faulty, because it has not the fury and fire of the other? Or shall we say, that *Raphael* was grown grave and old, because he chose to represent the manners of old men and philosophers? There is all the silence, tranquillity, and composure in the one, and all the warmth, hurry, and tumult in the other, which the subject of either required: both of them had been imperfect, if they had not been as they are. And let the painter or poet be young or old, who designs and performs in this manner, it proves him to have made the piece at a time of life when he was master not only of his art, but of his discretion.

Aristotle makes no such distinction between the two poems: he constantly cites them with equal praise, and draws the rules and examples of Epic writing equally from both. But it is rather to the Odyssey that *Horace* gives the preference, in the epistle to *Lollius*, and in the Art of Poetry. It is remarkable how opposite his opinion is to that of *Longinus;* and that the particulars he chooses

which they perpetually use, would be improper even in orations designed to move with all the arts of rhetoric: this is plain from the practice of *Demosthenes* and *Cicero;* and *Virgil* in those of *Drances* and *Turnus* gives an eminent example, how far removed the style of them ought to be from such an excess of figures and ornaments: which indeed fits only that *language of the Gods* we have been speaking of, or that of a *muse* under inspiration.

To read through a whole work in this strain, is like travelling all along on the ridge of a hill; which is not half so agreeable as sometimes gradually to rise, and sometimes gently to descend, as the way leads, and as the end of the journey directs.

Indeed the true reason that so few poets have imitated *Homer* in these lower parts, has been the extreme difficulty of preserving that mixture of ease and dignity essential to them. For it is as hard for an epic poem to stoop to the narrative with success, as for a prince to descend to be familiar, without diminution to his greatness.

The *sublime* style is more easily counterfeited than the *natural;* something that passes for it, or sounds like it, is common in all false writers: but nature, purity, perspicuity, and simplicity, never walk in the clouds; they are obvious to all capacities; and where they are not evident, they do not exist.

The most plain narration not only admits of these, and of harmony, (which are all the qualities

of style,) but it requires every one of them to render it pleasing. On the contrary, whatever pretends to a share of the sublime, may pass notwithstanding any defects in the rest, nay sometimes without any of them, and gain the admiration of all ordinary readers.

Homer in his lowest narrations or speeches is ever easy, flowing, copious, clear, and harmonious. He shews not less *invention*, in assembling the humbler, than the greater, thoughts and images; nor less *judgment*, in proportioning the style and the versification to these than to the other. Let it be remembered, that the same genius that soared the highest, and from whom the greatest models of the *sublime* are derived, was also he who stooped the lowest, and gave to the simple *narrative* its utmost perfection. Which of these was the harder task to *Homer* himself, I cannot pretend to determine; but to his Translator I can affirm (however unequal all his imitations must be) that of the latter has been much the more difficult.

Whoever expects here the same pomp of verse, and the same ornaments of diction, as in the Iliad, he will, and he ought to be disappointed. Were the original otherwise, it had been an offence against nature; and were the translation so, it were an offence against *Homer*, which is the same thing.

It must be allowed that there is a majesty and harmony in the *Greek* language, which greatly contribute to elevate and support the narration. But

I must also observe that this is an advantage grown upon the language since *Homer*'s time; for things are removed from vulgarity by being out of use: and if the words we could find in any present language were equally sonorous or musical in themselves, they would still appear less poetical and uncommon than those of a dead one, from this only circumstance, of being in every man's mouth. I may add to this another disadvantage to a translator, from a different cause: *Homer* seems to have taken upon him the character of an historian, antiquary, divine, and professor of arts and sciences; as well as a poet. In one or other of these characters he descends into many particularities, which as a poet only perhaps he would have avoided. All these ought to be preserved by a faithful translator, who in some measure takes the place of *Homer*; and all that can be expected from him is to make them as poetical as the subject will bear. Many arts therefore are requisite to supply these disadvantages, in order to dignify and solemnize these plainer parts, which hardly admit of any poetical ornaments.

Some use has been made to this end, of the style of *Milton*. A just and moderate mixture of old words may have an effect like the working old Abbey stones into a building, which I have sometimes seen, to give a kind of venerable air, and yet not destroy the neatness, elegance, and equality requisite to a new work; I mean without rendering it too unfamiliar, or remote from the present purity

of writing, or from that ease and smoothness which ought always to accompany narration or dialogue. In reading a style judiciously antiquated, one finds a pleasure not unlike that of travelling on an old *Roman* way: but then the road must be as *good*, as the way is *ancient*; the style must be such in which we may evenly proceed, without being put to short stops by sudden abruptnesses, or puzzled by frequent turnings and transpositions. No man delights in furrows and stumbling-blocks: and let our love to antiquity be ever so great, a fine ruin is one thing, and a heap of rubbish another. The imitators of *Milton*, like most other imitators, are not *copies*, but *caricaturas* of their original; they are a hundred times more obsolete and cramp than he, and equally so in all places; whereas it should have been observed of *Milton*, that he is not lavish of his exotic words and phrases every where alike, but employs them much more where the subject is marvellous, vast and strange, as in the scenes of heaven, hell, chaos, &c. than where it is turned to the natural and agreeable, as in the pictures of Paradise, the loves of our first parents, the entertainments of angels, and the like. In general, this unusual style better serves to awaken our ideas in the descriptions and in the imaging and picturesque parts, than it agrees with the lower sort of narrations, the character of which is simplicity and purity. *Milton* has several of the latter, where we find not an antiquated, affected, or uncouth word, for some hundred lines together; as in his

fifth book, the latter part of the eighth, the former of the tenth and eleventh books, and in the narration of *Michael* in the twelfth. I wonder indeed that he, who ventured (contrary to the practice of all other Epic Poets) to imitate *Homer*'s lownesses in the *narrative*, should not also have copied his plainness and perspicuity in the *dramatic* parts; since in his speeches (where clearness above all is necessary) there is frequently such transposition and forced construction, that the very sense is not to be discovered without a second or third reading: and in this certainly he ought to be no example.

To preserve the true character of *Homer*'s style in the present translation, great pains has been taken to be easy and natural. The chief merit I can pretend to, is, not to have been carried into a more plausible and figurative manner of writing, which would better have pleased all readers, but the judicious ones. My errors had been fewer, had each of those gentlemen who joined with me shown as much of the severity of a friend to me, as I did to them, in a strict animadversion and correction. What assistance I received from them, was made known in general to the public in the original proposals for this work, and the particulars are specified at the conclusion of it; to which I must add (to be punctually just) some part of the tenth and fifteenth books. The reader will now be too good a judge, how much the greater part of it, and consequently of its faults, is chargeable upon me alone. But this I can with integrity

affirm, that I have bestowed as much time and pains upon the whole, as were consistent with the indispensable duties and cares of life, and with that wretched state of health which God has been pleased to make my portion. At the least, it is a pleasure to me to reflect, that I have introduced into our language this other work of the greatest and most ancient of Poets, with some dignity; and I hope, with as little disadvantage as the Iliad. And if, after the unmerited success of that translation, any one will wonder why I would enterprize the Odyssey, I think it sufficient to say, that *Homer* himself did the same, or the world would never have seen it.

I designed to have ended this Postscript here; but since I am now taking my leave of *Homer*, and of all controversy relating to him, I beg leave to be indulged if I make use of this last opportunity, to say a very few words about some reflections which the late Madame *Dacier* bestowed on the first part of my Preface to the Iliad, and which she published at the end of her translation of that Poem.*

To write gravely an answer to them would be too much for the reflections; and to say nothing concerning them, would be too little for the author. It is owing to the industry of that learned lady, that our polite neighbours are become acquainted with many of *Homer*'s beauties, which

* Seconde Edition, à Paris, 1719.

were hidden from them before in *Greek* and in *Eustathius*. She challenges on this account a particular regard from all the admirers of that great poet, and I hope that I shall be thought, as I mean, to pay some part of this debt to her memory in what I am now writing.

Had these reflections fallen from the pen of an ordinary critic, I should not have apprehended their effect, and should therefore have been silent concerning them: but since they are Madame *Dacier*'s, I imagine that they must be of weight; and in a case where I think her reasoning very bad, I respect her authority.

I have fought under Madame *Dacier*'s banner, and have waged war in defence of the divine *Homer* against all the heretics of the age. And yet it is Madame *Dacier* who accuses me, and who accuses me of nothing less than betraying our common cause. She affirms that the most declared enemies of this author have never said any thing against him more injurious or more unjust than I. What must the world think of me, after such a judgment passed by so great a critic; the world, who decides so often, and who examines so seldom; the world, who even in matters of literature is almost always the slave of authority? Who will suspect that so much learning should mistake, that so much accuracy should be misled, or that so much candour should be biassed?

All this however has happened, and Madame *Dacier*'s criticisms on my preface flow from the

very same error, from which so many false criticisms of her countrymen upon *Homer* have flowed, and which she has so justly and so severely reproved; I mean the error of depending on injurious and unskilful *translations.*

An indifferent translation may be of some use, and a good one will be of a great deal. But I think that no translation ought to be the ground of *criticism,* because no man ought to be condemned upon another man's explanation of his meaning: could *Homer* have had the honour of explaining his, before that august tribunal where Monsieur *de la Motte* presides, I make no doubt but he had escaped many of those severe animadversions with which some *French* authors have loaded him, and from which even Madame *Dacier*'s translation of the Iliad could not preserve him.

How unhappy was it for me, that the knowledge of our *island tongue* was as necessary to Madame *Dacier* in my case, as the knowledge of *Greek* was to Monsieur *de la Motte* in that of our great author; or to any of those whom she styles *blind censurers;* and blames for condemning what they did not understand.

I may say with modesty, that she knew less of my true sense from that faulty translation of part of my preface, than those blind censurers might have known of *Homer*'s even from the translation of *La Valterie,* which preceded her own.

It pleased me however to find, that her objections were not levelled at the general doctrine, or

at any essentials of my preface, but only at a few particular expressions. She proposed little more than (to use her own phrase) to *combat two or three similes;* and I hope that to combat a simile is no more than to fight with a shadow, since a simile is no better than the shadow of an argument.

She lays much weight where I laid but little, and examines with more scrupulosity than I writ, or than perhaps the matter requires.

These unlucky similes taken by themselves may perhaps render my meaning equivocal to an ignorant translator; or there may have fallen from my pen some expressions, which, taken by themselves likewise, may to the same person have the same effect. But, if the translator had been master of our tongue, the general tenor of my argument, that which precedes and that which follows the passages objected to, would have sufficiently determined him as to the precise meaning of them: and, if Madame *Dacier* had taken up her pen a little more leisurely, or had employed it with more temper, she would not have answered paraphrases of her own, which even the translation will not justify, and which say more than once the very contrary to what I have said in the passages themselves.

If any person has curiosity enough to read the whole paragraphs in my preface, on some mangled parts of which these reflections are made, he will easily discern that I am as orthodox as Madame *Dacier* herself, in those very articles on which

she treats me like a heretic: he will easily see that all the difference between us consists in this, that I offer *opinions*, and she delivers *doctrines*; that my imagination represents *Homer* as the greatest of human poets, whereas in hers he was exalted above humanity; infallibility and impeccability were two of his attributes. There was therefore no need of defending *Homer* against me, who (if I mistake not) had carried my admiration of him as far as it can be carried without giving a *real* occasion of writing in his defence.

After answering my harmless similes, she proceeds to a matter which does not regard so much the honour of *Homer*, as that of the times he lived in; and here I must confess she does not wholly mistake my meaning, but I think she mistakes the state of the question. She had said, the manners of those times were so much the better the less they were like ours. I thought this required a little qualification, I confessed that in my own opinion the world was mended in some points, such as the custom of putting whole nations to the sword, condemning kings and their families to perpetual slavery, and a few others. Madame *Dacier* judges otherwise in this; but as to the rest, particularly in preferring the simplicity of the ancient world to the luxury of ours, which is the main point contended for, she owns we agree. This I thought was well, but I am so unfortunate that this too is taken amiss, and called adopting, or (if you will) stealing *her* sentiment. The truth

is, she might have said *her words;* for I used them on purpose, being then professedly citing from her: though I might have done the same without intending that compliment, for they are also to be found in *Eustathius,* and the sentiment I believe is that of all mankind. I cannot really tell what to say to this whole remark, only that in the first part of it Madame *Dacier* is displeased that I do not agree with her, and in the last that I do: but this is a temper which every polite man should overlook in a lady.

To punish my ingratitude, she resolves to expose my blunders, and selects two which I suppose are the most flagrant, out of the many for which she could have chastised me. It happens that the first of these is in part the translator's, and in part her own, without any share of mine: she quotes the end of a sentence, and he puts in *French* what I never wrote in *English.* "*Homer* (I said) opened a new and boundless walk for his imagination, and created a world for himself in the invention of fable;" which he translates, *Homère crea pour son usage un monde mouvant, en inventant la fable.*

Madame *Dacier* justly wonders at this nonsense in me; and I, in the translator. As to what I meant by *Homer*'s invention of fable, it is afterwards particularly distinguished from that extensive sense in which she took it, by these words: "If *Homer* was not the first who introduced the deities (as *Herodotus* imagines) into the religion

of *Greece,* he seems the first who brought them into *a system of machinery* for poetry."

The other blunder she accuses me of is, the mistaking a passage in *Aristotle,* and she is pleased to send me back to this philosopher's Treatise of Poetry, and to her Preface on the Odyssey, for my better instruction. Now, though I am saucy enough to think that one may sometimes differ from *Aristotle* without blundering, and though I am sure one may sometimes fall into an error by following him servilely; yet I own that to quote any author for what he never said, is a blunder; but by the way, to correct an author for what he never said, is somewhat worse than a blunder. My words were these: "As there is a greater variety of characters in the Iliad than in any other poem, so there is of speeches. Every thing in it has manners, as *Aristotle* expresses it; that is, every thing is acted or spoken: very little passes in narration." She justly says, that "Every thing which is acted or spoken, has not necessarily manners, merely because it is acted or spoken." Agreed: but I would ask the question, whether any thing can have manners which is neither acted nor spoken? If not, then the whole Iliad being almost spent in speech and action, almost every thing in it has manners: since *Homer* has been proved before, in a long paragraph of the preface, to have excelled in drawing characters and painting manners, and indeed his whole poem is one continued occasion of shewing this bright part of his talent.

To speak fairly, it is impossible she could read even the translation, and take my sense so wrong as she represents it; but I was first translated ignorantly, and then read partially. My expression indeed was not quite exact; it should have been, "every thing has manners, as *Aristotle* calls them." But such a fault, methinks, might have been spared, since if one was to look with that disposition she discovers towards me, even on her own excellent writings, one might find some mistakes which no context can redress; as where she makes *Eustathius* call *Cratisthenes* the *Phliasian*, *Callisthenes* the *Physician*.* What a triumph might some slips of this sort have afforded, to *Homer*'s, hers, and my enemies, from which she was only screened by their happy ignorance? How unlucky had it been, when she insulted Monsieur *de la Motte* for omitting a material passage in the speech† of *Helen* to *Hector*, Il. 6. if some champion for the moderns had by chance understood so much *Greek*, as to whisper him, that there was no such passage in *Homer!*

Our concern, zeal, and even jealousy, for our great author's honour were mutual, our endeavours to advance it were equal, and I have as often trembled for it in her hands, as she could in mine. It was one of the many reasons I had to wish the longer life of this lady, that I must certainly have regained her good opinion, in spite of all misre-

* Dacier, Remarques sur le 4me livre de l'Odyss., p. 467.

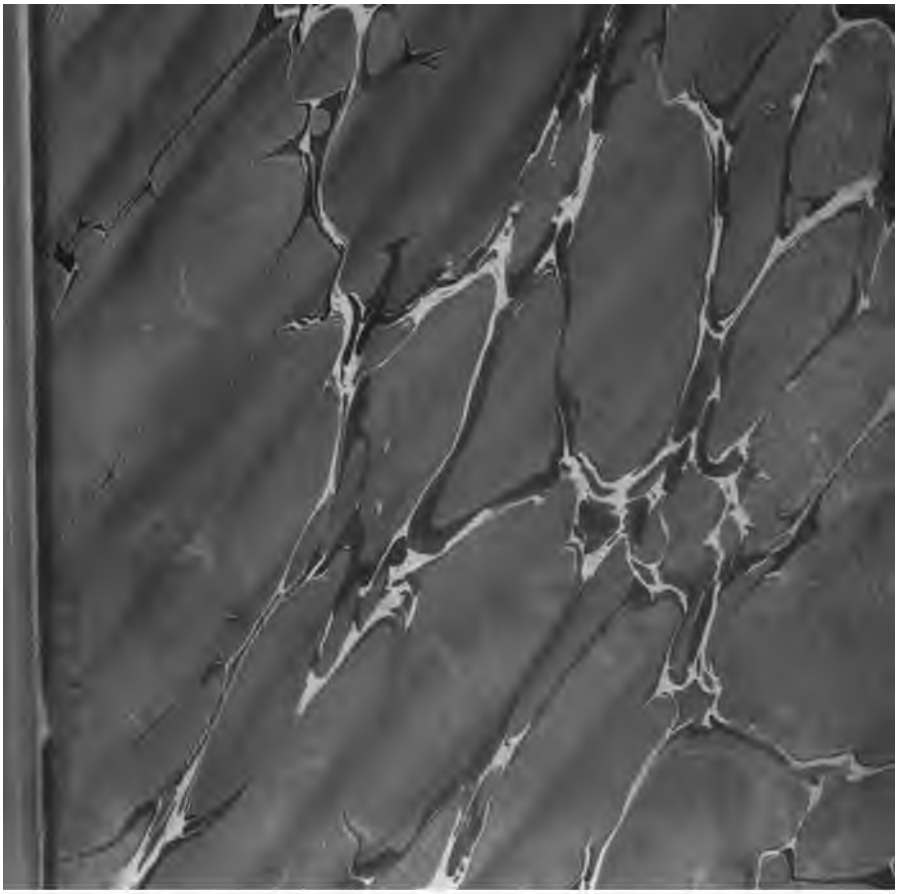
† De la Corruption du Goût. *Warton.*

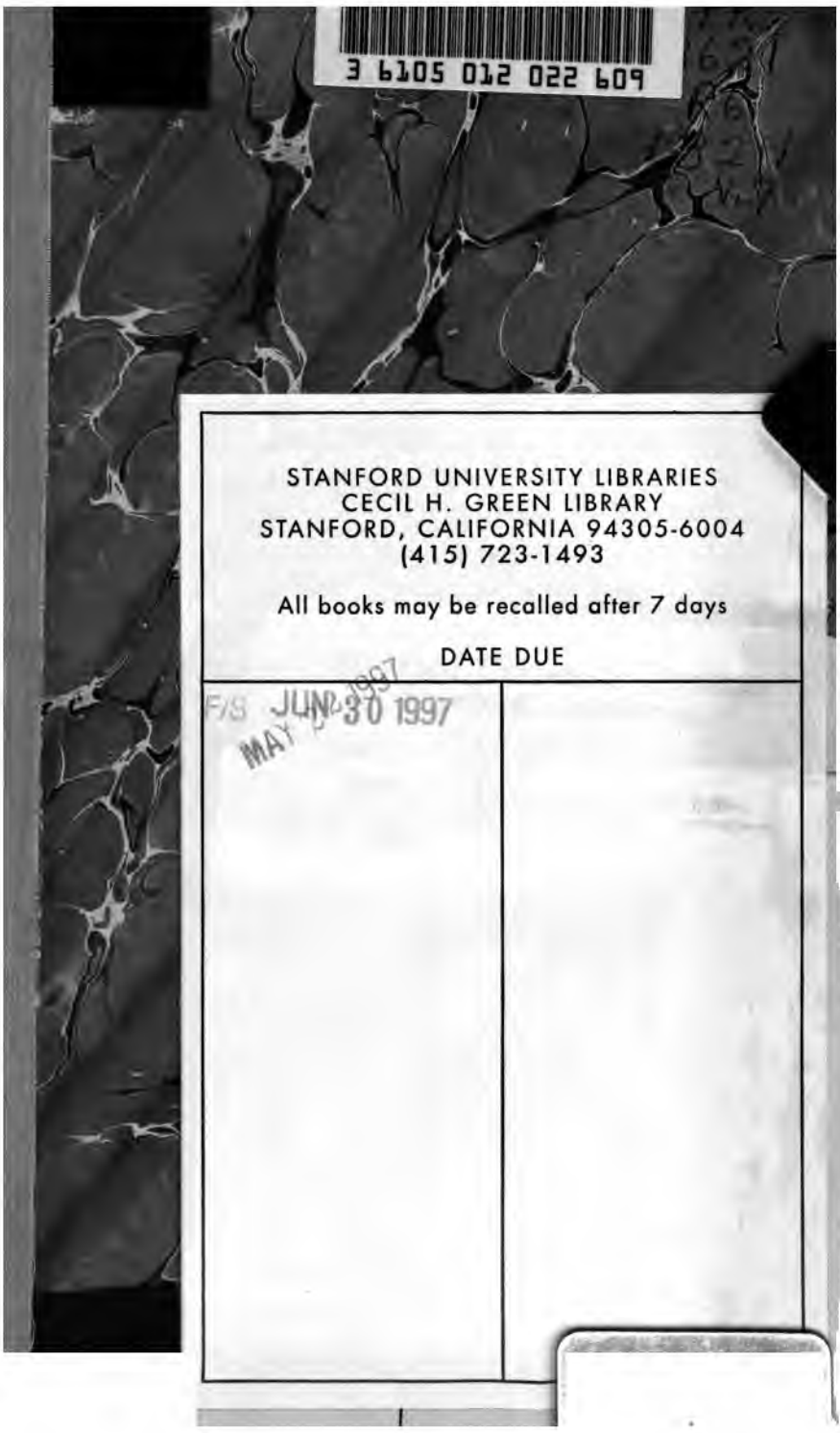
presenting translators whatever. I could not have expected it on any other terms than being approved as great, if not as passionate, an admirer of *Homer* as herself. For that was the first condition of her favour and friendship; otherwise not one's taste alone, but one's morality had been corrupted, nor would any man's religion have been unsuspected, who did not implicitly believe in an author whose doctrine is so conformable to holy scripture. However, as different people have different ways of expressing their belief, some purely by public and general acts of worship, others by a reverend sort of reasoning and inquiry about the grounds of it; it is the same in admiration, some prove it by exclamations, others by respect. I have observed that the loudest huzzas given to a great man in triumph, proceed not from his friends, but the rabble; and as I have fancied it the same with the rabble of critics, a desire to be distinguished from them has turned me to the more moderate, and, I hope, more rational method. Though I am a poet, I would not be an enthusiast; and though I am an Englishman, I would not be furiously of a party. I am far from thinking myself that genius, upon whom, at the end of these remarks, Madame *Dacier* congratulates my country: one capable of "correcting *Homer*, and consequently of reforming mankind, and amending this constitution." It was not to *Great Britain* this ought to have been applied, since our nation has one happiness for which she might have preferred it to her own; that

as much as we abound in other miserable misguided sects, we have, at least, none of the blasphemers of *Homer*. We stedfastly and unanimously believe both this poem and our constitution to be the best that ever human wit invented: that the one is not more incapable of amendment than the other; and (old as they both are) we despise any *French* or *English* man whatever, who shall presume to retrench, to innovate, or to make the least alteration in either. Far therefore from the genius for which Madame *Dacier* mistook me, my whole desire is but to preserve the humble character of a faithful translator, and a quiet subject.

END OF VOL. VII.

J. M'Creery, Tooks-Court, Chancery-Lane, London.

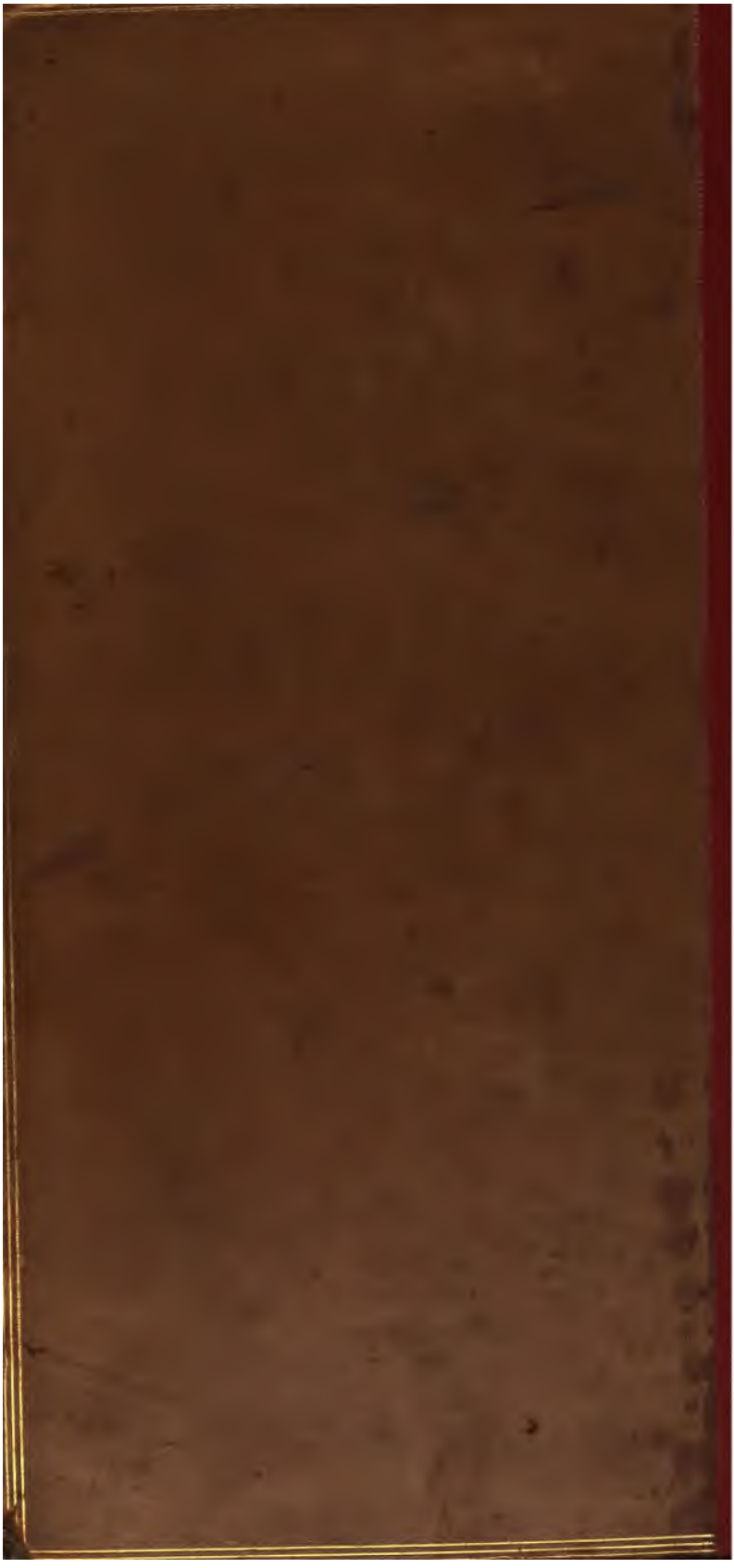




3 6105 012 022 609

STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
CECIL H. GREEN LIBRARY
STANFORD, CALIFORNIA 94305-6004
(415) 723-1493

All books may be recalled after 7 days

DATE DUE

F/S JUN 30 1997
MAY 1997